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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

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VOLUME TWENTY-SEVENTH.

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NEW HAVEN:  
PUBLISHED AT 34 SOUTH MIDDLE COLLEGE.

*City Agent, T. H. Pease.*

TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

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1862  
EY

# 327127B

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*Frederick A. [illegible]*



# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVII.

OCTOBER, 1861.

No. I.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '62.

GEORGE M. BEARD,

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## Our Prize System.

THE prize system, which, within the last generation, has impressed itself upon the advancing thought and scholarship of Yale, now stands as a permanent influence of the University. It is a conspicuous feature in the method and outgoings of College life. Although of humble origin, and exposed in its childhood to jealousy, misrepresentation, and wide resistance, yet having undergone the ordeal of a discriminating experience, and being now, in its maturer strength, not isolated from, but coöperating with, other motives that stimulate to activity, it aims to secure the high usefulness and dignity of which it is proved capable by a long line of beneficent results. This has been effected by regarding the system as an educational instrument, as a means in itself to an external and superior end. Without it, false and artificial standards of excellence must inevitably prevail in the College world. The prize system has, therefore, naturally grown to be a power in our intellectual life. We may thus be pardoned for noticing, in a brief and cursory manner, the leading advantages that flow from the feature in its close connection with the aims and interests of Yalensian society.

It may be well, however, previous to this, to glance at some objections urged against the prize-theory, as affecting the student mind and character. We are often told, for example, that the hope of a prize is a motive that degrades, if it does not vitiate mental endeavor. If emu-



lation be deemed a synonym with envy, arrogance, ambition, and a host of kindred passions, at once evil in their nature and their unfoldings, the opponents of the prize system may well condemn the essential baseness of its actuating principle. It is just that such motives as these should be characterized as both debasing and criminal. But the passions just named we claim to be the corrupt fruitage, the distorted excrescence, rather than the normal outgrowth of a genuine rivalry. Such stunted and unnatural growths must be referred, *mainly at least*, to the student himself. The whole spirit and tendency of the prize system looks toward another and a far different result. The fact of the naturalness and universality of the wish to excel, and of the heightened energy of this craving in proportion to the higher intelligence of the national and individual mind, amply attests the laudability and healthfulness of a properly restrained emulation.

The motive at the foundation of nearly all the effort in life is the same love of excellence—a state, which, to be attained, as its meaning and etymology alike declare, must involve and enjoin the surpassing of others. The passion to improve and so outstrip our fellows in the world's great race, is no less essential and vitalizing than the air itself. We feel, and feel truly, that it has been implanted in us by a beneficent Creator, and is subject to His tempering and benignant sway. Provided it be held under rigid control it is a healthful principle of our nature. Emulation not seldom coexists with love of study for its own sake, and then it quickens and invigorates all scholarly endeavor. Nor does this spirit, as many assert, breed jealousy and selfishness. Its whole aim and out-look is toward a thorough appreciation of rival merit. The truest friends are often the most eager competitors in the lists of manly effort. Moreover, the admiration of the beaten contestant for his rival, is only deepened and intensified by the fresh evidence of his attainments and genius. He respected his friend's abilities before; he honors and venerates them now. It is only to a feeble and sordid intellect, that a rival's triumph brings envy and distrust. As the first regret at personal inferiority or rising spleen at an unanticipated failure passes away, it gives place to cordial sympathy with a friend's success, all the manlier and more reliable, that it has passed the ordeal of a bitter disappointment. But still we are confronted by the objection, that our system affects those most deeply, who need its incentives the least. This may contain an inkling of the truth, but its tone is eminently unjust. Are we furnishing the scholar with a needless, and therefore an inexpedient and unhealthy stimulus to exertion, because we superadd to his thirst for knowledge, in its purest form, the love of its rewards and amenities?

By no means. As the talented author looks forward, with exulting expectancy, to the wealth and honors together with the self-discipline and acquisition, which his elaborate works shall confer, and prizes them all as the results of earnest toil, so the liberal student is thrilled to yet keener research and more self-denying application, by the humbler prize, which crowns his manliness along with a noble and refining scholarship. The complacency, which springs from such success, is far different from vanity or pride. The stimulus of a reward *is needed* to induce, not a feverish, but a tireless and productive activity—an activity accomplishing more than it could otherwise hope for, and all the time pressing steadily on toward a lofty standard of attainment. The earnest scholar will labor then with brighter and more practical intuitions, will impress the indolent even with a sense of shame, and beautify the brightening range of a once feeble purpose and character. He will awaken in the thoughtless a new devotion to study, and gradually excite that due appreciation of its advantages, and that wonder in its aims and compass, that animate the true student from the first. The prize system becomes more effective, that it has quickened the purer scholarship before stimulating that which was defective. From such a stock time only is necessary to ensure the ripest fruits.

But it may be claimed that our system does not offer the *highest* motives to study. To this we may, perhaps, assent in part. But it is not always best nor expedient to present motives, that are abstractly the purest, to a collection of growing minds. It would be absurd to rely upon the love of study in its essence, or the sense of Christian duty, to stimulate a school of children to close activity. They must first be impelled to effort by simpler and more puerile inducements. Hence, these same incentives are really superior, in tone and tendency, to those absolutely higher. The noblest motives can operate to advantage only upon the mature and cultured mind. A considerable degree of self training must prepare the way for their intellectual reception. The stringent regulations of the academy, and the personal authority of its preceptor *are needed*, and serve a rightful purpose in a humble sphere of discipline. But to transfer to the College curriculum similar incentives to duty would be preposterous. So, to make a purely religious motive the sole stimulus to Yalensian effort among men of varied prejudices, creeds and attainments, would be palpably impolitic. Were the University composed of matured Christians alone, the experiment might prove more successful. With compara-

tively young and *forming* intellects, it is better to allure than to command or to drive to effort. Hence a system, excellent in itself, and healthy in its results, presents a stimulus to Yalensian study, as high as young men at that stage in their education can be expected universally to appreciate. If not the *purest*, it is certainly a superior and beneficent motor. Though an imperfect incentive by nature, its adaptation to a desired result exalts it above one intrinsically nobler.

We may now turn to our proper theme, and, discarding all further objections to the system itself, consider the distinctive benefits to which it gives rise in the mind of Yale. We note at once its power to call out mental *toil*. An outgrowth so obvious, yet so valuable, must challenge respect. From the trivial rewards and mimic honors of early childhood, to the end of life, the prize system, when duly curbed, promotes eager, continuous, liberalizing toil. The mind is *impelled* to the most diligent and the most discriminating processes of which it is capable, by an educating and imperial power.

In the reputation and enlarged esteem, which follow a successful prize contest, an efficient motive to labor appears. This induces, ever in the idle, a degree of diligence which the joy of material and moral victory deepens and consolidates. The hope of excelling one's peers in intellectual vigor, is blended with that of passing an imagined superior, and so uplifting oneself to a higher position in usefulness and influence. As labor grows inviting and grateful, under the same fostering sway, it also is seen to assume a new scope and dignity. Rivalry has come to reach and vitalize all mental endeavor. The more tangible and immediate gain enforces labor, as a viewless good in the distance could not; so that the less abiding result prepares and exalts the mind for one that is grander. While, too, the consciousness that a common aim is enlisting all competitors, spurs each to increased and closer toil, a secret self-distrust, that has its source in the ability of his rival, nerves him to yet more unflagging industry. It is not one only, but many, that must be satisfied, and this evokes the utmost energy of his intellect. All the while the student is gaining higher *self-discipline*. This indeed is as well the natural outgrowth of his mental application as the acquired necessity in his prosperous struggles after excellence. The exertion that accompanies each contest in the past, and the requirements of every fresh encounter in this intellectual life, alike confer sound and scholarly discipline. A new trial is a new stimulus to mental vigor. As the student measures himself, in candid scrutiny, face to face with a rival, he feels his judgment clearer and his self-reliance deeper for the intellectual task. His finest capacities

are absorbed and concentrated to effect the desired end. Constant and generous strife has unfolded their most skillful and advantageous use. Yet he is prepared for reverses and defeat by a disciplined courage, and his active mind, taught by the lessons of the prize system to repress selfish longings and envious aspiration, subordinates all else to the purpose and moral of an unwelcome defeat. This calm, self-centered, unyielding discipline of the mind and heart, is a noble fruit of a cultivated nature. It may well precede and foster *symmetry* in taste and intellect. The departments of emulous labor are at once so varied and so remunerating to the genuine student that they open to lawful ambition a complete and liberalizing career. They ensure the vigorous intellect a *harmonious* culture. The prize system promotes versatility, if it be based on solid acquirements, and rewards original thought, provided it be curbed and spiritualized by a refined taste. It shows the truest success, in a literary sphere, to be attainable only by a diverse and symmetrical education. Thus symmetry is encouraged and necessitated in scholarly learning and acquisition. As unbalanced strength is impotent to achieve its object, the prize theory couples it with grace and polish. The rewards of study held out here make acquisition the helpmate of impartment. They refine and etherealize the stronger operations of genius. The reading, that is thus grounded in student culture, is adapted to mould the sensibilities aright, to cultivate a nice discernment, and to secure a delicate and sympathetic appreciation of an author's aim and principles. Such a scholar has his every thought and purpose harmonized into agreement with a true principle of action. His whole culture and character have put on a mantle of symmetry. But this proportionate training by no means impairs his intellectual *strength*. This has been cultivated from the first, and while hardened by toil and discipline, derives its highest life from symmetry. The sturdy power to think soundly and ably upon an appointed theme—to work accurately and easily upon a complicated task—to talk forcibly and elegantly upon an unexpected topic of debate, flows directly from the surroundings and tendency of the system before us. Here the dormant mind flashes out into sharp vigor and elastic keenness. Arduous tasks inure it to toil, competition imparts to its workings robustness and promptitude, while the hopeful wish to triumph in the end, rouses an enduring power to meet and overthrow all obstacles. It is when thus tested, that the student intellect discloses, in its manful struggles, an unsuspected and controlling strength. The motive to mental exertion is enough to facilitate the severest processes, and endear the darkest explorations. Out

f the fiery trial his mind comes purified, bearing with it, as the proof of conscious power, a rugged, athletic discipline. In the *attainments* essential to success in scholarly competitions—in the observation and thought sure to be imposed by all emulous encounters—in the social refinement promoted by the genial comity of student emulation—and in the respect and influence attending success in all prize-issues, we see the elements of an earnest dominant *force* in culture and character. As the system widens its influence, it must impress upon the student mind more deeply even than now, that feature of quiet, undaunted, persevering strength in thought and action. It will give to the whole intellect a masculine, hardy robustness. Nor does the power of prizes to educate the thinking student stop even here. It manifests itself once more in the grand *development* of a cultivated mind. The intrinsic capacity and reach of an intellect trained in this method and atmosphere, is nobler in every aspect, while the feeble effort and discouraged application of a student without this expanding stimulus, will accomplish only meagre and unsatisfying results in brain-culture. It is wonderful to watch the rapid mental development of that scholar who has subjected his every power to the prolonged tension of emulous conflict. The zealous and productive exploration, the rigid and protracted exercise of the various intellectual faculties, which the ardor of preparation elicits and commands, only as they are more lasting, are superior in value to that eager, nervous energy and that sharp sense of conscious strength, to that quick perception and discernment and that assured skill and composure on the part of the scholar in the use of his most vigorous and original powers, which the expectant strain and peculiar stimulus of the contest evoke, effecting, not unfrequently, marvellous advances in mental development and mental activity. The rivalry of student with student and class with class is sowing seed for a harvest of ripe after-growths. It is storing in the thoughtful competitor material for reflection and enlightenment—it is leading broad and generous activities into a symmetrical culture—it is working into practical service every mental possibility, while nurturing an uniform mental growth—it will ultimately confer upon the maturer thought and purpose of student-life a rare degree of usefulness and dignity. Each competitive success will lend new ardor to the pursuit of a high triumph. Unknown capacities will be disclosed and unconscious energies called into being by its exhaustive demands. Under the distinctive and benignant sway of the prize system, the student will feel his perceptions quickened, his retentiveness enlarged, his tastes purified, his imagination curbed, his sympathies ennobled,

his intercourse unmarred by jealous fancies, his self-mastery and self-possession confirmed and vitalized. His inner nature will have expanded into a condition of liberal and vigorous refinement. The prize system will have stimulated in him permanent intellectual growths. Nor does it affect the mode alone and results of study. It will extend its influence to the *range* of scholarship among us. As the feature becomes older and more perfect, it must tend to promote zeal in extraneous study. Collateral authors will grow as familiar to the aspiring scholar as those whom he now looks upon as the sole poets and historians of antiquity. Yale can boast then a varied, no less than a thorough culture. As a natural unfolding of this enthusiasm for study, we shall find the standard of scholarship elevated. Indeed, such has already been the effect of the prize system upon the mind of the University. Rivalry operating upon talented devotion to learning, pushes forward and upward the various contestants who, amid all their genial encounters, are pressing toward a single and an ever-loftier prize. Broader and more discerning scholarship cannot fail to flow from such a system. By fostering so rare a culture, the prize system necessitates for Yalensian learning a higher and wider influence. It awakens reverence, at home and abroad, for the profoundness and elegance of the scholarship here attained. Reacting on the student mind, it impels to closer study and more devoted application. While the influence of our scholarship is thus widened, its tone and province are enlarged. A purer and a more characteristic culture will be seen to result. The entire temper of Yalensian study will be transformed, and its sphere assume a nobler attitude. The motive and reach of all learning among us are thus to be illumined, as the beauty and accuracy of scholarship lend to Yale a grander discipline, and an intenser literary life. We are prepared then to realize the full benignity of a system, which, with all its influences of disciplined strength and graceful symmetry, has culminated at last to form the ground-work of an earnest culture, a profound and massive scholarship.

J. P. Taylor '62

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### Boating.

THE design of this article is to make a few practical suggestions contemplating a more regulated system of racing in the Yale Navy, and mainly prompted by the unsatisfactory issue of last term's train-

ing. At the outset, it must be assumed as yielded that an healthful pervading interest in boating is promotive of a sound physical culture in College; to establish the necessity of such a discipline among us as Students, needs no expanded demonstration. Experience has signally shown that the interest in boating throughout all classes has ever been proportionate to the zeal and enthusiasm exhibited in the *races* of the year. The new organization, under whose sole control the navy is soon to be placed, is better calculated, even than the system it supersedes, to afford encouragement to this stirring branch of our naval practice. For in former years the complaint has been justly entered that, since each club rarely owned more than one boat during the first year of its existence, and the well-nigh exclusive use of this was secured by the race crew, mere pleasure seekers, in reality fitter subjects for improvement than the men of muscle, were deprived of the healthful exercise to obtain which they had become members of the association. Under the new arrangement, however, each club commands, or promises soon to command, a supply of barges and shells adequate to meet the wants of either class of boatmen, and the complaint loses all pertinency.

During last term there was certainly manifested a wide enthusiasm in the practice of boating. On each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, goodly numbers from the permanent clubs of College might have been seen gathered in or near the boat-house, eager to make trial of old Neptune in barge or shell. That this show of interest was in large measure due to the prospective race then deemed certain, and to the solicitude of each club for the crew training to represent their corporate ability, must have been patent to the most casual observer. Yet the summer months wore away, and the buoy was not turned by a single College craft in a race. Why? Not certainly because there is anything in the new system, as it is now regulated, that looks with disfavor or indifference on the custom of racing; not because there was a lack of well-trained crews who could pull strongly over the course; not because the desire for the championship was flagging; but, as far as can be ascertained, because by some strange though not *unheard of fatality* each crew was disappointed in not retaining among its number one or two desirable men. The plea might be received, but, as far as our memory serves, this is a complaint chronic with every crew formed in College during the past three years. How then does it happen, one might inquire, that former crews in spite of this malady have entered and rowed through races; while those of last term accomplished nothing? The answer is found

in the fact that the *time* in previous years for the College Regatta, and the Fourth of July prize contests, about which centered most of our interest in racing, was unalterably fixed. No indefinite postponement of the day, so common where a challenge is necessary, was possible, and all minor difficulties vanished before this stubborn fact. If this answer is a correct one, it renders evident a defect in the present system to which is clearly traceable the failure of last term, and also suggests a sure preventive against any similar disappointment in the future. There should be established a more authoritative and definite ordering of the *time* of our summer race. Each individual then who proposed joining one of the crews, would form his plans and arrangements with an *intelligent* reference to the day appointed; the end would be held as clearly in mind as the beginning of his time of service. The result of this would be a sensible diminution of the practical embarrassments and hindrances now inseparable from that state of expectant doubt which always attends the giving or acceptance of a challenge. The *imperative* demand there is for some such reform can be understood only by estimating rightly the potent influence of racing in the support and efficiency of the Yale Navy. It is hardly conjectural that an enthusiasm similar to that of last year can be again awakened on so small a capital. There must exist some surer guarantee of its object being realized, for we have no other like source of interest. The College Regatta, by decree of the Faculty, will no longer engage the entire attention of six muscular devotees to the oar and gymnasium; the Fourth of July will not in future yield us prize money for new shells; and as a consequence, racing can be encouraged solely by fostering a competitive spirit *within* the College walls. Let us hope that it will be more healthful in its action, and more fertile in good results than that kindred sentiment which brought us as Yalensians to a contest on the broader arena of national championship.

The inauguration of some such reform would also be strictly *consonant* with that *spirit* which has been the spring of recent changes in our boating practice. In the place of a navy formed on an irregular volunteer system, inadequate to the demands of its individual members, and insufficient for the accomplishment of satisfactory results by united action, another has been constructed on a basis contemplating permanency as well as existence, meeting equally the wants of all classes of boating characters, and efficient for organized effort in any proposed undertaking. A well-regulated order has thus superseded what faintly resembled a chaotic mass of elements in one branch of our naval system, and it seems but natural that a similar movement



should be prosecuted in another department no less important, as it is no less defective.

If it has been satisfactorily shown that this change is desirable and imperative, the *details* of its working are easy of conception. The *time* of the contest would be chosen more appropriately with a reference to the College than the national festivals, and in this persuasion some afternoon in Presentation week seems preferable to the Fourth of July. Such a selection is approved by a number of practical considerations. The tide will serve more conveniently within the limit of a week than of a day. Again, six weeks of training are amply sufficient for the least practiced crew, while a longer probation is pronounced, by all who have experienced it, wearingly tedious. It is besides cooler and healthier for a crew to select this period from the earlier rather than the later days of the term. Possibly the practicability of having the race on an afternoon when a recitation must be prepared, might be doubted: this question, however, was settled two years ago last summer, when just such a contest took place. But the paramount advantage of this arrangement will plainly consist in the mere fact, that the race occurs in Presentation week. The gathering in front of the Pavilion will be selected as well as more numerous, the incentive to precise drill, varied, uniform, thorough discipline and hard-pulling, for reasons evident will be strengthened, and the occasion would add one more interesting feature to that emphatically College week of the year, while it might in large measure fill the place left so void by the discontinuance of the Annual Regatta. I have refrained from a notice of the Fall race which may soon occur; not to ignore its existence or importance, but rather recognizing the fact that it is dependent for support on the character of the contest in the previous Summer, and is a mere outgrowth of the interest therein excited.

Mention has been made of the championship, but with a careful abstinence from all allusion to the Champion *Flag*, the existence of such a banner in the navy being merely an ancient myth, suggestive to the boating community of remote emblematic memories, and to Freshmen of a certain awe-inspiring reverence for the privileged winners of a standard so time-honored and glorious. Under the old system where the number of clubs was large, that of boats and members small, a *single* flag seemed all that was needed to summon to a vigorous exercise the energy and muscle dormant in the navy. The present arrangement, on the other hand, requires but three clubs, each of these having a number of boats and material among its members ample for the formation of two crews. This state of matters seems

to demand the offering of a second prize, or a Champion Flag *for barges*. The main design of such an appointment would of course be frustrated, were any of the oarsmen in a shell allowed on the day of the race to transfer themselves to the other boat of their club; and the exclusion of these should be provided for by special regulation.

The embodiment of some such plan, as has been very ~~common~~ and imperfectly outlined, in a practical form, would be *fruitful* ~~in~~ *cults*, favorable to the cause of physical culture in College. ~~My~~ *My* will recall the eager interest of two summers ago, when but three race-crews were under training regimen, and the numbers who were turned to the gymnasium by the spectacle therein presented of the process of muscular development. Double the number of crews, as this plan suggests; let a wide and generous emulation be awakened by the fact that no six or even eighteen men may enjoy a monopoly of the racing in College, and who shall rightly gauge the healthful benefit to all classes thence resultant. The immediate and direct influence for good is not limited to the oarsmen, for many an unsuccessful aspirant to the honor of representing his club in a race will be the sure, it may be reluctant, recipient of bodily profit. Indirectly, also, a much larger class will be reached; and as the sinking stone ruffles widely the still surface it has just left, so these thirty-six men of muscle will generate on the over quiet surface of College life, ever widening circles of influence, and perchance at last stir even the remote stagnating pools of dyspeptic scholarship.

There is yet another lesson with which the suggestive experience of last term is laden, and whose teachings can scarce be neglected. Of the shell race-boats belonging to the permanent clubs of the navy, the heaviest was swamped on a day of no unusually stormy character. When every year witnessed a contest with Harvard on some quiet lake or river, boats as light and crank as possible were appropriate, and the inconveniences attendant on their use were willingly submitted to. But now that our racing is to be confined to this often white-capped harbor, the purchase of crafts better adapted to weather its varied and stormy phases would seem both sensible and necessary. Decisive races have occurred among us at times when the waves were much more boisterous than those among which the Glyuna met so pitiful an experience, and there are yet in the navy shells long-tested and never found wanting on the day of trial. It may be matter for reasonable difference of opinion, but we would venture the statement, that of all the crafts now in possession of the navy, the Atalanta is the finest type of a light race-boat in every way suited for practice

in New Haven harbor, for we do not race on the river. There are unfortunately too many crank shells lying in the boat-house to justify expectation of a very speedy reform in this particular, but it is surely matter for earnest hope that no further capital will be invested in property so needlessly unsafe.

We would, however, be far from indulging altogether in a disparaging strain of remark, for it is our belief that those in any way interested in the prosperity of the Yale Navy, have ample ground for congratulation and cheerful hope in the view of its present condition. There has entered into it, of late, an element which imparts a certain body and stability to the organization, unknown till now. Its most labored efforts can no longer be called forth by an excitement originating in what is *external* to College and in large measure independent of it, but must in future be roused by causes that have their existence in the *system* of boating itself, and which will fail only when this ceases to live. It is thus that our navy promises to become, in the place of a prominent feature, a rooted *institution* of the University, growing with its growth, and behind these wooden walls we may trust will be safely sheltered the best interests of whatever shall promote sound physical discipline in College.

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### By the Sea.

One tender twilight, as I strolled  
By the white shore of a sea,  
I met a kind old man, who told  
This story unto me.

Forty years have gone with a whirl,  
Since I stood by the moon-flecked sea,  
And said good-bye to a pure bright girl,  
Who echoed it softly to me.

The ocean lay tremulous, breathless, and vast,  
The moon silvered cottage and tree,  
When a cloud floated o'er it, whose shadows passed  
Darkly the face of the sea.

Faltered her heaven-blue eyes, and her hand  
Lingered and trembled in mine;  
We parted—she for the home-blessed land,  
I for the dangerous brine.

I sailed on that tranquil, perfect night;  
The land shrank away in the air,  
And I saw on the shore fair Alice in white,  
Like a clear gem glistening there.

Three winters in chilling garments crept  
Over the pulsing sea,  
I saw where the tropic simoon swept  
In its wild path, chainless and free.

I visited far off mountains that rose  
In majesty out of the sea,  
And rivers that flow where the orange grows,—  
All the wonders of land and lea.

I returned, it was Spring's glad blossoming hour,  
The bloom of Summer was nigh,  
But I found that my too precious flower  
Had blossomed in the sky.

I remembered the sacred farewell sigh,  
By the unfurrowed ocean so free,  
And the strange cloud-shadow that darkly crept by,  
Like a death-dream over the sea.

Long, sad years passed, but they brought nevermore,  
Where the light wave kisses the pearl,  
The clear, calm lights that shone before,  
'Neath the brow of the sainted girl.

Yet heaven is nearer that she is there,  
And my soul's strong wish soars free,  
To that dear resting-home of prayer,—  
O! God, thou art kind unto me.

Still as often I stroll on this charmed strand,  
When the zephyrs sigh as in fear,  
I start at the clasp of an Angel hand,  
And a sweet voice touches my ear.

Thank Heaven, that in a sad, bright land,  
No heart is left alone,  
But each may wander, hand in hand  
With some joy all its own.

*M. Eakin?*

### College Favor—Rules for Winning it.

UNDER this head we propose to give a word or two of advice, to any who may feel desirous of learning the views of a fellow-student, in regard to the nature and importance of Popularity in College, and, more particularly, we propose to lay down a few rules and maxims that all must follow, who seek to gain it. These rules, moreover, are not artificially constructed, but are simply the results of personal observation and experience, during the three years we have spent in Yale, and as such we would have them regarded by our readers. We cannot expect that our own classmates, or any whose reputation and College position is fully established, will derive any practical benefit from anything we can say, but those just entering, or who have been but a short time here, may perhaps gain some hints and suggestions that, in their future course, may be invaluable.

And first, let it be premised that Popularity in College, as the term is usually understood, is the great desideratum for which every one among us should strive, at whatever sacrifice. For, is it not a fact, that life here is a forerunner and type of active life hereafter? Is it not a familiar axiom, that the world never reverses the decision of College? When the youthful aspirant steps forth from the Commencement stage, does not his popularity or unpopularity go forth with him to curse or bless him forever? Can the hated Collegian become a beloved citizen? Was any instance ever known of a stone that students rejected ever being made the head of the corner in the world's great temple? Is it not always the first question asked in regard to a laureled alumnus, what was his reputation in College, was he a favorite man there? If so, the world will crown him with still brighter laurels; if not, it cries unclean, away from us. The brightest genius, the highest culture, the most winning address—all avail but little, if the demon of College hate ever throws a black shadow across your path.

We will suppose, now, that you are thoroughly convinced in your own mind of the supreme importance of gaining universal, unqualified favor among your fellow-students, at whatever cost or sacrifice. But, before proceeding to lay down our rules for gaining this, we will warn you against a few errors of doctrine, that are apt to be very early instilled into the minds of youth in civilized countries, and more partic-

ularly in the domain of Puritanism. We speak of these at first, because we feel that many of them are wide-spread among the youth of our land. In fact, very few come to College direct from country homes, who are not more or less poisoned with these heresies; but they must be thoroughly eradicated from your moral life-blood, before you can hope to win the prize you seek.

The *first*, and perhaps most common error is, that the right is always the expedient. This is an error at once serious and universal. Luther and Knox were of the same opinion, it is true, but they lived in a darkened age. Two or three years of modern student life would have made a revolution in their belief.

The *second* error is a species of which the first is the genus. It is, that honesty is always the best policy. Washington acted by it from his youth up, but our country was in its infancy then, and public opinion was more unsophisticated. To attempt the same line of conduct in our day would be suicidal.

The *third* error, that conscientious mothers often teach their children is, that substance will ultimately triumph over *sham*. Now, we do not deny that this may be so in the world to come, but, surely, no observing man will say that it is the case on this lower sphere. And, no young student should have the presumption to look beyond the present term of existence, or make calculations accordingly. Carlyle demonstrated, some time since, that the world in general lives on *sham*, and to this, College is no exception.

The *fourth* error is more specific in its bearing and application. It is, that faithfulness in the recitation-room merely, will command the respect and esteem of your fellows. In a country village or school-house, faithful scholarship will cover a multitude of sins, and parents and teachers will heap praises on the successful solver of a problem, though his presence in the school is a curse rather than a blessing. Not so in College. The popular scholar is more of a target than the unpopular dunce, for his misfortunes are more conspicuous by contrast.

The mere scholar may plod for many a weary month and gain no fame, no position, no social honors.

There are many other ideas of like nature of which we might treat, but we have here spoken of sufficient to suggest the remainder to each individual.

It being assumed then that favor here is the great end for which we are to strive, and to which everything is to be subordinate; and furthermore, it being supposed that these dangerous moral heresies just cited are summarily banished from your consideration so as never again

to intrude themselves upon your pathway, you are now ready to receive and to act upon those few simple rules or recipes for securing the object of your hearts desire.

And first of all, cultivate the social virtues. By these we mean those customs and practices that will make your society acceptable and congenial to the mass of College world. Students, like the world in general, are fond of amusement and entertaining conversation; not of a heavy or weighty character, usually, but rather jovial or trivial; the natural reaction from severe and intense brain labor. In fact, we think that students as a body, among themselves, talk more nonsense than young men of other pursuits of the same age and abilities. Recreation, unbending of some kind, their over-tasked minds demand; so in this way they take it. But perhaps the bosom of a staid, mathematical family nourished and reared you, where to say a thing was to mean it, where words represented ideas. Then you will make awkward work at first, as best you can. But never mind; you can soon learn by practice to don and doff the ass' skin at will. Jokes or "loads" may be crammed up in your own room in solitude, and fired off as the occasion demands. Be not surprised if they are called "*poor*," that adjective is always thrust in the teeth of even the most brilliant puns.—Its use is often ironical. The society of a few young giggling girls just blooming into womanhood will perfect one rapidly in repartee, innuendo, blind hinting, and, in general, the art of talking brilliantly without saying anything. It is also well to attain a moderate skill, at least, in cards, billiards, and the like. The very mention of these games may shock, at first, your Puritanized ear, but once thoroughly learned, you will have no trouble whatever. Smoking and drinking may be ranked among the social virtues of College. Habitual intoxication, however, will degrade rather than elevate your character in public estimation. An occasional tight is a good card of introduction to a certain clique, who will like one therefor all the better, while the soberer class will smile pleasantly over the stories of your incipient hardness. The temperance pledge, signed in the district school-house to get some plums from a superannuated aunt, is no longer binding; you were in your baby frocks then; a free acting, but not free moral agent. As for smoking, no sensible young man of these days should enter College without having already learned the art. If not, begin at once. At first you will be sick, the taste of the plant will be disgusting. Persevere; begin with the medicated cigars, adapted for weak disciples, and in a surprisingly brief time you will be a man—gain new dignities, and be admitted into the Holy

of Hobbies of the social band. Your parents need never know of it. If they smell your clothes during vacation, tell them you are sorry your chum smokes.

Associate with popular men. This rule is of the utmost importance. The greatest caution is necessary at the outset of Freshmen year, lest one find himself, unawares, in the companionship of the branded Gentiles of his class. When one is so unwise or so unfortunate, he should beat a speedy retreat, cut loose from his associates, and merge gradually into the court of the chosen people. The ways of doing this are various and will readily suggest themselves—liberal traits, aristocratic boarding arrangements, first class societies, prominence at class meetings, and the like. If remittances from home are insufficient to meet these expenses, you can soon learn the popular art of “raising the wind.” Borrowing is one very convenient and, if you understand it, quite easy method of replenishing an empty purse. One meets with more ready and uniform success from the middling or plain appearing style of students. If you wish to avoid the trouble of lending to others, you must be sure never to have any on hand; and if you carry out the programme just laid down in reference to your intercourse with your boon companions, you will find no difficulty in making that your permanent financial *status*. The system of credit also is generally resorted to, and one old broken down merchant, here in the city, who has lost \$14,000 bad debts, can testify to the willingness of New Haven dealers to trust a good appearing and plausible student. The system of borrowing may likewise be extended to books, and, without losing your good name, provided your favors are widely and fairly distributed.

Again, cultivate all possible intellectual brilliancy. Without this, or indeed, without more than passable abilities, one can win universal favor, wear the pins of all the best secret societies, and be hailed and known as a great and jolly man. But, after all, readiness and fertility of genius help one greatly. To gain a reputation for intellectual power many will suppose that honesty and straightforwardness are all-sufficient. That may answer for a natural genius; the simply clever man has a perfect right to resort to sundry well-known tricks and artifices; thus cultivating shrewdness, tact and policy at once with his higher intellectual powers. Aim at a reputation for readiness and brilliancy in public debate. To acquire this, not practice alone is essential; earnest and careful study is indispensable. Of course, this must be disguised in your public performances, where you merely rise



“to occupy the time and say what occurs to you on the spur of the moment.” Brevity of time in preparation is a great merit, as it is always the mark of genius. Think and read and compile on your prize essays and debates every moment you have, but let the idea be generally circulated, that you are careless and put them off till the last day. Furthermore, always show yourself to the best advantage. Imitate the policy of Seward, and speak only when the time and occasion present themselves. One successful effort on a prize debate will gain you more glory than a score of ordinary performances. But, as you value your reputation, never let it be known that you commenced your piece before vacation was over. Of course, you should begin to think and read incessantly upon the subject as soon as it is given out, but then, let us be thankful, the thoughts of the heart no man can read—unless we ourselves unlock the door. If conscience troubles you in any of your subterfuges, throw it by the board, it will be more of a clog than assistance to your happiness and success.

Once more, avoid adopting any reforms in time-honored customs. You will see many that are repugnant, at first, to your ideas of right and decency. You will be surprised that College can tolerate these, and perhaps you determine within yourself to use your influence in due time to modify and correct them. But, take care. Here is the rock on which so many have split—so many noble souls, who might have lived successful lives. Presume not on former popularity or influence or success. They will be scattered like leaves before a sudden storm of indignation, and leave you in a moment stripped of all your glories and honors, a bare trunk, a hissing and reproach to traitorous friends as they pass you by.

And why would you destroy these sacred customs if you could do so with impunity? The fact of their age itself is a sufficient proof that they are right and proper. The majority of your companions will be in favor of sustaining them, and majorities everywhere are always on the side of right.

As for religion or church membership, it is altogether more of a negative thing in College than a verdant theologian-expectant would possibly believe. If you ask advice, on the subject, we would say, better belong to the visible church. You will thus gain the esteem and confidence of your fellow-members, and lose none of your prestige with the outsiders. There is, generally speaking, no objection to any one having a free ticket to Paradise, provided he does not thrust it ever in sight or urge others to procure the same. More than that, there is a kind of Religious uniform in College, manufactured to order,

without the usual burdensome appendages of Church rites, social meetings or moral lives, that so much resembles that worn by the world at large that few can ever distinguish it.

Finally ; be select in your city acquaintances. It is a principle of human nature, that our opinions of others are exceedingly modified by the position or estimation they are held in by others. If your classmates see you sailing along, here and there, among the great, the high, and the beautiful of the city, they will unconsciously reverence you all the more, and wonder at your success in thus securing so gallant fleets to convoy. To do this, you may be compelled to desert many worthy and valuable friends who have no appearance or beauty or position to recommend them. But after all, of what value and worth are matter-of-fact qualities in a friend or companion ? They are merely heavy *specie*. What we want in this life is beauty and show ; the paper currency of character ; especially we need these in times of social panic and trial, and more than that, you know they will last forever.

Such are the only rules we have to offer to guide your way to favor and happiness. Think of them and act by them as you lie down, and as you rise up, as you walk by the way ; and slowly, but surely, the reward will be yours. The great and good of the College world will gladly court your companionship ; societies, secret and public, will open to you welcome arms ; Freshmen hero-worshippers will gaze upon you with reverence, and thank God they can walk in your shadow ; as you step forth into life, the favor gained here will make rough places smooth and crooked paths straight, and as you stand by the flowery grave (for even the popular man is mortal,) you will feel ready to be offered, ready to receive the crown of beauty given only to those who through politic and judicious subserviency have gained glory and honor and immortal *Favor*.

G. M. B. *et al*

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### Influence of the Faculty upon the Literary Culture of College.

IN the College publications of the past two years there have appeared, from time to time, certain earnest and thoughtful articles, directed at the low standard of literary culture and taste, which so unfortunately prevails among us. Their authors spoke much truth in

a strain of disappointment, and almost of sadness. It was natural and reasonable for them to expect to find in College, among hundreds of growing minds, an intellectual fellowship as well as a precious social life; companions with whom to tread the undiscovered world of thought, in walks such as Hall and Mackintosh enjoyed when Students together at Glasgow; "Attic nights," such as Curran spent in youth, and immortalized in maturer years by the eloquent tribute of a grateful heart. And when the rude experience of early College life had shattered this fair ideal, when the Student, eager for encouragement and sympathy, had found at every turn apathy instead of enthusiasm, and a frivolous and barren surface life instead of the deep communion of mind with mind, was it strange or unjust, that he should speak to his fellows words of sorrow and bitterness? I would not make too sweeping a charge, or be unreasonable in my claims upon the early stages of the College course. There is a warm heart and a strong brain at work among us, there is generous culture and refined taste, there are friendships which would fill the ideal of Jeremy Taylor, there are "happy meetings, reflections of the gods, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth becomes expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board becomes enlarged into the horizon of man." Thus much is gladly and thankfully granted. But on the whole, the picture is not a bright one. It must be acknowledged that a great part of our so-called social life, is mere shallow conviviality, which pampers the body and starves the mind; that much power lies idle for want of the stimulus of sympathy and encouragement to exertion, and that much effort is blindly wasted through a devotion to low and improper ideals. And to crown all, College usage and tradition fortify the evil, and thus become themselves stumbling blocks in the path of improvement and progress. Could a stranger mingle among us without restraint and see us as we really are, call at our rooms, go with us to our clubs, catch the spirit of our daily walk and conversation, visit our neglected societies and misused libraries, ready would he be to say of it all, "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

But while I acknowledge the general justice of the conclusion, that the Student himself is responsible for this state of things, and has power to reform it, I would not make him a scape-goat for the faults of others. In a spirit of becoming respect for age and experience I would ask, are the Faculty of the College responsible in no degree for the falseness and poverty of our literary idea, and their effects upon the life and the mind of the Student? In the pages of this

magazine, which claims to give free expression to College sentiment, this question may, within certain limits, be appropriately discussed. It is not hastily put, and will not be thoughtlessly answered. The conclusions to which this article will arrive, have been slowly and carefully formed. They may be erroneous, but they are certainly honest.

Let us in the first place ask abstractly, what relation the College as a place of instruction should sustain to the literary culture of the Student. Is this branch of education properly embraced within the curriculum of regular study, or is it, like gymnastic exercise, something extraneous, which, according to individual taste, may be either pursued under favorable conditions, or let entirely alone? The College might point to the libraries and literary societies, and say, "these are open to you; there are your schools of Rhetoric, and the Art of Composition and Oratory; go and cultivate yourself!" Would such a plan of education be sound? Manifestly not.

The purpose of a Student in coming to College is not simply to acquire knowledge and well-disciplined mental habits. Power of expression, or in other words, a clear and forcible style, formed upon the best models and yet truly individual, is absolutely essential to our idea of a well furnished mind, and no theory of education can be complete which either ignores or slights it. A good style is only to be acquired through literary culture, and necessarily implies correct taste, and some acquaintance with the world of letters. These prerequisites a collegiate course should be framed to secure for the Student, by the reasonable use of all proper means. The attempt might and would fail in many cases, but the fault would not rest on the College.

That this is the proper theory of the relation of the College as an instructor to rhetorical study, and to the literary culture which is necessary to make that study vital and successful, is satisfactorily established by common sense, and attested by the examples of every educational institution in the country. The district school with its compositions and reading books, and the University with its elaborate system of reward for literary merit are identical in the principle of their plan. Nowhere is the truth of this general position more clearly acknowledged, *in theory*, than in Yale College itself. The time and attention given to Compositions and Disputes, and the important influence which they are made to have upon the standing of the Student, together with the thirty or forty prizes awarded every year, prove the importance attached to this branch of education by the

Faculty. The College catalogue is on the face of it a pledge to the coming scholar of wise and helpful instruction, of careful scrutiny, and sound advice, in this, as in every other department of study. It is a promise to him that his teachers will at least *try* to help him, as he struggles with ignorance and vicious habits of thought and expression; that they will at least make an earnest and intelligent *attempt* to become acquainted with his mind, to correct his faults, to direct his efforts, and to rouse his enthusiasm. What else can the catalogue mean that will not prove it a deceit, and the course of study a sham?

Now, how does College fulfill this implicit promise? How, under the tutorial system, (for I confine my attention mainly to the early part of the course,) does the practice correspond to the theory? The fact is, that though each class writes frequent compositions for a series of terms, and goes through a book upon Rhetoric, it receives almost no *instruction* in this art during its connection with College. Whatever improvement is made, is principally due to the unaided and undirected influence of natural growth and competition. In a vast majority of cases, the effect of the system is to disgust the Student, and confirm his bad habits. The failure of this course of study arises mainly from two causes. In the first place, the Student proceeds from the practice to the study of Rhetoric, whereas, he should begin with principles and then learn to apply them, or still better, should take up both theory and practice at the same time. In the second place, the teachers have, in general, neither time nor ability to do their duty.

Under the present system, the Student writes one composition every fortnight for a whole year, before he is introduced to a knowledge of the art, which he has all the while been blindly endeavoring to cultivate. It may be added, that the text-book now in use is formal at best, and, as commonly taught, utterly lifeless. By this unfortunate and illogical inversion of the natural order of study, much effort is wasted, and knowledge which would be really valuable if it could be directly applied, is rendered comparatively useless. But this fault, though an important one, might be remedied to a great degree, by a proper treatment of the composition exercises on the part of the teachers. Sympathy, criticism, and sound advice from the tutor's desk, or still better, in the tutor's room, would put a new face upon this part of the College course. As a matter of fact, the Student, in nine cases out of ten, passes through the whole four terms of practice in English Composition, without receiving one important personal suggestion from his teacher. During this time, his style and taste are

rapidly forming, either for good or for evil. It is a critical period. No wonder that a majority of the class vote Compositions a bore, and gradually lose all interest in them. No wonder that of those who still struggle on against all difficulties, so many go astray. No thanks to the College if in every case bad habits are not engendered and confirmed, and wrong principles of taste and canons of criticism adopted. The writer remembers very well that in his own case two or three verbal corrections, and several valuable hints on the subject of spelling constituted, as far as his teacher was concerned, the sum of a year's instruction in the art of Composition. And yet, the tutors should not be blamed so much as the system which employs them, and expects them with small knowledge and little time for preparation, to train a hundred minds in this mighty art.

The study and practice of Rhetoric should be the most interesting thing in the College course. Competently taught, it would, by stimulating the mind and refining the taste, form a welcome and delightful relief from severer occupations. It would elicit from all teachable Students an interest if not an enthusiasm, very foreign to our present experience. And how can we estimate its influence upon our outward and visible life? By the contemplation of the noblest forms of thought and expression the whole character of our culture, and through that, of our conversation and our reading, would be changed. A new and more correct literary standard would be adopted. We should lift our eyes to the serene lights which crown the upper sky, and learn to love their steadfast glory more than the fitful and fading splendors of to-day. Our idols of brass and iron would be cast down, and in their place would rise the grand severe proportions of those "sceptred sovereigns," who rule the empire of thought by the divine prerogative of immortal genius.

F. A. C. C.

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### The Death of Lyon.

By the side of their chargers a thousand are laid,  
There is dew on each forehead—there is blood on each blade,  
They are strewn on the prairie as leaves in the glade,  
When a frost has passed over the mountain;  
Their warfare is ended—no foe shall invade  
Their peace by the Life-giving fountain.

Those ranks that so proudly were marshalled at morn,  
 At eve thinned and broken—with banners all torn,  
 O'er friend and o'er foe, war-wearied and worn,  
     File off from the field where they bled;  
 While Victory herself, in her red robes forlorn,  
     Looks pityingly down on the dead.

But where is their leader? Far over the plain,  
 With foam on his bridle, with blood on his mane,  
 A frightened war-charger, o'er heaps of the slain,  
     With wide stretching nostril is speeding;  
 Where the dead are piled thickest like harvested grain,  
     His rider lies lifeless and bleeding.

He fought the fight bravely, and fell at its close  
 As the sun sinks at evening more fair than it rose;  
 'Mid the riot of battle, he found his repose  
     On the cannon-ploughed field, dark and gory;  
 And knew not the victor he was o'er his foes,  
     'Till the glad angels crowned him in glory.

'Mid the tears of a nation they laid him to rest,  
 With his plume on his coffin, his sword on his breast;  
 For rightly divined they a soldier's request,  
     Would be in his war-garb to slumber,  
 'Till the Great Captain called him—and at the behest  
     Of angels he joined their bright number.

His green mound is fashioned—O, sleeps he not well,  
 Who in battle for FREEDOM so gloriously fell?  
 For ages unnumbered in story shall tell  
     How grandly he passed the dark river.  
 Thy last field was glory's,—brave spirit farewell,  
     Thy fame lives on ever and ever!

W. H. M. May

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### Halleck's Poems.

NATIONAL poetry, as well as that of individuals, is possessed of marked characteristics. Whether the original cause of this be found in the climate, customs and tastes of the people, or determined by the spirit of some leading poet, or traced to the element predominating in their traditional songs and ballads, its effect upon the poetry of the land is as clear as its existence. There may be no one prominent feature distinguishing the national poetry from that of other lands, and

various may be the differences; the individual poets may be very diverse in the choice and handling of their themes; the precise distinction may not even readily be drawn; nevertheless, the character of one nation is often no more widely separate from that of another than is its poetry. Indeed, the finest exponent of national character is poetry. The strains of Boccaccio and the idyls of the Arno indicate most truthfully and delicately the nature of that land, where,

"In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,  
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;"

while the rugged firmness of the Norsemen finds its best herald in their wild hymns and ballads. The mysterious, romantic cast which prevails throughout Germany is most admirably set forth in its song. In fact, their poetry demands more of thought than that of any other land: it is not regarded as the mere vehicle of the imagination. There is in it a seeming communion with the spirit-land, a contempt for the ordinary, conventional ideas and tastes, and an aspiration after an intercourse beyond what is common to humanity. Like their philosophy, it may degenerate into mere mysticism, it may be degraded to be the handmaid of that philosophy and the preacher of their rationalism, but its aim is most laudable, for, rising above the regions of mere delicacy of taste and fancy, it soars, attended by these, into the higher realms of thought, thus, at least, endeavoring to fulfill its real and proper purpose. England, of all the old-world countries, is, perhaps, least marked by national peculiarities in its poetry. A selection of themes more varied and extended is manifest; yet a spirit common to it, and all-pervading, is very apparent. An exquisite refinement of taste, a prevailing attachment to scenes of rural loveliness, tinged with a meditation, sometimes sinking into melancholy, most prominently mark English verse.

This individuality, however, apparently ceases with those lands where, through the lapse of time, poetry has long dwelt. The rule that national poesy be characterized as such, and be widely different from that of any other people, is most daringly set aside by that of our own land. There is nothing which shall mark our poetry with the stamp of individuality; there is nothing in it which can even lay claim thereto; but as fancy wills it, the Muse is wooed. American poetry is preëminently versatile. And through his graceful indication of this feature, allied with most exquisite and high poetical talent, Halleck is justly to be regarded as a representative American poet; an honor which, participated in, as it is, by Bryant, Longfellow, and Halleck, needs no commendation.



To enter into a criticism of his productions would be simple presumption: it will not, however, be inappropriate to bestow attention upon a few of the manifold beauties with which they are replete.

As a poet, Halleck stands in the front rank. His fancy is light, airy, and most exquisite in its more protracted flights; his conceptions are original, and, chosen from all classes of subjects, are endowed with a vivacity as unusual as it is graceful. His style is eminently pure and unstrained, yet as far from forced simplicity as from affectation. His perceptions of character are exceedingly truthful, and at times he evinces great power in his handling of them. Indeed, here must mainly depend the success of the poet. Without an accurate and appreciative estimate of the character of his subject, what lasting fame can he look for? Without this, all graces of rhetoric and beauties of the imagination are vain; this is his material, from which he is to bring forth his song. As well might the sculptor hope, without the marble, to produce the enduring statue, as the poet await a poem, without a due perception and appreciation of character; for, unassisted by these, he cannot but fail to give character and permanence to his productions. It is in this most essential quality, that Halleck's superiority is clear. The outline in "Fanny," of the father, a newly-fledged rich man, aspiring to a social and political position, which he is not fitted to maintain, discloses the hand of a master. Allied to this, too, is that delicate, but galling sarcasm with which this effort teems; a spirit which nothing but the most shrewd,—if the term may be allowed,—confident and truthful insight into the nature of men could have prompted. Indeed, if fault can be found in his poetry, it lies in the too frequent exercise of this spirit; it detracts from that high flow of geniality and humanity which is the most manifest feature of the author's productions. It prompts him, moreover, to an undue dread of sentiment. With an almost English horror of affectation, come in whatever disguise it may, and associating prolonged sentimentality in verse with it, he seems occasionally to err in his exercise of the pathetic. In passages in which his pathos becomes most eloquent and touching, as if animated by a fear that affectation may detract from the charm and real spirit of the lines, he dashes away the pathetic, and closes the strain with some cutting satire or witticism, almost utterly nullifying the effect which their previous beauty and power have inspired. The verses in "Fanny" which have immortalized Weehawken, and which for poetic power and fine delineation of the loveliness of nature, scarcely find a parallel in the entire range of the poetry of the land, have their effect much lessened by the succeeding stanzas of the poem.

But while this feature has a tendency to an unfortunate and exaggerated use, it acts as the impulse to that geniality, which, like sunshine, illumines and beautifies his song. His sarcasm is severe, yet it falls only where it is eminently deserved; pungent satire indeed pervades his writings, yet is only hurled upon objects needing the wholesome cure; neither of these, to any great degree, distort his humanity. Continually it breaks forth in exquisite humor, giving indescribable charm to his pages. Not an indistinct, obscure vein, requiring search that it may be enjoyed, nor yet a broad, vulgar strain after wit; palpable, refined and perfect, it is, as it were, a never-ceasing fountain of joyous life.—Humanity, however, is not invariably the off-shoot, the indication of joy: sorrow and sadness are as much constituent elements of high purposes and their realization, as the contraries of these. Melancholy more often touches the soul than gladness; nor always fills the heavens with deep gloom, but rather dispels the clouds and discloses a purer and a holier light, than is ever allotted to joy. In this respect Halleck strongly resembles the poet Gray. Many of his lines, by their sweet melancholy, and contemplation, constantly recall the subdued spirit of the “Elegy.” Particularly is this seen in that little poem “in memory of Burns;” a noble, grand testimonial to the first of Scottish Bards.—

“The memory of Burns—a name  
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,  
A nation's glory and her shame,  
In silent sadness up.

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“Such graves as his are pilgrim's shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.”

Poetical power is well displayed throughout the entire length of this poem; while the generous admiration, unsullied by a single carping detraction, given by a poet to a brother-poet, together with the affectionate tenderness with which he lingers, in his contemplation of the noble character of his subject, and the eloquent eulogy with which he closes, form, truly, no slight tribute to the immortality of Robert Burns. There rises in the mind a spontaneous assurance that he must have been indeed a great poet, who, by the force of his genius, could have inspired verses like these, thrilling the soul with their eloquence.

Of the same nature is the lament upon the death of Rodman Drake; lines as enduring as poetry itself. In the expression of sadness, of

heartfelt grief, in all the branches of elegiac verse, Halleck has no superior. One is drawn into an almost equal sympathy with the afflicted one, and mourns with the mourners. We bewail the untimely death of the poet's friend; unaffectedly we sympathize in his sorrow; from the heart we unite with him:

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

A similar strain of mournfulness casts its shadow over his "Alnwick Castle," that

"Home of the Percy's high-born race,  
Home of their beautiful and brave,  
Alike their birth and burial place,  
Their cradle and their grave!"

This melancholy is but the natural result of meditation on the glories of the long-ago, contrasted with the dullness and intellectual apathy of this "age of bargaining." There is, moreover, a certain freshness about the poem, rendering it exceedingly attractive; the spirit of the Past once more breathes, the clang of armor is heard, the genius of the place is felt.

"Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:  
*Does not the succoring ivy, keeping*  
*Her watch around it, seem to smile,*  
*As o'er a loved one sleeping?*  
One solitary turret gray  
Still tells, *in melancholy glory,*  
The legend of the Cheviot day,  
The Percy's proudest border story.  
That day its roof was triumph's arch;  
Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,  
The light step of the soldier's march,  
The music of the trump and drum;  
And babe, and sire, the old, the young,  
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,  
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,  
Welcomed her warrior home."

The fire and brilliancy of his genius is admirably fitted to the martial lyric, and those strains depicting heroism and courage, or some high, noble deed. "Marco Bozzaris" is a never-dying instance of the kind. There are few lyrics in the language which may compare with

it, for its poetic energy, animation and nobility of idea and expression, bordering upon the sublime. The apostrophe to Death, in the course of this poem, is magnificent: it displays the true conception of heroism, of the grandeur of the self-sacrifice animating the patriot's soul.

"But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Bozzaris! with the storied brave,  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
E'en in her own proud clime."

The versatility of American genius may, perchance, act as a grand obstacle to the speedy realization of a national galaxy of poets. It cannot but exert a restraining influence, and a strong leaning towards mediocrity, demanding, as it does, a higher, more expanded genius than is the lot of most men or poets. But he who surmounts these obstacles, these hindrances, and in defiance of their cramping tendency, reaches the height which our national character has set as the essential, unavoidable standard of our poetry, must merit the title of a great Poet. Such is, most assuredly, the position to which Halleck has attained. His poems bear the unmistakable impress of genius; they are poems, not for the mere recreation of the moment, but for the delight of a life-time: by their beauty and grace captivating the mind; by their elevated influence purifying and exalting it. Such as he deserve the highest praise. Benefactors of our race, they are among

"—— the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

R. S. A.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### SABRE PRESENTATION.

THE class-fellowship and patriotism of Yale Students were equally displayed on Monday evening of Commencement week. It had been known for some little time previously, that a member of the then Junior Class, Mr. Stanwood, had received his appointment as 2d Lieutenant in the 2d Regiment of U. S. Cavalry. Desirous of testifying at once their personal regard for this gentleman as a friend, and their sympathy with him as a loyal supporter of the country's flag, a large circle of his classmates united to present him a handsome sabre with the name of the recipient engraved upon its hilt. The act of presentation was informal and Student-like. At about 7 o'clock, when the majority of the Class had become seated in a ring fronting North Middle, and had shouted the "Star Spangled Banner" to their hearts content, Mr. Ripley stepped into the open circle and in a neat and appropriate speech delivered the sword to Mr. Stanwood, who seemed thunder-struck by the singular relation into which he had inadvertently strayed. He, however, made a warm-hearted and manly response, assuring the Class of his determination to strike at least one blow for each Classmate in the cause of the Union. The scene was then enlivened by nine rousing cheers, followed by a collective rush of all parties to inspect the sabre. As he goes forth to uphold a noble cause, we are confident the sympathies and blessing of every Yalensian attend him.

### '63 GLEE CLUB.

The second concert of what we are now proud to style the Yale Glee Club, was a delightful feature of Commencement Week. It occurred on Tuesday evening. While the audience assembled in the ample hall was even more brilliant and appreciative than former ones upon similar occasions, the music furnished by the Club was certainly not calculated to disappoint its expectations and tastes. "Upi Dee" and "Call John" in particular met with deserved favor, and the admirable execution of "Springfield Mountain" was rewarded with hearty and universal applause. If we were to presume to criticise anything in the performance, it would be that a lack of enthusiasm seemed to exhibit itself in the manner of rendering some of the more distinctive Student songs. With this single exception, the singing was at once worthy of the enterprise and talent of the gentlemen composing the Club, and calculated to improve the standard and quicken the heartiness of College melody. We learn that this concert was only the first of a series subsequently given at various intermediate towns by the company, as they traveled towards the White Mountains, and are not at all surprised to hear that a tour so auspiciously begun should have progressed as flatteringly and ended as successfully as their capital chorus singing at the outset entitled them to anticipate. We hope that the College world will enjoy many rare treats from the Club in the coming year.

### BACCALAUREATE.

The sermon customarily addressed to the retiring class, was written by Prof. Fisher on the text, "Quit you like men—be strong," and delivered in the College Chapel on Sunday the 21st inst.

His subject in general, was "manliness in educated men." In the old spot where the Class had gathered so often before, they were now seated for the last time to listen to the parting counsels of their friend and Pastor. The preacher did full justice to the place and occasion. In a chaste and opulent style he unfolded the duties of Christian men in a crisis like the present, evincing through his whole discourse a spirit of fervent piety and a sense of rare responsibility. The earnestness, sympathy, and manhood that marked his words, will leave no transient impression on the student-heart. It was eminently fitting that the exercises of the week should be inaugurated by a sermon which went far, by its fervent piety and practical suggestions, to give them a right impulse and direction.

### PHI BETA KAPPA.

This flourishing fraternity held their stated general meeting at 8 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday. The enthusiasm of some of its older sons was calculated to inspire in all more recent members, feelings of profound respect for the dignity and value of the organization. At 11 o'clock, after the adjournment of the Alumni meeting, the poem before Φ. B. K. was recited at North Church, in sequel to the oration which was pronounced by Pres. Sturtevant. The election of officers had previously resulted as follows;

HON. DAVID L. SEYMOUR, *President*,      PROF. HUBERT A. NEWTON, *Treasurer*,  
 PROF. A. C. TWINING, *Vice President*,      GROSVENOR STARR, *Assistant Treasurer*,  
 PROF. B. SILLIMAN, JR., *Correspon. Sec.*, JOHN P. TAYLOR, *Recording Secretary*.

### FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF '62.

PRES. CORNELIUS C. FELTON, *Orator*,      CHARLES TRACY ESQ., *Substitute*,  
 REV. CHARLES HELMER, *Poet*.

### ALUMNI MEETING.

At 9 of the same day, Professor Porter, having called the meeting to order, nominated as President, Mr John A. Davenport, of New Haven. That gentleman at once took the chair, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Atwater, of Princeton. Professor Dwight, as the successor of the late Professor Gibbs, being called to the platform, in a brief but felicitous speech eulogized the scholarship and piety of his revered predecessor. He ended by calling upon William M. Evarts Esq., who eloquently responded at some length, vindicating the national government from unjust aspersions and espousing the cause of Liberty and Constitutional Law. Dr. Jonathan Knight gave a brief history of the Scientific School and of the munificence of its endower, Mr. Sheffield, after which Pelatiah Perit, Esq., a prominent Alumnus, proposed a resolution by which the school should henceforth be styled the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. In behalf of the Class of 1811, Prof. Emerson made a few spirited remarks, and for the Class of 1825, Hon. David L. Seymour performed the same duty with great commendableness and patriotic weight. Many of the allusions were quite military in their tone, a fact which the suspension of the coat of arms for each state around the ceiling might have accounted, were the broader cause at all obscure. The meeting, though attended more thinly than usual, was supported with keen ardor and unflagging interest as long as it continued.

### NEW PROFESSORS.

The following gentlemen were elected Professors of the Yale Divinity School, at the meeting of the Corporation on the same day. They were as follows;

Rev. JAMES M. HOPPIN, Professor of Pastoral Charge.

HENRY H. HADLEY, Professor of Hebrew.

Assistant Professor TIMOTHY DWIGHT, Professor of Sacred Literature.

Prof. GEORGE C. FISHER, late Livingston Professor of Divinity, Professor of Ecclesiastical History.

The Pastoral Charge has been endowed so as to yield an income of \$1,500 per annum.

### COMMENCEMENT.

On Thursday, July 25th, the Class of '61 graduated from the College. The programme of the exercises upon that occasion is subjoined.

#### FORENOON.

1. MUSIC: Overture, *Semiramide*.—ROSSINI.
2. PRAYER.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by SIMON EBEN BALDWIN, *New Haven*.
4. Oration, "Our Future," by WILLIAM HENRY HIGBEE, *Trenton, N. J.*
5. Dissertation, "Ancient Greece as related to Modern Civilization," by WILLIAM BARDWELL CLARK, *Granby, Mass.*
6. MUSIC, "Introduction" from "*Zampa*."—HEROLD.
7. Oration, "The Friendship of Fox and Burke," by HENRY REES DUFFEE, *Palmira, N. Y.*
8. Oration, "The Character of Shelley as shown in his Poetry," by JOHN BARNARD PEARSE, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
9. Oration, "Civilization incompatible with Immorality," by GILBERT MILES STOCKING, *Waterbury.*
10. MUSIC, "*Lebenspuls*."—STRAUSS.
11. Dissertation, "Virtue in humble life as a source of interest in Fiction," by PAUL WEBSTER PARK,\* *Norwich.*
12. Dissertation, "The position of Wordsworth among English Poets," by WINTHROP DUDLEY SHELDON, *New Haven.*
13. Oration, "The Huguenots as Representatives of the Protestant Faith," by GEORGE CLAP PERKINS, *Hartford.*
14. MUSIC, "*Athalie*."—MENDELSSOHN.
15. Dissertation, "The Acropolis of Athens," by THEODORE STEPHEN WYNKOOP, *Wilmington, Del.*
16. Oration, "John Milton in Italy," by JOSEPH LUCIEN SHIPLEY, *Londonderry, N. H.*
17. Oration, "Conversation," by WILLIAM COOK, *New York City.*
18. MUSIC, "*The Last Rose of Summer*."—IRISH MELODY.
19. Oration, "The Fallibility of unguided speculation," by DAVID JUDSON OGDEN, *New Haven.*

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\*Excused from Speaking.

20. Oration, "The Colleges of the Revolution," by FRANKLIN BOWDITCH DEXTER, *Fair Haven, Mass.*
21. Oration, "Intolerance," by NATHANIEL SCUTLER MOORE, *New Haven.*
22. MUSIC: Aria, "*Traviata*."—VERDI.
23. Dissertation, "The Unknown," by PETER COLLIER, *Chittenango, N. Y.*
24. Dissertation, "An Analysis of Coleridge's 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner,'" by CLARENCE EDDY, *Waterford, N. Y.*
25. Philosophical Oration, "The Republican Citizen," by WALTER HANFORD, *New York City.*
26. MUSIC, "*Natchlager in Granada*," Overture.—KRRUTZER.

## AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC: Overture, "*William Tell*."—ROSINI.
2. Philosophical Oration, "The Revolutionary Character of Ideas," by JAMES GARDNER CLARK, *Fayetteville, N. Y.*
3. Dissertation, "The Mythology of the North," by HUBERT SANFORD BROWN, *New Hartford.*
4. Oration, "Bacon as a Public Man," by EDWARD PHILLIPS PAYSON, *Fayetteville, N. Y.*
5. MUSIC, "*Osmanen*."—LANNER.
6. Dissertation, "The Death of the Earl of Chatham," by GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE, *Washington, D. C.*
7. Oration, "John Hampden," by JAMES NEVINS HYDE, *Cincinnati, O.*
8. Oration, "The Scholar as a Patriot," by HARVEY SHELDON KITCHEL, *Detroit, Mich.*
9. MUSIC, "*Sturm-galopp*."—KELLER-BELA.
10. Dissertation, "The Founders of the Federal Constitution," by ALFRED HEMENWAY, *Hopkinton, Mass.*
11. Dissertation, "The Birth of a Soul," by JOHN ALFRED DAVENPORT, *Annapolis, Md.*
12. Oration, "Italy," by GEORGE BUCKINGHAM BEECHER, *Zanesville, O.*
13. MUSIC, "*National Airs*."
14. Oration, "The Subordination of the Individual to Law," by ANTHONY HIGGINS, *St. George's, Del.*
15. Oration, "Maud," by FRANCIS EDWARD KERNOCHAN, *New York City.*
16. Oration, "Oliver Cromwell," by WILLIAM EDWARDS PARK, *Andover, Mass.*
17. MUSIC: Overture, "*Magic Flute*."—MOZART.
18. Philosophical Oration, "Allegiance," by JAMES LANMAN HARMAR, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
19. Oration, "The Claims of the English Language," with the Valedictory Address, by TRACY PECK, Jr. *Bristol.*
20. MUSIC, "*Student Overture*."—F. SCHNEIDER.
21. DEGREES CONFERRED.
22. PRAYER by the President.

## SWORD PRESENTATION.

Hardly had their circle been broken by the enlistment of Mr. Stanwood, when class of '62 were called upon at the beginning of the present term to bid fare-



well to another brave soldier. Mr. Starr having acceded, during the vacation, to the post of Adjutant of the Seventh Regiment, as on the point of separation from many cordial friends, was properly thought worthy of some testimony at the hands of the class to his genuine manliness and disinterested loyalty. An ordinary regulation sword seemed best adapted to this purpose, and was purchased accordingly. Directly after dinner, on Saturday the 14th inst., the Senior class formed again a wide circle, and seated on the grass before South College, mingled Student and patriotic airs till the presence of Mr. Starr gave the signal for quiet. The sword, with the name of Mr. Starr on the scabbard, was then presented to him by Mr. McVeagh in a brief address, to which a warm response was made. Then followed nine rousing cheers and many warm hand-clasps. The speeches both of presentation and acceptance evinced deep feeling and patriotism, relieving the gloom of parting from a dear friend by the assurance of his spirit of gallantry and the consciousness of his unswerving regard for honor and for truth.

With him, as with all classmates and Yalensians thus nobly battling in the cause of freedom, there goes a hearty God speed.

### STATEMENT OF FACTS.

As the pressure of private duty in the case of one of the speakers urged forward the time of this anniversary from the 21st to the 13th of September, it was held on Wednesday afternoon instead of Saturday, as originally proposed. Through the kindness of the Faculty, Alumni Hall was opened as the *place* for the fictitious presentment of facts. Unfortunately however, the doors of that spacious building were not thrown back far enough to allow perfect freedom of ingress to the gathering Freshmen. In fact, if the truth must be told, there was a decided, an unquestionable "Rush." Unless the editorial perceptions have taken flight, we saw or are firmly convinced that we saw, flying caps, scattered studs, torn shirts, sleeveless coats, playful punches in ungrateful ribs, free fights between rival belligerents, Freshmen simplicity and pluck, Sophomore insolence and bullyism, some anger and more good nature promiscuously mingled in one seething struggling mass of humanity. As viewed from the security of an external stand-point, the scene seemed a beautiful and exhilarating one. Upon the whole, the Sophomores, who through the encounter seemed to be the grand object of hostility to upper classes as well as Freshmen, were slightly and elegantly rushed in both directions, first inside, then out again. We fear, however, the Faculty may not judge the pleasant scene with such lenient philosophy as the Board. The speaking within was more direct and practical than usual. Despite interruptions and disorder, the drift of the several orators' remarks impressed itself on the entire audience. In changing the system so as to include in the afternoon what previously both afternoon and evening were needed for, the Societies have taken a step in the right direction. Still there is more formalism than significance to the usage in its present condition.

The announcement that Linonia was victorious, although expected by all, lent a momentary glow to the waning life of the meeting, and stimulated the newly-entered members to form resolves of activity and earnestness worthy of all praise. Of course the grand Annual Jubilee, as President Ward called it, was a success. And so ended the campaign of '64, and we fear, with it the fitful enthusiasm and literary vigor of those who have been champions for Linonia and the Brothers in Unity. It is a crying shame that this should continue. Let us hope

that Seniors and Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen will labor in unison to effect a change during the coming year. By regularity in attending each meeting, and active participation in the debates of their Societies, much may be done to give them a new impulse and interest. They may thus become as of old, schools for the culture of eloquence and the development of mind.

#### ORATORS FOR STATEMENT OF FACTS.

On behalf of the Brothers in Unity:

HENRY P. JOHNSTON, *President*,

SHERBURNE B. EATON, *of the Senior Class*,

JOSHUA T. BROOKS, *of the Junior Class*.

On behalf of Linonia:

JOHN A. WARD, *President*,

DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN, *of the Senior Class*,

CHARLES J. ARMS, *of the Junior Class*.

#### UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY ELECTION.

On Saturday afternoon, the 21st of September, the election of three new Editors from the class of '64, and the reindorsement of the old members of the Board belonging respectively to the classes of '62 and '63, awakened the Sophomoric mind to active political life. These gentlemen having deposited their ballots with great promptness, occupied the time that intervened before the closing of the polls, by electioneering Juniors and Seniors indiscriminately, and, not satisfied with obtruding the claims of different candidates for office upon those upper class men who chanced to be present at the polls, hunted them up in all directions, plugging them to the support of one nominee or another with an energy worthy of a higher cause. We learn that in the issue of the contest, Kappa Sigma Epsilon won the largest share of glory, and Delta Kappa what remained. It is to be hoped that both will cherish and exhibit a commendable sympathy for Gamma Nu, who, in her hour of fresh gloom and misery, assuredly needs it. At all events, *we* are well satisfied with the manner in which Yale is represented in the present Board of Editors for the Quarterly. They do honor to a magazine which from its earliest origin has steadily advanced in prosperity and worth. The "LIT." cordially recommends it to the reception and perusal of all Yale Students.

The Board of Editors of the University Quarterly is now composed of the following gentlemen.

*Class of '62.*—J. P. Blake, D. H. Chamberlain, E. B. Coe.

" '63.—J. T. Brooks, L. T. Chamberlain, W. G. Sumner.

" '64.—M. C. D. Borden, H. P. Boyden, G. S. Merriam.

#### ENLISTED.

The following gentlemen, members of the several classes, have enlisted in the federal army since the publication of the August Number of the "LIT."

John C. Tyler, A. B., class of '61.

Edward P. McKinney, A. B., class of '61.

Henry M. Denniston, *in the Navy*, class of '62.

William McClurg, "

Frank Stanwood, "

Grosvenor Starr, "

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E. Blakelee,	class of '63.
W. Haskell,	"
W. P. Orth,	"
U. N. Parmelee,	"
C. H. Slosson,	"
A. G. Verplanck,	"

### NAVY ELECTION.

At the annual election of the officers of the Yale Navy, held on Tuesday the 24th, the following gentlemen were chosen.

<i>Senior Class,</i>	Elisha S. Lyman,	<i>Commodore.</i>
<i>Junior Class,</i>	G. L. Curran,	<i>1st Fleet Captain.</i>
<i>Scientific School,</i>	C. R. King,	<i>2d Fleet Captain.</i>
<i>Sophomore Class,</i>	S. C. Pierson,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

### NEW LIKENESSES OF COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS.

The College Library has just received busts of Professor Silliman, Senior, and Rev. Dr. Taylor, recently cut in marble by Mr. C. B. Ives, formerly of New Haven, and now resident at Rome. We also understand that Mr. Huntington, the celebrated painter in New York, has made an admirable likeness of Professor James D. Dana which is now in possession of his family, and that a likeness of Professor Silliman in pastille, considered by many the finest portrait of him yet taken, has been lately painted by Mr. Wilson, the same artist who some years ago executed a full length portrait of the venerable scholar for the ladies of New Orleans. Unfortunately the former painting of Professor Silliman has now incurred the resentment of the chivalry of that city and lies, we believe, beneath the waters of the Mississippi.

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### Editor's Table.

SINCE the Board last sat before the oaken table of the Editorial Sanctum, dreading to begin the labors its barren aspect invited, he has recruited his shattered energies and deepened his grave dignity by the quiet charms of the Summer vacation. Visions of irate printers clamoring for their pay have ceased for a time to molest his slumbers. For once the editorial dreams have revelled in bliss all unmarred by the imagined proximity of vicious devils, whose ferocious thirst for copy no human power can realize or satiate. Nor, during this period at least, has the appalling dread of student-delinquency in either literary or financial contributions to the "Lit." been suffered to weigh down his mind with gloomy forebodings and lingering regrets. The vacation of the Board has thus been a delightful respite from toil—a glee-crowned elysium of repose.

As we return again to the joys and duties of Yale, we rejoice to be able to welcome back so many familiar faces. In these times of National trial and public turbulence, it was to be expected that many would forsake the University for the stern struggle on the bloody battle-field. The loyalty of Yale could not help manifesting itself in the hour of the country's need, in gallant efforts to vindicate the National honor and uphold the National authority. The supremacy of the Federal government, the maintenance of constitutional liberty and law, the ultimate triumph of the principles of justice and truth, have always been too dear to the old College, to rest at this crisis in listlessness and apathy. So while we honor those that are far away fighting for freedom, we yet feel proud and happy that the opening year has brought back many of the friends that the past three years have gathered here. But some have gone out from these gray walls to come back never more as a college class. We are reminded by the strangers in the Chapel-seats, by the occupants of the Senior rooms, by the recitations of the week, and by a thousand similar circumstances that meet us on every hand, that '61 has bid us a last farewell. We shall feel their loss more when time has softened its strangeness and novelty. Then we shall miss the manliness, the fellowship, the student-congeniality of the class just gone from among us with a fuller appreciation of their worth. Now we can only say tenderly and sincerely, "God bless the class of '61."

We begin to realize the important fact that we are Seniors. So does the rest of college. The class of '64, in like manner, now wear the mantle of Sophomoric dignity. They are as much of a bugbear to the trembling Freshmen of to-day as the class before were to them, or the class of 1800 to that of 1801. So wags the world. Let us emulate, then, the careless ease—so finely embodied in the favorite song—"We'll be gay and happy still;" taking care that in so doing, we do not convert lawful pleasure into license, and recreation into laziness.

The relative merits of photographs and steel engravings have come to be the engrossing topic of discussion in the Senior Class. Various defenders of either style of likeness are to be found among us. Some, not satisfied to profit by the signal failures of other classes, who have had expensive engravings and poor portraits, persist in hoping for better success in their individual case, while others fluctuate between cartes de visite and imperial photographs. If the Board has learned anything by three years of College experience, as he naturally thinks he has, he has seen the inconvenience and disadvantage that always attend a want of uniformity in class pictures. He hopes, therefore, that the class may act together in the matter, so that the book of class-pictures, when completed, may be elegant in its uniformity if in no other respect. The superiority of the photograph as a faithful representation in past years at least, has been amply proved. Steel engravings have made unsatisfactory class-pictures, none the truer to nature because more showy and extravagant. We cordially hope that the class of '62 may improve upon preceding generations by procuring pictures that are at once more accurate likenesses and more stylish features of a modern class-book.

The advent of the class of '65 has brought with it a new era in poetry and oratory. A young man of that class, gifted as we understand, with rare native ability, enlivens his division on stated occasions by humorous counsel and exhortation. Standing on the stone steps of the Athenaeum the unhappy youth breaths poetic fancies into the ears of his rapt auditory, presenting a melancholy spectacle of the upward tendencies of young America. Yalensian civilization is assuredly advancing.

cing, when Freshmen enter Yale as poets, and leave it doubtless as statesmen. We commend our juvenile aspirant to the kindly sympathies of his class.

The annual regatta, in which prizes are offered by the Senior class for the competition of the different boat clubs in College, is fixed to come off at an early date. We trust that it may be a success. Provided the clubs pursue a diligent system of training, and arouse the customary rivalry and enthusiasm of their members, it may be considered an assured fact that the race in question will prove a spirited and exciting one. It will afford a convincing proof, we imagine, that past defeats by Harvard have not cooled the ardor or impaired the skill of Yalensian boatmen.

The old system of electioneering, in the case of Linonia at least, worked admirably. Its resumption seemed to infuse, as its advocates predicted, new life into the campaign meetings, new activity in the prosecution of *drumming in* duties and new success in the acquisition of members from the incoming class. The interest of all classes seems to have gathered around both societies during the campaign, and to have evinced itself in the readiness with which Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores, alike volunteered to talk and to work. We hope that no future attempt will be made to uproot a system, which, with all its defects, is better than the wretched substitute of last year with its utter dullness and apathy.

The drama legitimate? seems to flourish in a New Haven atmosphere. Already the reappearance of a troupe somewhat notorious at Yale, has induced the vicious member of the Board, despite the warnings and remonstrances of co-partners, to pawn his watch and jewelry. We advise all verdant youths to beware of his engaging offers to relieve them temporarily of superfluous cash. His infatuation, it is needless to say, is unshared by his brother Editors, who can only deplore what their most vigorous efforts have been unable to prevent.

The music of College has culminated in the Class of '63. Not content to furnish the best Glee Club that has appeared for years in the history of Yale, and a large number of eminent "tooters," they have infused a wondrous charm into our monotonous existence here, by a highly original rendering of an old melody. From every quarter the harmonious ear of the Board has been greeted of late with the lyric

"There was an old woman with *three* sons,"

in which the dulcet soprano of the last word but one, is only equalled by the energy and enthusiasm with which it is warbled forth. The blended sweetness and compass of that single harmony is inimitable. "The force of music can no farther go."

One word in sober earnest, before we end these rambling absurdities. The "Lit." appeals to every student for his support and countenance. It is designed to be the organ of no clique, of no class, but claims the contributions of all College. If you will only write, and write well, we will cheerfully publish all you have to say. The present Board are anxious to enlarge the circle of writers for its columns. Whatever is sent us shall be judged impartially, and if deserving, occupy a place in the "Lit." Especial pains will be taken to ensure fullness and accuracy in the Memorabilia. Let each man, who can afford it, come forward and subscribe at the beginning of the year. Do not impose upon the Editors the burden of writing for College, and then paying for the privilege. And remember that money is not all that is needed to support a magazine like this. Sympathy

and coöperation are no less essential to its prosperity. We invite all of you then to pay promptly, write carefully, and sustain nobly the magazine which for a quarter of a century has lived at Yale, and which the Editors pledge themselves, shall not die so long as they are connected with its management.

### EXCHANGES.

Harpers' Magazine, and the Atlantic for September, have come to hand, with a table of contents of rare interest and value to the lover of periodical literature. The Harvard Magazine, in a new dress, and in almost a new identity, has just arrived. We congratulate its Editors on its improved aspect since the previous issue. Its articles, so far as we have persued them, are of a high tone in style and thought. The critiques on "Tom Brown" and "Great Expectations," are scholarly and discriminating. The Williams Quarterly is always welcome, and more so than ever at the present time. The piece on "College Poetry," seems to us, exceedingly just and well-timed. The whole tenor of the magazine is manly and earnest, and well entitles it to the rank it now holds among College periodicals. The Adelphi Quarterly of Knox College is also before us, but in consequence of the lateness of its arrival, has received but a superficial glance. It seemed readable and entertaining as of old. The Nassau Literary finishes our list. A characteristic sketch of the distinctive elements of the Freshman State, meets our cordial approbation and praise. The success of the "Literary" in financial matters, likewise calls for our warmest congratulations.

To Contributors. "A Dream at Sea" is respectfully declined.

### Necrology.

Class	Name and Age.	Place and	Time of Death.
1790	Solomon Stoddard, 89,	Northampton, Mass.	Oct. 16, 1860.
1793	Perlee Brush, 90,	Warren, O.	Aug. 4, 1860.
"	Joseph Russel, 85,	Ellington, Conn.	Jan. 8, 1861.
1799	Henry Meigs, 78,	New York City,	May 20, 1861.
1800	Giles C. Kellogg, 79,	Hadley, Mass.	June 19, 1861.
1802	Ralph I. Bush, 80,	New York City.	Aug. 4, 1860.
"	Levi Collins, 82,	Belvidere, Ill.	Dec. 11, 1859.
"	Sheldon C. Leavitt, 75,	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Nov. 4, 1860.
"	Charles H. Pond, 80,	Milford, Conn.	April 28, 1861.
1803	William Belden, 79,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	March 20, 1861,
1804	Joab Brace, 80,	Pittsfield, Mass.	April 20, 1861.
"	Gerardus Clark, 74,	New Rochelle, N. Y.	Aug. 23, 1860.
"	Ezra Stiles Ely, 75,	Philadelphia, Pa.	June 17, 1861.
"	John M. Felder, 76,	South Carolina.	1859.
"	Abel McEwen, 80,	New London, Conn.	Sept. 7, 1860,
1805	Heman Humphrey, 82,	Pittsfield, Mass.	April 3, 1861.
"	Allen McLean, 79,	Simsbury, Conn.	March 19, 1861,
1806	Royal Robbins, 72,	Berlin, Conn.	March 26, 1861.
1808	William Hanford, 73,	Tallmadge, O.	May 31, 1861.
1809	Josiah W. Gibbs, 70,	New Haven, Conn.	March 25, 1861.

1813	James D. Johnson, 72,	Morristown, N. J.	Aug. 3, 1860.
1814	William L. Storrs, 66,	Hartford, Conn.	June 25, 1861.
1815	Thomas Gray, 66,	Norwich, Conn.	Aug. 29, 1860.
"	Woodbridge Strong, 66,	Boston, Mass.	March 31, 1861.
1816	Francis Parsons, 66,	Hartford, Conn.	March 9, 1861.
"	Samuel S. Stebbins, 66,	Sherburne, N. Y.	Sept. 5, 1860.
1817	Chauncey Bulkley, 62,	Philadelphia, Pa.	May 23, 1860.
1818	Orlando Canfield, 66,	Columbus, Miss.	July 14, 1860.
1820	Daniel VanMatre, 60,	Cincinnati, O.	Dec. 19, 1860.
1821	Alfred Terry, 58,	New Haven, Conn.	Dec. 15, 1860.
1822	John A. Rockwell, 57,	Washington City, D. C.	Feb. 10, 1861.
1823	Thorn S. Kingsland, 56,	Staten Island, N. Y.	1859.
1825	Chester Birge, 64,	Hudson, O.	May 2, 1861.
"	Joseph Ellsworth, 56,	East Windsor, Conn.	Aug. 25, 1860.
1826	Eliezer Crane, 53,	Cornwall, Conn.	June 3, 1860.
1827	George E. Delevan, 56,	Wyoming, Iowa.	March 18, 1861.
"	John Dickinson, 53,	New London, Conn.	May 24, 1860.
"	Joseph H. Gallup, 52,	Norwich, Conn.	May 22, 1861.
"	Cortlandt VanRensselaer, 62,	Burlington, Vt.	July 25, 1860.
1828	Orson Cowles, 60,	North Haven, Conn.	Dec. 33, 1860.
1829	Charles W. Rogers, 52,	Savannah, Ga.	May 9, 1861.
1830	William B. Weed, 49,	Norwalk, Conn.	Dec. 13, 1860.
1833	Samuel C. Kerr, 48,	Princeton, N. J.	June 4, 1861.
1834	John Murdoch, 47,	Rodney, Miss.	Jan. 11, 1861.
"	Wm. H. Washington, 46,	North Carolina,	Aug. 12, 1860.
1835	Hugh Walsh, 43,	New York City,	Dec. 1, 1859.
1842	Frederick D. Beeman, 39,	Litchfield, Conn.	Aug. 4, 1860.
1843	William Burroughs, 38,	Germantown, Pa.	March 24, 1861.
"	Lucius F. Robinson, 37,	Hartford, Conn.	March 11, 1861.
1847	Wm. H. Gilman, 34,	Exeter, N. H.	June 3, 1860.
"	Matthew G. Wing, 34,	Santa Fe, New Mexico,	July 5, 1860.
1848	Theodore Winthrop, 32,	Great Bethel, Va.	June 10, 1861.
1849	Nathan S. Starr, 31,	Union, N. J.	May 24, 1861.
"	Silas Wodell, 35,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Feb. 19, 1861.
1851	William J. Maltby, 29,	Madrid, Spain.	Dec. 31, 1860.
1857	Henry P. McCoy, 30.	Franklin, N. Y.	July 25, 1860.
1859	Edward C. Sheffield, 22,	Philadelphia, Pa.	March 18, 1861.

Total number,.....57

Average age,.....60½ years.

The four oldest surviving graduates are now,

Class of 1787 JOSHUA DEWEY, aged 94; of Brooklyn, N. Y.

" 1788 DANIEL WALDO, aged 98; of Syracuse, N. Y.

" 1792 WILLIAM BOTSFORD, aged 88; of Westmoreland Co., New Brunswick.

" 1793 DAVID SHERMAN BOARDMAN, aged 93; of New Milford, Conn.

Of the graduates *ad eundem* and *honorary*, the oldest survivor is,

1792 JOSIAH QUINCY, who graduated at Harvard in 1790, and is the oldest living graduate of that University.

The number of the regular graduates (A. B.) of the College to the year 1860 inclusive, is 6920, of whom 3600 are dead.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

No. II.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '62.

George H. Beard, William Hampson, Richard Skinner, John P. Taylor.

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In hour or two in the College Library.

It is highly probable that very few Yalensians are ignorant of the existence of the College Library, or of the stately building in which it is contained, yet it is equally probable that but very few are at all conversant with its character or value. A great number, beyond a doubt, spend term after term without so much as entering within the doors of the Library, while the large majority do not obtain any, the least, advantage from the treasures it contains. Whether the cause of this so remarkable a neglect lies in the want of means by which access may be had to them, or in the lack of disposition to enjoy them, may be a matter of question. To impute the latter of these motives as the governing reason, would be to utter a very wide and sweeping accusation; it is but charitable to presume the former to be the more likely.

Having recently spent some little time in the Library, in examining the numerous curiosities and rarities which may be found there, and yet disclaiming the effort to act as a perfect guide to all of these, we have deemed it not out of place to indicate a very few, in the hope that others may be enabled, in regarding them, to pass away an equally pleasant hour or two with ourselves. For greater convenience we have arranged them under several divisions.

I.—BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITIES.

(To be found in the first of the cases, occupying the center of the main room.)

(a.) *Manuscripts.*

1. An Egyptian papyrus, framed.

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2. A petition to the Emperor of China, being a scroll of nearly four feet in length, covered with crimson silk, upon which is inscribed the petition in gold characters. The silk is surrounded by a border of a different, flowered, design. This petition was presented to the American Oriental Society by G. R. Sampson, Esq.

3. A firman of the Sultan of Turkey, (presented by the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, D. D., of Constantinople, to the American Oriental Society,) with a large heading in which is the initial or seal, encircled by a vast deal of flourish executed in various colors and of floral design; below this heading is recorded the proclamation.

4. An Arabic manuscript of the Koran. This, an exceedingly elaborate copy of the Koran, was written at Palembang, Java, in 1854, by Mayerbinah, a Mohammedan hadji, or priest. It was purchased at Singapore in 1856, at a cost of \$20, by the Hon. Charles W. Bradley, who subsequently presented it to the above mentioned society. Each page of this work demands admiration for the beauty and perfection of the handwriting, almost rivalling the work of an engraver.

5. A Pali manuscript, written on thin pieces of Bamboo wood, tied together.

6. A Chinese album; (7.) Japanese books whose artistic merit consists more in their design than in their execution, (presented to the American Oriental Society, by Dr. J. Wilson, Jr.); (8.) A Japanese painting; in regarding which one is indeed most forcibly impressed with the aptness of the maxim: *de gustibus non est disputandum*. (This was presented to the same society by the Hon. C. W. Bradley, who purchased it at Samudi, in March, 1854.

9. A manuscript on vellum, entitled "Speculum Humanae Salvationis," containing Bible stories, in Latin rhyme, each page being illustrated. This book is perhaps 500 years old. It is a gift of Governor Yale, 1715.

10. A manuscript on vellum, containing a part of the Psalter; date unknown. It was styled "A Gothic manuscript of the David's Psalms," by its former owner, Enoch Huntington, of Middletown, Ct. It is one of the very few manuscripts on vellum in the Library.

(b.) *Specimens of early typography, etc.*

11. Augustinus: liber de vita cristiana et de singularite clericorum. This volume contains:

1. Augustinus: "liber de vita cristiana," printed on 19 leaves, of 27 lines (generally) on a page; without date or name of place or printer, (but doubtless by Ulric Zell and contypographically with the second tract.)

[See *Panzer*, *Annales Typographici*, Vol. I., p. 325, (381.)]

2. Augustinus: "liber de singularitate clericorum," printed by Ulric Zell of Mayence, (Mentz,) on 33 leaves of 27 lines on a page, in 1467.

[See *Panzer*: *Ann. Typ.*, vol. I., p. 274. (1.) *Brunet*: *Man. du Libraire*, 4me ed., Paris, 1842, (Vol. I., p. 216, 2d col.) *Falkenstein*: *Gesch. der Buchdruckerkunst*, (Leipzig, 1840, pp. 153-4.)]

The forms contain respectively 6, 10, 6, 10, 6, 10, 6 leaves, the sixth leaf of the last form having been cut off. This rare book is particularly valuable as being the oldest specimen of typography belonging to the Library.

12. 1. *Johannis de Sacrobusto* ("anglici viri clarissimi,") *Spera Mundi*; and, 2. *Gerardi Cremonensis Theorica planetarum*; printed at Venice, A. D. 1478.

13. *Herbarius*: printed by Hannsen Schoensperger, in Augsburg, A. D. 1487.

14. "Certaine sermons made by M. Doctor Latymer." This edition of the sermons of Bishop Latymer, (London, 1562,) is the earliest printed book in English belonging to the Library.

15. Next we have the Reverend John Eliot's Indian Bible. The title page reads: Mamusse Wunneetupanatomwe Up—Biblum God Naneeswe Nukkone Testament Kah Wonk Wusku Testament Ne quoshkinnumuk nashpe Wuttinneumoh Christ noh assowesit John Eliot Nahohtoêu ontchetôe Printenoomuk, Cambridge, Printenooop nashpe Samuel Green, MDCLXXXV. The Old Testament was printed in Cambridge, in 1685; the New Testament, in 1680. This copy has the autograph of the Indian preacher, the Rev. Samson Occom, (Sepr ye 27 A.D. 1748,) of whom it was purchased by Thomas Shaw, Esq., of New London, Ct., and by him presented to the Library in 1790.

This copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible is among the very few copies extant. For the delectation of the curious in such matters, a note is appended to this containing, so far as is known, the complete list of the possessors of this exceedingly rare work. For this and much other interesting matter concerning it, the reader is referred to *Richardson's Historical Magazine*, (Vols. II. and III.)\*

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\* They are as follows: Harvard University, the American Antiquarian Society, the Boston Athenaeum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. James Lenox, of New York, Governor Everett, Mr. John Carter Brown, Mr. George Livermore, the Newport Library, the Loganian Library (of Philadelphia,) Brown University, the American Philosophical Society, Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Mr. Edward A. Crowninshield, of Boston, the Philadelphia Library, the New York State Library, the Andover Theological Seminary, Yale College, the Connecticut Historical Society, Mr.

16. The manuscript sermons of the Rev. John Davenport, (the first minister of New Haven, born 1597, ob. 1670,) 1638.

17. A manuscript copy of the Laws of Yale College, A. D., 1726, —the earliest extant. On a fly-leaf may be found the following :

"This copy of the 'Orders and appointments to be observed in the Collegiate School in Connecticut,' written out in the year 1726, by Jonathan Ashley, (afterwards a distinguished minister of the Gospel in Deerfield, Mass.,) was found by me in May, 1845, among his papers, in Deerfield, and is now, through Prof. Kingsley, presented to the Library of the said 'Collegiate School in Connecticut,' as a memorial of the youthful authority of my venerable and venerated Alma Mater.

London, October 15, 1845.

HENRY STEVENS."

From among the various orders and appointments we extract the following :

Chap. 19. "No Schollar shall use y<sup>e</sup> english tongue in y<sup>e</sup> Colledge with his fellow Schollars unless he be called to publick exercise proper to be attended in y<sup>e</sup> english tongue butt schollars in their chambers and when they are together shall talk lattin."

Chap. 26. "Every student in order to his admission shall write out a Coppy of these orders and appointments whereunto his admittatur shall be annexed and signed by y<sup>e</sup> Rector and tutor or tutors."

The 'admittatur' referred to is as follows :

"Admittatur in Collegium Yalense Connecticuttensium quod est Novi Porti Jonathan Ashley die Nov<sup>bris</sup> 22<sup>do</sup>, 1726.

E. WILLIAMS, Rector.

D. EDWARDS, Tutor."

It would seem, however, that Mr. Ashley entertained doubts in regard to his own observance of these rigorous laws, for we find upon the first page of the book the following :

"Orders of Yale Colledge : 1727 : Jonathan Ashley, His Laws,—but he don't observe them I think witness my hand, Nebuchadnezer."

We make make one more selection, from chap. 21.

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John Allan, of New York, Mr. Samuel G. Drake, of Boston, Mr. George W. Pratt of Kingston, N. Y., the Congregational Library Association of Boston, Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northampton, the town of Natick, Mass., Mr. John G. Gardner, of Gardner's Island, and Mr. Peter Force, of Washington. A copy of the "second other" (Nahohhtëu antchetôe) edition, is in the possession of Bowdoin College ; and a copy of the Testament belongs to the Pelham Priory, of Pelham, N. Y. There are two copies of the 1683 edition in the Library of Yale College. Besides the one mentioned above, there is in the Library a copy once owned by Governor Winthrop, and containing his autograph.

"For y<sup>e</sup> prevention of irreligion and Idleness and other immoralities in y<sup>e</sup> Student it is ordered y<sup>t</sup> every non Graduate without sufficient reason absenting himself from y<sup>e</sup> publick worship of God on Sabbath or publick lectures in y<sup>e</sup> town under what denomination soever as fasts thanksgivings, &c.: shall be amerced by y<sup>e</sup> Rector or tutor for every default not above eight pence: for omission of Colledge prayer without sufficient reasons two pence for each time and y<sup>e</sup> delinquent for every such fault shall be fined by his Rector or tuter not above five pence."

## II.—COINS.

(For this description of the Coins in the possession of the College, we are very much indebted to Mr. HENRY CHAMPION, under whose care they are at present placed.)

In the second of the three cases, about five hundred coins and medals have been arranged. These were selected from the College Cabinet in such a way as to give a fair representation of the various departments, and of the coinage of different nations, and at the same time to display most of the rare and interesting pieces.

In the first square are American pieces. The most interesting of these is No. 1, a New England Shilling, struck by the colony of Massachusetts in 1652. This is a simple planchet of silver with the letters N. E. stamped on one side, and XII., upon the other. The great facilities for clipping, afforded by this rude coin, induced the authorities to change it for the Pine tree money, (No. 2 in the case.) These, all though struck for several years, all bear date 1652.

No. 7 is a cent commonly known as the Georgius Triumpho, from the legend which it bears. Struck at the close of the Revolution in honor of Washington, it bears a head of George the Third, probably because the die-sinker had no head of Washington to copy from and thought that any other George would do as well. In this connection it would be interesting to notice the Washington cents, but space will not allow. Some of these were struck by order of Congress, and some by private parties, but the first were suppressed at Washington's request. The cents struck by the several States on their own authority, are also represented in this case. In the next tray, No. 16, is a hammered dollar of Mexico, struck soon after the revolt from Spain, when hammers had to supply the place of regular coining machinery.

The next tray contains English pieces. No. 1 is a penny of Aedelerd, king of Northumberland. No. 2 is a penny of William the Conqueror. No. 19 is a shilling of Charles I, coined during his troubles with the parliament. These are termed siege pieces, from the plate

of his followers, and of a diamond shape, adopted to avoid the waste of cutting them in a round form. The letters O B S are a contraction for *Obsessa*—besieged. 23-25 are specimens of a crown,  $\frac{1}{2}$  crown and shilling of the Gun-money of James II, struck after he had left the throne. They were coined from cannon, whence the name "gun-money," and are to be regarded rather as promises to pay than as coins, their real value being about 20 per cent. of their nominal.

In the next square are various European pieces. 10 is a piece of Peter the Great, of Russia.

No. 35 is a  $\frac{1}{2}$  franc of Napoleon first, and is curious from the apparent contradiction it bears, the legend on one side reading "Napoleon Empereur," and on the other, "Republique Française."

The fifth square contains German coins. No. 47 in this tray is a specimen of the coins called Bracteates. They were struck about 1000 A. D., by Otho I, Emperor of Germany. They are all of pure silver, though very thin.

The sixth case contains more European pieces, but we only mention one; No. 4, a real of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

Passing over the Swiss, Modern Greek and East Indian coins in the next tray, many of which are curious and rare, 37 to 39 are curious Japanese pieces. Japan is the only nation that has not adopted the circular form for its coins, except Siam, where the coins are bullet shaped, one of which is in the case among the medals.

40 to 47 are Chinese pieces, the first being over 2000 years old, and the last coined by the present Emperor. 40 and 41 are curious on account of their shape. They were coined about 10 A. D.

In the next case, the first four are denarii of Mark Antony, Pompey, Julius and Augustus. The remainder in this and the next tray are a partial series of the Roman Emperors. The most interesting among them perhaps, is 19, a denarius of Vespasian, on the reverse of which is a captive sitting beneath a palm tree, with the legend, Judea, referring to the capture of Judea.

In the last square are a few Roman Family coins, and some Grecian pieces, but it will be possible to mention only a few, though all are of interest.

No. 8 is a denarius of the Julia Gens. This family was supposed to be descended from Æneas, and on the reverse he is represented carrying his father and household gods from Troy. No. 17, gives a representation of the famous Rape of the Sabines. No. 23 is a Cufic coin.

Among the Greek pieces, 28 of Metapontum and 32 of Ægina are

remarkable as being the oldest coins known, having been struck about the 6th century, B. C. The first has an ear of wheat, the second a tortoise struck upon it.

The medals mostly speak for themselves, but one deserves a more particular notice. It is an oblong medal bearing on one side a shield with the legend "Fidelitas;" on the other, the motto, "Vincit Amor Patriæ." It is a copy of a medal given to the capturers of André, by Congress.

### III.—WORKS OF ART.

#### (a.) *Busts.*

1. A copy in plaster of the newly identified bust of Cicero in the Vatican. This bust was presented to the Library by Mr. B. P. Akers, of Rome, through Mr. Isaac E. Clarke, of New York.

2. A copy in marble of the bust, which, until recently was regarded as that of Cicero, the original having been found in the neighborhood of his villa at Tusculum. It is the work of the sculptor Crawford. ("T. C., Roma, 1857.")

3. A copy of an antique bust of Homer, also by Crawford.

4. A copy of an antique bust of Demosthenes, by Crawford; the gift of Professor Salisbury, by whom Nos. (2.) and (3.) were also presented.

5. A marble bust of President Day, by C. B. Ives. (Florence, 1847.)

6. A marble bust of Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, also by Ives. (Rome, 1860.)

7. A marble bust of Prof. Silliman, Senior, by Ives. (Rome, 1860.)

8. A bust in marble of Professor Alexander Metcalf Fisher, who was lost at sea, in the Albion, in 1822. It is the work of the Sculptor, Hezekiah Augur.\*

9. A bust of Ithiel Town, by Ives.†

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\*HEZEKIAH AUGUR was born in New Haven, February 21, 1791. He was a man of very considerable inventive powers, as well as being an artist of extended reputation. He was the inventor of the carving machine, "which is at the present day in general and successful operation." (One of these machines may be seen in operation, at any time, in Artizan Street, New Haven.)

Of his artistic genius, perhaps the finest example is the exquisite piece of statuary "Jephthah and his Daughter," in the South room of the Trumbull Gallery.

Mr. Augur died on the 10th of January, 1858.

†Mr. Town was a prominent public spirited citizen of New Haven, an excellent architect, and a man of very refined literary tastes and extensive acquirements. The State House was designed by him, following, of course, the model from the

10. A bust in plaster of the Hon. William A. Buckingham, the present Governor of Connecticut, and a liberal benefactor of Yale College, the work of H. Dexter, Esq., of Boston.

(b.) *Portraits, Photographs, Engravings, Ancient Furniture, etc.*

1. Portrait in oil, of Dr. Alfred E. Perkins, of Norwich, deposited in the Library by the liberality of Mrs. J. E. Rockwell. Dr. Perkins gave to the College ten thousand dollars, which is invested as a permanent fund for the increase of the Library—the books bought with the income being kept in alcoves apart from other purchases. Three alcoves are already thus filled.

2. A lithographic representation of St. Giles' Church, Wrexham, North Wales. In the churchyard of St. Giles are interred the remains of Elihu Yale. As has been said, Governor Yale "appears to have been very much attached to Wrexham, for he ornamented the Church with a very fine altar-piece, which he purchased at Rome, and though he died in London, he desired his remains might be deposited among the fair green hills of Denbighshire." Governor Yale was born on the 5th of April, 1648, and died in London on the 8th of July, 1721, aged 53 years.†

3. A large engraving of the Trajan column at Rome, hung upon the right of the main entrance. We avail ourselves of the following description, by Mr. E. C. Herrick, of this column:—"Erected A. D., 115, by the Senate and people of Rome, in honor of the Emperor Trajan. It was placed in the center of a large square or forum, and was surrounded by many elegant structures, none of which are standing now. It was built of white marble, and consists of thirty-four blocks, of which eight compose the base, twenty-three the shaft, one the pedestal supporting the statue, and one the capital. The column alone is about one hundred and twenty-eight feet high, or with the statue about one hundred and forty feet. It has a spiral staircase within, of one hundred and eighty-five steps, cut in the solid stone, and forty-five openings for the admission of light. The bronze statue of Trajan, which originally crowned the column, was removed in 1859 by Pope

antique, as well as many other buildings both public and private, in town. His collection of curiosities and articles of vertu, with other things rich and rare, was the largest and most carefully selected of any in the State. Mr. Town was a native of Thompson, Conn., where he was born in 1784. He died at the age of 60 on the 13th of June, 1844.

†For a brief but interesting biographical sketch of Governor Yale, see the article entitled "Elihu Yale," pp. 161-177, Vol. XXIII., Yale Lit. Magazine, 1858, written by Mr. J. E. Kimball.

Sixtus V., who substituted therefor a statue of the Apostle Peter. The whole of the shaft is covered with sculptures in bas-relief, running around in an ascending spiral, and making twenty-two revolutions before reaching the top. These sculptures, which are designed with spirit, and cut with delicacy, represent Trajan's Dacian victories, and the triumphal processions by which they were celebrated. The human figures, about two thousand five hundred in number, which on the lower part of the shaft are about two feet high, enlarge as they ascend, till at the top they are nearly twice the size of those below."

4. The companion of this print, hung at the left of the main entrance, is an engraving of the Antonine or Aurelian column, at Rome. "Erected by the Senate of Rome in honor of the Emperor and Philosopher, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. It is built of white marble. The shaft of the pillar is thirteen and a half feet in diameter at bottom, its height about one hundred and twenty-five feet, or, including the pedestal and capital, one hundred and thirty-six, of which thirteen feet are now under ground, making the total height one hundred and sixty-three and a half feet. The shaft is adorned with a spiral series of bas-reliefs, sculptured in the marble, representing the Emperor's victories over the Quadi, Marcomanni and the Sarmatians. It has within one hundred and ninety steps, and forty-one openings for light and air. On its summit stood a bronze statue of the Emperor, which was carried off A. D., 663. In its stead a bronze statue of St. Paul was placed thereon, in A. D., 1589, by Pope Sixtus V., who added to the pedestal four new inscriptions. The workmanship is inferior to that of the Trajan column." One of the inscriptions upon the pedestal of this column reads: "Sixtus V. Pont. Max. Columnam Hanc Abomini Impietate Expurgatam S. Paulo Apostolo Aenea Ejus Statua Inaurata In Summo Vertice Posita D. D. A. MDLXXXIX. Pont. IV." Both of these engravings were presented to the Library in April, 1846, by Mr. George A. Elliot, of New Haven.

5. A photographic view of the Trajan Column and Forum. (Rome, 1857.)

6. A photograph representing the ruins of the Roman Forum, given to the Library by Mr. E. L. Heermance.

7. An autograph letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. Eliot, dated from Philadelphia, 1st September, 1761.

Engravings of College Buildings of the olden time.

8. A "Prospect of Yale College," dedicated to the Hon. Jonathan Law, Governor, by James Buck, and "sold by I. Buck, at y<sup>e</sup> spectacles in Queen Street, Boston."



9. A front view of Yale College and the College Chapel, New Haven, together with a compendious history of Yale College, and a general account of the course of study pursued by the Students,—dated at Yale College, June 26, 1786. ("New Haven: Printed by David Bowen, in Chapel Street, where every kind of printing is performed with Dispatch, and in the neatest manner.")

10. A photograph of the "President's house,"—formerly occupied by Dr. Dwight, and afterward by Dr. Day,—torn down in 1860.

11. An engraved portrait of Major-General Israel Putnam, "published as the act directs, by C. Shepherd, 9th Sept. 1775, London." J. Wilkinson is the painter. The special interest of this portrait consists in the fact that in its inscription, dated at London three months after the battle of Bunker Hill, Putnam is styled "Commander in Chief of the American forces."

The very elegant and massive table and chairs, arranged in the main room of the Library, have a considerable historic interest. These relics of the olden time once graced the council room or the audience chamber of His Excellency Governor William Burnet, the son of the famous Bishop Burnet, who held the great seal of the Provinces of New York, New Jersey, and a portion of New England, from 1720 to 1728. At that time there were the large table and ten large chairs of solid mahogany, with two arm-chairs, in the Governor's possession. After passing through very many vicissitudes, they were at length sold at the auction of Mr. Pascal Smith's effects. Mr. Abraham Bishop, of New Haven, bought them; subsequently he presented the table and ten chairs to the Yale College Library, and one arm-chair each to Professor Silliman, Senior, and the Rev. Sereno E. Dwight, D. D., late President of Hamilton College. The chairs were formerly covered with rich yellow damask, which in the course of time had very much faded; and, accordingly, about the year 1845, certain ladies of New Haven, provided them with their present handsome seats of crewel work. The career of Governor Burnet was an eminently interesting one. He was born in The Hague, in March, 1688, and received at baptism the name of William, after the Prince of Orange, who stood as his godfather. He embarked the greater part of his property in the South Sea Schemes, and lost it. Subsequently appointed Governor of the above named Provinces, he entered upon his duties Sept. 17, 1720; and resigned them to his successor April 15, 1728, on being appointed Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, which office he held at the time of his death. He was noted for his remarkable vivacity and ease in conversation, and was himself possessed of

considerable learning. His library is said to have been one of the richest private collections in America.

Rector Pierson's arm-chair. One of the most interesting relics to be found in the Library is the old oaken arm-chair of the Reverend Abraham Pierson, first Rector (President) of Yale College; who sat in this chair as early as 1701. It is of English oak, having been sent to the Rector, in compliment to his new position, by certain friends in England. The first home of the chair was in Killingworth, where the College was then located. After the decease of Mr. Pierson it remained for many years in the possession of his descendants, until finally it came into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Bray, of Humphreysville, Conn., who presented it to the College. Some croakers there have been who have entertained doubts concerning the authenticity of this chair; that it is what it claims to be is triumphantly established, by a recent letter received by President Woolsey from the President of Cumberland University, a descendant of the Rector.

#### IV.—ARCHAEOLOGICAL.

The College Library has a number of interesting ancient inscriptions, a part of them owned by the American Oriental Society. An account of these having been furnished to the "*University Quarterly*" for October, 1861, we subjoin merely a brief list, numbered as the stones are numbered in their places in the Library.

No. 1. Assyrian Relief and Description from Nineveh, representing a winged and horned-headed divinity.

No. 2. Ditto, representing a Eunuch bearing a quiver, bow, sword and other armor.

No. 3. Ditto, representing the God NISROCH, (Isaiah xxxvii; 38.)

No. 4. Ditto, representing a figure kneeling before the sacred tree. [A like sacred tree is to be found adjacent to each of the other figures.]

No. 5. Greek Inscription from Daphne, near Antioch, containing an appointment of a high-priest of Artemis and Daphne. (B. C. 189.)

No. 6. Greek Inscription from Beirût, in honor of BALMARKOS.

No. 7. Greek Sepulchral Inscription from Kula, Asia Minor.

No. 8. Ditto.

No. 9. Sanskrit Inscription of the 11th or 12th Century from Central India.

No. 10. Ditto.

No. 11. Ditto.

No. 12. Fac-simile of the Rosetta Stone.

No. 13. Fac-simile of the Potidæan Inscription.

In addition to these inscriptions, the following objects, deposited in one of the cases, are worthy of mention.

1. Three models, in cork, of the ruins of the Grecian Temples at Paestum, presented by Mr. John McAdam through William McCrackan, Esq.

2. Ancient Roman lachrymatories.

3. A pitcher found on the island of Clephontina, near a cataract on the Nile.

4. Anklets and bracelets of Egyptian dancing girls, (presented by Commodore Hull, U. S. N.)

5. A Japanese mirror; presented by the Rev. George Jones.

6. A fragment of a mill-stone and sample of the walls of Diarbekir Jegireh; sent by the Rev. William F. Williams, of Mosul, 1858.

7. A fragment of a very large alabaster vase found at Nimroud; also presented by Mr. Williams in 1853.

A great Library cannot be entered by one of any refinement in thought and aspiration, without a certain feeling of awe. Surrounded by the productions of genius, the elegance of art, the delights of the mind, it is but natural that in the quiet, silent Library, reverence should possess the soul. Books are the mysterious hands extended by the never-returning Past, out of its obscurity, to the Present, guiding us in the search after its beauties, leading us up to the fountains of its joys and sorrows, indicating the themes upon which it loved to dwell, the thoughts that most did charm it, the ideals which have stamped it with that grace and power through which it lives and retains its glory. And it is because of this reflection induced, equally with the improvements and advantages proffered, that the great Library is a blessing to mankind.

The Radcliffe, the Imperial Library of Vienna, the Vatican,—what throngs of ennobling conceptions arise at the mere mention of them! The Yale Library, indeed, has not attained to the dignity of these, and it will require time before it shall do so, but even now, with its seed scarcely sown, it offers much that is fitted to delight and benefit the mind. Let us no longer suffer these to rest in their dusty obscurity.

In the preparation of the above article, we are exceedingly indebted for valuable assistance and suggestions to Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, the present Librarian, and to Mr. Edward C. Herrick, his predecessor.

R. S. *h*

## James Gates Percival.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CHAUNCEY FOWLER.

*Durham Centre, Conn., October, 1861.*

*Gentlemen:*—When, as Editors of the “YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,” you just requested me to furnish some reminiscences of JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, I felt myself obliged to decline the invitation, on account of other engagements which absorbed my time. But on reading your interesting article in the July Number, old remembrances came thronging into my mind through the mist of years, and awakening so many College feelings from their sleep, that I was disposed to offer you for record my humble contribution in memory of one of the most gifted sons of my Alma Mater.

In June, 1813, when a Freshman, I saw Percival, then a Sophomore, for the first time. He was in the College Chapel, standing up and facing me in the next seat forward, while Dr. Dwight was leading the devotions of the assembled Students. His classical features, his blond complexion, his large humid eyes, with dilated pupils, the tear starting and then setting back into its well in the socket, his whole expression as of one who had no communion with those around him, attracted my notice, and led me to inquire his name and character. Was that sensibility, were those starting tears the external manifestation of the workings of his own mind, or rather of the strong passive impression produced by the speaker's grand and musical voice, with which he intoned his prayer? Were those “looks communing with the skies, his rapt soul sitting in his eyes,” or with earth?

He stood in the first rank as a scholar. Grouped with ECCLES, and ROCKWELL, and CAYTON, and MARSHALL, and other leading men of his Class, he stands in my memory, as if on canvas, the prominent figure. His reputation extended from the College to Berlin, his native place. The wife of the minister of a parish there informed me, that Dr. Dwight had declared, I think to herself, that Berlin had sent to Yale College a “great genius” in the person of Percival.

Deficiencies and peculiarities of mind and manners he had, which threw him out of harmony with the masses, and which sprung some doubt as to his future usefulness and success in life. He was not in sympathy with his fellow Students, nor were they in sympathy with him. He had his own sources of inspiration, which he sought in solitude and silence. The electric current of genius was flowing upon his soul as

upon a prime conductor ; will that soul always be insulated ? So various were his susceptibilities of impression from the several classes of objects in nature, and art, and science, and so various were his attainments, that one could believe, that in his solitude, each of the nine bright-eyed daughters of Memory had in turn looked into his face and breathed inspiration into his soul. Will he, like NUMA, after communion with the fabled nymph Egeria, come forth to enlighten and bless mankind ?

My familiar acquaintance with Percival grew out of an accidental interview with him in 1818, on his return from the South, where he had been employed as a teacher. I was at that time Preceptor of the Hopkins Grammar School, in New Haven. He felt some sympathy with me in my employment, and the first part of our conversation was upon the science and art and usefulness of teaching. We then spent, perhaps an hour, in talking upon the poet BURNS, upon his genius and his follies, narrating anecdotes concerning him, and repeating his poetry. I remember well with what pathos he recited "A Bard's Epitaph," which he evidently applied subjectively, especially the stanza,

" Is there a man whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
But runs himself life's mad career  
Wild as the wave ?  
Approach, and through the starting tear  
Survey this grave."

After this interview, he was at my room frequently, always ready to converse freely and unreservedly upon the true, the good, and the beautiful ; ready to expatiate with the great naturalists, over the wide earth, or to ascend with Newton to the visible heavens, or, to soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere, " to the first good, first perfect and first fair."

I was at that time boarding in College Street, at Mrs. Johnson's, in company with Mr. INGERSOLL, who with me, was studying Theology, and with Mr. WEBB, who, with another boarder, was studying Medicine. Mr. Percival, who had entered the Medical School, proposed to me to take a seat at the same table. He was cordially welcomed to our mess. For two or three weeks after he joined us he was uniformly taciturn, taking no part in the conversation, which was frequently addressed to him to draw him out. But one day at dinner, Mr. Ingersoll made some remark upon a characteristic feature of the Red Sea, and the adjacent region. Mr. Percival immediately took up the subject in its relation to geology, climate, wars, political changes, lan-

guage, literature and religion, and treated it with an exactness of statement, an affluence of illustration, and a felicity of language, that enchained our attention, as he fluently poured out, for perhaps half an hour, sentence after sentence. Upon Mr. Ingersoll's courteously proposing to continue the conversation after we should have returned thanks, he shrank forthwith into himself, and never would be drawn out again.

In 1820, Mr. CORNELIUS TUTHILL, with the aid of two other friends of mine, Mr. HENRY E. DWIGHT, and Mr. NATHANIEL CHAUNCEY, conducted a literary semi-weekly paper entitled "*The Microscope.*" On my suggesting to Mr. Tuthill that Percival might be persuaded to offer some poetical contributions, he requested me to make application to him for that purpose. On my applying to him, he answered me that he had never published a line of poetry, that he felt some diffidence with respect to his poetic powers, though he confessed to some curiosity to see himself in print. In short he was as modest and coy as a young maiden. He finally yielded to my wishes on two conditions, namely, that I should, previous to their insertion, examine all his productions for the purpose of correction, and that their authorship should be kept a profound secret, until he should be willing to have it disclosed. When he brought me his first poem, commencing,

"His glance was fixed on power alone,"

he still shrank from exposing it to the public eye. The reception of this and other poems, in that periodical, so well satisfied him, that upon advice and encouragement he proceeded to prepare a volume of poetry for publication. While thus engaged, he was almost every day at my room in the College, when I was acting as a tutor, to show me what he had written or revised the day or morning before, always ready to accept a criticism on the language and rhythm, and prompt at making the correction suggested; but almost always reluctant to change the sentiment, especially if it was of a religious or moral character.

"I ask no pity, nor will I incline  
Weakly before the cross, nor in the blood  
Of others wash away my crimes."

To this infidel resolution in "*Prometheus*," I objected, that if he adopted it as his own, it would excite sorrow in the breast of all his christian friends; and if he did not adopt it, but put it into the mouth of an imaginary personage, he would still, in the mind of some of his

readers, render himself obnoxious to the suspicion of adopting it, and thus expose himself unnecessarily to the *odium theologium*. All my arguments were ineffectual. The passage now stands as originally written, affording as it was supposed by many at the time of its publication, sufficient ground for the suspicion. The reason which he alleged for his persistence was, that a poet should not be held responsible for either logical or illogical inferences against him, drawn from his wayward or transient fancies.

He composed very rapidly, and under the highest mental excitement. On one occasion, he read to me before the College recitation at eleven o'clock, seventeen stanzas of nine lines each, composed that very morning. He often came to my room to show me what he had just written, while the afflatus was upon him, while the *mens divini* was in play, as if in the act of creation, while his face shone as if he had just come down from the sacred mount, flushed by an interview with the mythological immortals. The readiness and continuity of his poetic associations were marvelous. In his poem entitled "MARIA," there are seventy-eight lines of continuous poetic association without a period. The next sentence has in it thirty-nine lines.

Mr. Percival was not in the habit of improving his writings by revision. On my mentioning the numberless corrections made by Pope, and also his remark, that he took as much pleasure in correcting as he did in writing, and also the remark of Bacon or some one, that all new creations are like cubs, which the parent bear must lick into shape; he replied, after musing for a time, Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter, a finished goddess at her birth.

The period reaching from the time when he commenced publishing in the "*Microscope*" in 1820, to the time when he attained his appointment at West Point in 1824, was, probably, the happiest portion of his life. By means of his first volume entitled "POEMS," published in 1821, he was brought into communication with the human world, in which he had long lived as in a wilderness. By this communion he felt his soul invigorated into a livelier sympathy with others, as they took an interest in him, so that his higher hopes and purposes were strengthened beyond what they had ever been in his hermit state. In this period he also published the first and second parts of "CLIO," and the second part of "PROMETHEUS," and also an octavo volume containing a selection from the others; which publications were praised by reviewers, who bore flattering testimony to the large capacities of his genius for future efforts. About this time selections from his works were published in London. The Students of the Colleges, and the lit-

erary men generally, hailed him as a star rising in the literary firmament. Sweet voices warbled his numbers, sweet lips recited them, and breathed forth his praises. And as he walked the streets a "cold shy poet," the "observed of all observers," with self application he could repeat the line,

At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier "Hic est."

At this time, too, he was contemplating what was to be the great poem of his life, in four parts, entitled MAN. In the first part, he would treat of the *actual perfection* of man; in the second, of the *probable perfection* of man; in the third, of the *possible perfection* of man; in the fourth, of the *imaginable perfection* of man. He expressed to me his hopes, that he might enjoy, from the sale of his works, so much pecuniary independence, that he would be able to write this work, the details of which he described to me with great particularity. And in the vista of the future, which his genius was beginning to open to him through the wilderness, he could see hovering the forms of domestic bliss. Could some one at this time have taken him up to place him in a permanent home, supplied his simple wants, and be to him what the *Thrales* were to *Johnson*, and the *Unwins* were to *Cowper*, and *Guy Mannering* was to *Dominie Sampson*, and *Guy Darrell* was to *Hawthorne*, the history of his life might have been the reverse of what it was. Are such instances of benevolence in social life confined to England?

Dr. Percival uttered skeptical language in his poetry, which gave pain to his christian friends. But he also used language which recognized the truths of the christian religion; he used the expressions related to the christian, just as another would use expressions borrowed from classical mythology, as a poet only, for the purpose of illustration or impression. He was not indifferent to the christian religion, as a system of doctrines, or as an inner life in the souls of men, or as an outward manifestation in their actions, or as expressed in the forms of worship. In the sermons of Prof. Fitch, then in the flower of his popularity, he appreciated the logical analysis of its doctrines, the felicitous language, and the occasional bursts of eloquence. In the sermons of Dr. Taylor, he appreciated the powerful appeals to the conscience and the fears, when the preacher was moving along his burning track into direct collision of his strong will with the sinner's will. And even in the sermons of young preachers of his acquaintance he found something to interest him.



Dr. Percival was examined for the degree of M. D. in 1820. The examination was prolonged, not for the purpose of satisfying the examiners of his qualifications, but for the pleasure of beholding his treasured stores of Medical knowledge. He attempted to reduce his science to practice in Berlin, among the patrons of his father, a physician. After staying there a few months, he made out his bills for collection. One man criticised his bill so sharply that Dr. Percival in disgust, destroyed all the rest of them and came off to New Haven.

He spent a part or all of a winter in Charleston, S. C., with some purpose of establishing himself there in his profession. There he wrote and published his beautiful poem, commencing

“Flower in a Southern garden newly blowing,”

and some other poems, which were much admired by the appreciative and highly cultivated people with whom he had intercourse there. When he returned to New Haven in the spring, the ice seemed to have been melted out of him in that genial climate. He himself became in a good degree genial and confiding.

Not long after he was, by universal consent, placed *inter amabiles vatam choros*, and, in the estimation of some, as the coryphæus of American bards, his acquaintance was sought by many who had passed him by with indifference. It was his good fortune to make the acquaintance of a circle of intelligent and refined ladies, in New Haven, who had, by his works, been attracted to their author. In them he found qualities which had hitherto, in his experience, existed only in his ideal of female excellence. They could charm from their lurking places in his soul, into distinct manifestation, those forms of thought and sentiment which he had hitherto cherished in solitude. In them, he could find a counterpart or complement of himself. They, from their habitual consciousness, could understand and admire in him, refinements of sentiment which coarser and more robust minds would fail to appreciate. With them he talked upon aesthetics, whether in their application to nature or moral sentiment, or human conduct; or he strolled with them occasionally in the fields, surveying such objects on the earth or in the sky as would interest a naturalist, or a poet.

“How happily the days of Thalaba went by!”

As an expression of his own feelings, or a picture for others to look at, or as mementos of the partners of his social enjoyments in those talks and walks, he composed his very beautiful poem entitled “Men-

tal Harmony." If I remember right, he told me that another fine piece entitled "Mental Beauty," bore some relation to the same social intercourse with those ladies.

In practical life, Dr. Percival often found himself disappointed in not being able to realize his ideal. Much to his gratification, he was appointed to deliver the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1821. After writing a considerable portion of this poem, he very earnestly said to me, "that the Society had made a great mistake in appointing him to deliver a poem, when prose was his forte." Though I felt a little disturbed, having had something to do with his appointment, I was obliged to urge him strenuously and repeatedly to deliver his poem, telling him that very likely he might be appointed, the next year to deliver the oration, when he could do justice to himself. The next year he was appointed to deliver the oration, which was printed, and regarded as a well written performance, but not as equal to the poem, which was the second part of "Prometheus."

When I was about to leave New Haven, in 1823, with the expectation of spending a few months in Washington, Dr. Percival requested me to make some efforts to obtain for him a situation under the general government. This I cheerfully assured him I would do. Accordingly, one day, after dining with Mr. Calhoun, in company with Mr. McDuffie, I broached the subject to them both. Mr. Calhoun very promptly said, "Would Dr. Percival like the position of Secretary of Legation? I think something can be found for him that will be satisfactory." It so happened that Dr. Lovell, the Surgeon General, was almost a daily visitor, in a social way, at Mr. Hand's, my brother, with whom I was staying. He became interested in the case of Dr. Percival, and proposed that he should accept the office of Surgeon in the Army of the United States, with a view of acting as Professor of Chemistry at West Point. Dr. Cutbush, the incumbent at West Point, having died just after this, Mr. Calhoun and Dr. Lovell both assured me that Dr. Percival should have the appointment, provided we obtained the recommendation of certain gentlemen in Connecticut, among whom were mentioned Governor Wolcott, of Litchfield, and Hon. H. W. Edwards, of New Haven. Several letters passed between me and Dr. Percival on the subject of the appointment, in which he became greatly interested. The recommendations were obtained and forwarded.

It happened that after this, I was absent from the city for a few weeks, and on my return, I found that circumstances had occurred, which had greatly endangered the promised appointment. Other candidates

had been brought forward, backed by a powerful influence. A day or two after my return, as I was walking up F street, I saw the tall form of Mr. Calhoun on the other side of the street, moving in an opposite direction. As soon as he saw me, he came over to meet me in his delightful, cordial manner. As soon as the greetings were over, I alluded to the matter of the appointment. "Oh," said he, "things have changed since I saw you. I was not aware that the place would be so much sought for. The New York Delegation have brought forward Dr. TORREY, who is entirely qualified for the place. They insist that they have claims on the Department for the appointment, inasmuch as West Point is in their State." Then he paused, looking into my face searchingly. I simply replied, "Dr. Percival expects the appointment." Immediately he gave me the parting hand, asked me to call and see his family, and passed on, leaving me very much troubled about my friend Percival. Will Mr. Calhoun, who had the appointment in his hands, be true to his promise, and to me, or will he yield to political expediency, or what is called political necessity, on the deceptive basis of the "greater good?" A mere politician would yield, pleading a change of circumstances for the violation of his promise. Will Mr. Calhoun? Will Mr. Calhoun value his promise to an obscure young man like me, more than the popular favor of a strong Delegation?

A day or two after this I was greatly surprised by the arrival of Dr. Percival, his face instinct with emotion, and his language highly excited: "I could bear the suspense no longer." After tea, Dr. Lovell called upon him and took him to the President's house. About midnight, I was surprised to see him enter my room with a candle and approach my bed-side. After an apology, he told me he could not sleep unless he informed me of what passed at the levee. "When Dr. Lovell introduced me to President MONROE, as Dr. Percival, the President responded, "of West-Point." "What did that mean?" I told him it meant that he would receive the appointment. "I thought so," said he, "but I could not sleep until I had told you." The next day, his nomination, with others, was sent into the Senate, and immediately confirmed. *Mr. Calhoun had been true to his promise to me.* The following evening we attended a small party at Dr. Lovell's, where we met Senator LLOYD, of Massachusetts, and Mr. RIVES, member of Congress from Virginia, and other gentlemen. Dr. Percival's poetic face created quite a sensation, especially among the ladies, even before they knew who he was.

Dr. Percival was greatly disappointed at West-Point, and wrote to me, requesting that I would intercede for him at Washington, that he

might be transferred to some other post. Very much to my mortification I did so. He also wrote to the Surgeon General to the same effect. He was accordingly transferred to Boston, very much to his delight, at first; though afterwards he requested me to aid him in obtaining a clerkship at Washington, instead of his position in Boston.

It may not be improper for me to say, that in 1844, when Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of State, in conversation with him, I alluded to the appointment of Dr. Percival, somewhat in the way of apology. "Oh," said he, pleasantly, "Dr. Percival was a poet; Dr. Percival was a poet," and immediately introduced another topic.

Dr. Percival's mistakes in life arose out of his excessive sensibility. To use his own language, "His agony was the rack of hell, his joy the thrill of heaven." He felt deeply the annoyances of practical life. His "agony," or his "joy," would sometimes throw him off the track. But it should be remembered, that he had to contend with poverty, ill-health, and depression, and that notwithstanding his sensibility, he often did continue to move on the track of duty, even when the grades were high, and the curves sharp, and the road-bed uneven.

It has not been my purpose to analyze his mind, to exhibit his character, or to write his biography, but only to present *certain passages in his life which fell under my own observation*. I have many additional facts and incidents, which my limits will not allow me to introduce in this letter. I feel much tenderness for the memory of Dr. Percival, and respect and admiration for his various talents, and confidence in his moral purposes. His peculiarities have, in the spirit of the times, been caricatured, while the traits which he had, in common with other superior men, have been ignored. He united great intellectual power in the investigation of science, and great knowledge of the languages, with "the vision and the faculty divine;" so that he was at once, philosopher, philologist and poet. He was conscious of his own strength, and his own weakness.

"There is a middle place between the strong  
And vigorous mind a Newton had  
And the wild ravings of insanity;  
Where fancy sparkles with unwearied light,  
Where memory's scope is boundless, and the fire  
Of passion kindles to a wasting flame,  
But will is weak, and judgment void of power.  
Such was the place I had."

If I have made this communication too long, it was because I thought your fellow-students would be generally interested to read in your Magazine about a son of Yale, who, long a resident of New Haven, deeply interested many successive generations of students.

### I Thought from the Sky.

From the deep darkness of the Autumn night  
Fell the lost glory of a shooting star,  
Leaving a moment's train of golden light,  
Then passing to the blackness heaped afar.

Doomed in remotest space to linger long,  
Unrecognized by once companion spheres,  
Perchance it marred, among the starry throng,  
The undisturbed harmony of years.

Perchance a messenger to systems new,  
From the grand centre of the universe,  
It bore across the sky in passage true  
The firm decrees of blessing or of curse.

Or yet again, as sage old Moslems tell,  
When Allah's wrath is on the devils spent,  
He drives them back from some nefarious spell  
With these bright lances of the firmanent.

However it be, or in whatever way  
Life follows out what signs above us are,  
We still are doomed to witness every day  
The sudden quenching of some falling star.

Some hope that ever growing lustre took,  
Passed meteor-like at once beyond our ken,  
And written in the great memorial book,  
Are the sad, helpless words, "It might have been."

October, 1861.

S. W. D. W.

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### A Summer Experience.

SUNDAY, July 21st, is a day that will long be remembered by all Americans, as the one upon which the advancing army of the Union met the disastrous fortunes of Bull Run. Rumors were rife the following day; by night, a most painful belief had settled upon all, that the Confederates had been victorious, and were almost threatening Washington, while the Federal troops had been routed and cut to pieces. Under such circumstances, and at such a time, the Yale Glee Club began their tour.

We sang Monday evening at Meriden; and although a tolerably good audience was present, the troubled and anxious expressions which were worn, together with the comparatively little enthusiasm manifested, told plainly enough that a deep grief was rankling in every bosom. But additional reports arrived during the night and the next day, revealing a disgraceful and bloody defeat, but not so bad as had been previously represented. News came of the safety of the New Haven companies, lifting a burden from many hearts; and when, on Tuesday evening, we appeared a second time at Music Hall, a second time a large and appreciative audience assembled to hear us, testifying their esteem in a more substantial way than we had a right to anticipate.

On Wednesday, dressed in our White Mountain suit, consisting of blue shirts and pants with white trimmings, and a broad red sash, we left New Haven,—those of us who were not so unfortunate as to be left,—at about noon, for Guilford. There we sang in a church, and after a few serenades, most of our party spent the night in the quiet little Hotel at one corner of the Green. The next morning we visited the Whitefield house, built in 1639—the oldest in the United States—where glasses of beer were furnished us by the matronly cicerone; then down to Sachem's Head, being cheered on the road as officers of the New York 71st; and afterwards to the cellar where the Regicide Judges, fleeing through the town, concealed themselves, and thus evaded their pursuers.

We next went to New London, where we met some graduates of Harvard, engaged in a yachting expedition. After hearing us sing, they crowded around, and said, with generous enthusiasm,—“Well, Harvard has generally managed to whip Yale in boat-races, and we used to have a Glee Club we thought considerable of, but she will have to yield to Yale the palm for singing.” In the afternoon we visited the famous Groton Monument, and stood in Fort Griswold, in the place where Ledyard made his heroic defense. That evening we sang; and the next morning, two, more wide-awake than the rest, paid an early visit to Fort Trumbull, a fort which has only one superior in the land.

Thence, by the morning train, we went to Norwich, visiting here the old residence of the traitor Arnold, wandering under trees planted by his hands, and by the well from which he was accustomed to refresh himself. We were highly pleased with the beauty of the city, which displayed an air of wealth and refinement seldom equaled. We sang that evening, as usual, and hurried on to Springfield the day following. The road between these cities passes through Stafford, a

place somewhat noted for its mineral springs. We tasted of the water, the conductor kindly allowing all necessary time. One song on the Depot platform, and then we were off again.

At Springfield we wandered about, until "the shades of evenin' a comin' down swift" warned us to appear again upon the stage. The concert being over, we exchanged the stage for a stage-coach, and after a splendid two hours ride, enlivened by stories and songs, we arrived in the sleeping town of Westfield. We resumed citizen's dress on the Sabbath, and attended service. At one church the minister announced that a meeting to be held regularly on Monday evening would be omitted; that he was going to hear the young gentlemen from Yale sing, and he hoped every body else would. According to our custom, we sang in some of the Sunday Schools. The day following, it rained, but providentially cleared off an hour or so before the Concert, and this was the only unpleasant weather we experienced while gone. In the morning, some attended the Examination of the High School, where many men of high position and attainments were assembled, who extended cordial welcomes to our roving College band, and who all remained to hear us in the evening. Our coming from Yale, here, as elsewhere, was sufficient passport to the esteem of many a stranger. With repeated painful partings the next morning, at the Depot, from friends who had largely contributed to the pleasure of many of our number, we were soon whirling rapidly away to Northampton. At the close of the Concert in this last place, an attempt at cheering was made, which signally failed; but Senator Hopkins, himself a graduate of Dartmouth, immediately rose, and with stentorian voice, cried out, "Three cheers for Yale, and the Class of sixty-three," which met with a hearty response.

Rising early the next morning, we tramped to Mt. Holyoke. Walking over the quiet meadows in the chill morning air, we, at length, came to the river, and by making good use of a horn suspended from a post, succeeded finally in arousing a veritable Charon. Slowly he came across in his little boat, and by taking two trips, carried safely over our spirits, not as yet disembodied. The ascent was made quite easily, up the 491 stairs to the summit, and then, while we rested our limbs, our eyes feasted on the beautiful prospect below. We examined, with the aid of glasses, the various points of interest; mountains, towns, villages, the ox-bow—and especially the famous South Hadley Seminary. By the kindness of the Proprietor, we enjoyed a gratuitous ride down the Railroad;—we cheered him from below, and he answered with his steam whistle. Then back to Northampton; the

coldness of the early morning entirely dissipated by the sun, which beat hot upon our backs, and thence together we retraced our way to Springfield. The editor of the Republican commended us kindly, a second time, speaking of us always as "the boys;"—as gentlemanly in our behavior;—and furthermore, as all good-looking!

From Springfield we went to Greenfield, where we spent the afternoon in a delightful ride; visiting Deerfield, formerly the scene of a terrible Indian massacre. The old Indian house, as it was called, was torn down a few years since, but its door is preserved, all hacked and battered by tomahawks, and in one place cut entirely through. It gave fearful evidence of the cruelty of that desperate struggle. On the way back, we stopped in front of the Hotel, and taking our place under a flag floating from an elm, sang several of our songs, including, of course, the Star Spangled Banner. The next morning, a part stayed to attend a Sunday-School picnic, while the rest took their departure for Keene. Finally, the others came, and then, for the last time, we appeared upon the stage. It was here that we met the venerable Dr. Barstow, a Congregational minister, who for years had not been known to attend any meeting, religious or otherwise, later than nine o'clock. He did not, however, take his hat and leave at the usual hour, but remained throughout the performance, cheering as well as his age would permit, and congratulating each of us afterwards. After the Concert we were invited to the house of a graduate of Yale, where we met several other graduates, and an exceedingly pleasant and refined circle of ladies.

Saturday morning we met our first sorrow. One of our party was obliged to leave us; so we gathered around him at the Depot, and with the Class Song, and others appropriate, sang our heartfelt good-byes. Then we followed on our way, arriving in the afternoon in the quiet, antiquated town of McIndoes Falls. We sang, the following Sabbath, in the quaint little Meeting-House, whose only ornament was a center-piece, consisting of two or three rings, inclosing just thirteen stars; and the next morning prepared ourselves for the tramp among the "White Hills."

We started Monday afternoon for Wells River, riding eight miles in and on a freight-car, attached to a freight-train. At the junction, we took the Littleton road to Littleton, and thence a stage to the Profile House. That thirteen miles we rode free of expense; the hearty stage-driver, who had heard us sing at the Depot, exclaiming, "God-frey! wouldn't I carry boys that could sing like that?" While riding, we feasted ourselves with raspberries, which we procured in abundance



from children on the road; and, at length, when darkness had begun to descend, covering with a sublime indistinctness the mighty outlines of Lafayette and Cannon, we drew near the Profile House. The evening passed pleasantly with songs, dancing, and conversation, as we began immediately to make the acquaintance of the visitors. The next morning, after playing with the bears,—the usual concomitants of the Mountain Houses,—and watching their comical antics, we walked, by the Old Man of the Mountain, to the Basin and the Flume. About a mile this side of the Flume, a narrow path to the left brings you, after a half-mile walk, to the Pool. You descend the stone-steps, and suddenly find yourself surrounded on two sides by lofty walls of rock, while over the third pours a beautiful cascade; the spray of which, as you are informed by a sign painted on the rock, is noted for its “heeling” qualities. Here is an old man in a barge, into which you enter, and he paddles you around the narrow circuit of the Pool. When you have reached the side toward the Falls, where the water is from twenty to thirty feet deep, but clear as crystal, he begins to unfold to you his favorite theory; (for you must know that, is his own estimation at least, the old man is quite a philosopher;) that the earth is a hollow sphere, inhabited on the inside, as well as the outside. He maintains his position by arguments entirely original and irrefutable; has an answer ready for every question, and seeks to proselyte you. He reads a letter he pretends to have received from Queen Victoria, which I here insert.

Royal Despatch of Her Majesty to Hon. John Merrill, Flume House, N. H. By Lord Napier, British Minister.

Aerial Mansion, High Pillacoddy, Royal Ramparts, Thames Tunnel, London, July 4th, Anno Domini, 1857. Victoria Regina, and Albertus Princeps. To His August Highness, Hon. John Merrill, Director of the Pool, Arctic Philosopher, Practical Philanthropist, &c., &c., &c. Monsieur:

I am commanded by Her Most Gracious Majesty's *Royal High Butler*, to communicate to your Obsequious Highness, the most transatlantic compliments of ALID EL KADER; and to acknowledge the receipt of your most learned, antiloquent, and circumambient State Document, dated August 28th, 1854; which has been under the profound consideration of the GRAND LAMA ever since.

The GRAND LAMA fully concurs in your new views of the hole in the earth; and believes it was caused by a derangement of the North Pole—affected by scintillations of the hyperborean Aurora Borealis, which have “shaken the back of Sir John Franklin from the outside into the inside of the pole,” as you say.

The GRAND LAMA takes this opportunity to express to your Obsequious Highness, the great satisfaction which the MOST GRAND BUTLER of HER MAJESTY feels, after the perusal of such a Document, and begs to salute you as a man of transcendental prognostications. By Royal Command, and my own Royal pleasure.

Signed in the grand Culinary Department, with a **Royal Goose Quill!**  
VICTORIA, BY ALBERT.

While reading this, or rather repeating it, for he knows it thoroughly, he exhibits an air of self-satisfaction that is really comical to behold. And when he folds it up, and proceeds to explain his charts, he is perfectly irresistible; and with hearty good-will, you wish the ship which Louis Napoleon is to send for him, will soon arrive, that he may have the opportunity of laying his theory, personally, before the savans of France. But we must bid the old philosopher good-by; and instead of going back to the road, we will take this narrow, shady path, formed by timbers felled purposely, leading now by the brook, and now farther back in the woods, through a picturesque route to the Flume. Now we wander about, between the narrow walls of rock, which rise variously to the height of thirty and even fifty feet; in some places covered with moss, and in others bare and damp; and then back, by way of the brook, to the road, and so to the Hotel.

In the afternoon our Club divided; one party visiting Echo Lake, whose echoes they awoke with their songs and shouts, and the Indian's miniature columbiad; and the other, taking ponies and ascending Lafayette. Those who have taken that ride know what it is, but description would fail to give others any adequate idea. After a long passage through a thick forest, we came to where the trees were of smaller growth, and finally, where they almost entirely disappeared; then to rocks, slanting diagonally, and as smooth as the flagging in the streets, the pony choosing his way as carefully as possible, setting one foot down firmly, and then cautiously gaining another stepping place; then to places where the boulders are laid loosely together, just as in a quarry; and then to flights of stairs. But up and over them the sure-footed beast goes safely as on an ordinary road. Still, one of our party, entranced by the prospect, and failing to perceive a tree which had fallen across the path, suddenly found himself brushed out of the saddle, upon the haunches of his horse; occasioning much merriment to all who witnessed the catastrophe. "The scene," as Squeers says, "is more easier conceived than described." With only this accident we gained the summit, and enjoyed the prospect as long as we might, until a cloud settled down upon us with its chilling embrace. The

occasional lifting of this veil, produced, with the sunlight, splendid effects, revealing now a distant view down some valley, and now of some mountain; then lighting up Crystal Lake into a single flashing gem amid the darkness, and again whirling around us with its mad fury. But if the ascent was such as I have described it, what shall I say of the descent? Leading our horses along for some distance, we soon mounted, and then over the ridge of one hill and then of another, we wandered, down these stairs, over those jagged rocks, so steep that if you looked straight down, the first object that met your sight was your horse's ears; then through woods, and finally emerging on the road, we came, Gilpin like, to the Hotel. One word of advice: if you ever visit the Franconia mountains and ascend Lafayette, although others may speak favorably of the gray-horse with the bob-tail, I can warrant the little Canadian pony, and recommend him to you.

In the evening we gave a short musical entertainment, in the Parlor, to the visitors; and the next morning started on. But once more our circle was broken. One poor fellow, just as he was fairly in this Land of Promise, was taken sick, and forced to retrace his steps homeward. Again we formed the ring, and sung and spoke our good byes; and then, with three hearty cheers for the gentlemanly proprietor of the Profile House, who treated us with almost unparalleled kindness, and three more for the guests, we turned away and directed our course to Crawford's. It was our intention to walk the whole distance, twenty-seven miles; and by the aid of our staffs, all endured very well for the first nine or ten; but when we arrived at Bethlehem, we found ourselves pretty thoroughly exhausted. Seven, (a friend had joined our party,) less decided and enduring than the others, ingloriously determined to hire a team at that place. Five resolved to finish the journey as they had begun it. One of these five hurried on alone, and arrived early in the afternoon; but the four, taking it more leisurely, stopped for dinner on the road. I can see now the picture we presented after that stoppage. We had waited just long enough to get thoroughly stiffened, and not much rested; and so, with difficulty dragging ourselves from the house, we proceeded on our journey. Hobbling, limping, frantically running, slowly walking, laughing and shouting at each other's efforts, we finally succeeded in wearing away the excess of rigidity; and after nine miles more, which soon appeared so lengthened out that every foot seemed a rod, we hailed with joy the appearance of the Hotel. Foot-sore and weary as we were, we, nevertheless, at the request of the guests, who had heard of our coming, sang that evening. A good night's rest removed all fatigue, and

in the morning we were ready to proceed on our way. We ascended Mt. Washington in two parties; one starting in the morning, the other at about noon. Those who remained visited Mt. Willard, which commands the finest view of the Saco valley; and the Willey house, memorable for the sad catastrophe to its former inmates. The ascent of Mt. Washington from Crawford's is tedious and fatiguing. There is scarcely any variety; and it was with feelings of infinite satisfaction, that we entered the Tip-Top house, wearied with nine miles of steady up-hill work. Four hurried on immediately; the remainder spent the night on the summit to witness the sun-rise. The next morning, the cloud which had overhung and enveloped the mountain the afternoon and evening preceding, had settled; and like an even sea covered everything except the highest peaks below us. When the sun rose, it burst through this expanse of clouds, casting shadows off Mt. Washington's lofty summit on the clouds and mountains far beyond, and then rolling up the mists in gorgeous colors. A few squirrels gain subsistence there; and on that dreary height, springing as it were from the rocks, and nourished by the clouds of heaven, grows a delicate white flower, the only relief to the unbroken wildness of all around.

After a hearty breakfast, we began the descent by way of Tuckerman's Ravine. We clambered over the rocks and boulders, heaped together in infinite confusion, down the steep mountain side, and across the brook, where a single misstep might cost us our limbs if not our lives, to the head of the Ravine. This Ravine is formed on two sides by wild and lofty mountains covered with dense woods, which slope away to the right and left, and on the third side is shut in by the abrupt declivity we descended. A brook, after finding its way through the rocks and grass, falls over this side, and, by its continuous flowing, forces a passage under the snow, which every winter drifts into this vast amphitheater. Thus is formed the snow-arch, under which you enter, and are surrounded by the snow above and around, while the brook trickles along at your feet. Here we passed a few minutes, snow-balling each other in mid-summer, and then proceeded down the brook. Jumping from rock to rock, supporting ourselves by stunted trees which cover the banks, slipping, falling, our gay suits affording fine contrasts with the dark water, the dun stones, and the sombre bushes, we finally reached a place where a path branched off to the left. Holding a council, for we were without a guide, we determined to enter, and soon found ourselves, in a "forest primeval;" where the

“Murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoma.”

There was a kind of sublimity in that forest,—where the only sign of man was the occasional blaze on a tree, and the path we were treading, and whose silence was broken only by our foot-falls and voices,—which was almost oppressive. After about three miles, we came to the new road leading from the Glen House to the summit of Mt. Washington. This road, which was completed and opened only the day previous, will be hailed by many as a vast improvement upon the former tortuous bridle-path. Carriages are now drawn to the very top, and the ascent, heretofore made with so much fatigue and difficulty, can be accomplished without the least weariness. We arrived at the Glen House in safety in the afternoon, meeting two of our advance party, who had been detained by a delay in the transmission of their baggage. At the request of the Proprietor and guests, we who remained sang to a crowded parlor; and the next morning, after a hearty farewell to friends who had been with us at the three hotels, and whose favors had been most generously bestowed, with cheers for the landlord, and waving of handkerchiefs to the girls, till a bend in the road prevented further sight, we rode away to Gorham. Here we separated; most of the party, however, traveling as far as Boston, where our mutual good-byes were finally spoken.

Thus ended our Summer tour. Three weeks we spent together; during which we saw numerous places of historic interest, especially those in which the heroism and patriotism of our forefathers is embalmed, and many noted for the beauty and grandeur of their natural scenery. On the route, many curious blunders were made; our uniform frequently leading persons to imagine us fit objects for military veneration. Treats we received, almost innumerable, and attentions were paid us; appeals to hurry quickly to Washington were urged; applications for enlistment made; and one old man, who had given a son to the army, ejaculated, in tones we will not soon forget, a fervent “God bless you!”

Te speak of the kindness of friends,—of classmates, and collegemates, and graduates; of persons, utter strangers to us, but who received us with open hands and warm hearts, of those to whom a chance meeting has left us under deep obligations;—whose kindness, commencing with our undertaking, continued to its close, and whose substantial favors contributed, more than any other circumstance, to our

success and enjoyment, is a task at once the most pleasant and the most difficult. We cannot adequately express our deep appreciation;—to one and all we return our heartiest thanks, and invoke upon their heads the choicest and most plentiful blessings.

As we travel on in life, when cares and troubles perplex and burden us; bright memories of the past will rise to cheer us on, and the brightest of all will be the glorious trip of the Glee Club to the White Watch-towers of the North.

H. K. *Aug. 1861*

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### Stepping Stones and Foot Prints.

WE have reached a period in our College curriculum which leads us, naturally enough, to reflect upon one of the great changes we are about to meet with in our life. For nearly four years we have lived much at ease, in a comparative round of duties, troubling ourselves but little about the cares and perplexities of the great world enveloping us and shutting out the cold chilling atmosphere that encircles the hearts of the world's votaries, at times growing fearfully inert and occasionally with a sudden spirit waking up to the reality of our labors, smoking a good deal and studying some. This life is fast waning as we approach the next Commencement,—this stepping stone in our life. We stumbled over one when we entered College and found ourselves sprawling and floundering about in our Freshman career; but the light shone in, and soon becoming accustomed to new scenes we, speedily recovering ourselves, settled down to do the regular work of our four years' course with everything clearly marked out before us. Now we are soon to meet another, and we draw near the threshold where foot steps that have beat time to ours so long will fall upon our ears but in light and hollow tones as they retreat "echoing through the corridors of time."

The opening which for so long has appeared to us like a dim, narrow ray which comes to one journeying in a tunnel, and which, step by step and year by year, has been growing almost imperceptibly brighter and larger, is now almost reached, and when in June we stand for the last time upon the door stone of Biennial Hall, the full light of the world will open around us, and, surrounded by new scenes, our real life suddenly expands before us. And when this threshold is crossed, the

last door closed upon us, we go forth bearing in our hand the parchment proof that our years have not been thrown away; to determine if with this as a passport we can make our steps through this life of ours less painful and our pathway more luminous for the efforts we have made in gaining it.

The world's self-made heroes take delight in declaring the educated man of the schools too theoretical, and possessing too little of the practical nature which is requisite for success; while on the other hand, the other, with a little of an aristocratic consciousness, feels a confidence that the years spent in the cultivation of his mind, while the happiest he has known, have prepared him for a greater enjoyment and more real success, notwithstanding the prosperity of the former. Our parchment, then, is dear to us as a representative of the enjoyment, literary, scholastic and social, together with the improvement mental, moral and physical, which our College course has given to, and developed in us. The foot-prints of these stamped upon our hearts and characters, we carry out with us into the cold world, and with these can we not boldly battle for ourselves? We are not better or more of men perhaps, than many who have not enjoyed the same collegiate advantages, but we do carry with us many peculiar traits that are in a high degree calculated, if not to enhance the pleasures, yet to mitigate the sufferings of our world life. Our College life is dear to us. It has been a little world by itself, with many joys and few sorrows. In it we find something of what will be our outer life hereafter. Struggles, disappointments and pleasures we have met not a few. We do not wonder that whitehaired men come back, and walk with reverence, and many a dimmed and watery eye, beneath the elms that surround their Alma Mater. It is here we first found a genial literary atmosphere, where, in the alcoves, and beneath the arches, we found books, those most valuable companions of man; and hours of quiet enjoyment we have found in studying the pages of those who, going before us, have left their foot prints behind them, not upon the fluttering wind-cast leaves, like the Sibyl, but upon the more lasting pages of literature, where is stored up the philosophy, history, tales and songs of bygone centuries.

Here Plato, Demosthenes and Homer, with a vast number of more modern authors, have been our companions, and to them we owe our literary culture. Moreover, to our familiarity with these scenes is due what little of literary zeal we each may carry into the world with us. The knowledge gained here of the history and character of literary men, is a valuable foot print upon our minds, not easily eradicated,

which will guide us hereafter to much that is worthy of our highest efforts. The foot print of scholarship and scholarly attainment is perhaps most essentially the College foot print. The classics, sciences, philosophy, both mental and universal, give to each and every mind an impulse lofty and pure in its aspirations respecting life. I would not however admit that judgment should be formed of the depth and proportion of these foot prints from the numerous diminutive mathematical volumes of instructors, but let the future of each determine in his life and character whether growing fainter and forgotten, or deeper and more beautiful, it was in College, all or less than there it seemed.

But more than all, upon our exit, we bear the impress upon our hearts of a peculiar and valued *social* life. It is this that makes College above all other places emphatically *the* place to enjoy life. This too is radically different from any other. Its entire masculine character, the numbers thrown together, their entire similarity of pursuit, and dissimilarity of character, in an atmosphere characterized by scholars and books, marks it distinctly unlike any other. Here genial spirits are assembled, that through years of manly growth, side by side, have, in their mingling of rivalries, pursuits and ambition, strengthened a precious friendship, that transcends in warmth and worth any other.

Sociality in College is generally believed to, and probably does often lead to some injudicious and dangerous habits; yet in their wildest moments, students are not devoid of the character which cultivation and the influences of College give. It is this, that at once renders this attendant characteristic of social life so fascinating and attractive, while it prepares one for disgust and a reaction, when seeing the same practices in low and uneducated men, when stripped of that which rendered it so infatuating, leaving it in its naked deformity. It is thus that College indiscretions are so little regarded and so readily forgotten by those interested in us. We gain an advantage in having experienced them, while they leave but little of an undesirable foot print behind upon our character as gentlemen.

The College bond has been throughout our course, and ever will be, a source of pleasure and advantage. A feeling akin to brotherhood fills the heart at meeting one who has been enrolled among our number ere, no matter in how remote a part of the world, no matter at what period of our life, that vanishes not at the grasp of the hand, but acknowledging the chord of united interests, draws together the hearts each. This is a strange tie—the College bond—that in its composition holds good faith to one another, its highest law; that has led to the establishment of a code, which all accept, as if intuitively, and



honor will allow no one to forget. This principle of good faith and honor, we prize as one of the deepest and noblest foot prints of our social life. These then are the lessons of our Elms. For four years they have folded us in and protected us from the chilling blasts of the rude and selfish world, but now we stand, better prepared from these foot prints upon mind and character, to bear up against them, upon this stepping stone which will launch us forth to wrestle for ourselves.

Soon for ourselves we shall realize that beneath the Elms there is

"No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall!  
Sleep and oblivion reign over all."

A. F. S. Love

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### ELECTIONS IN THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The regular election of officers in the Brothers in Unity, took place on Wednesday evening, the second of October; in Linonia, on Wednesday evening, the ninth of October. The result of the elections is as follows:

	Brothers.	Linonia.
<i>President,</i>	JAMES F. BROWN,	JOHN W. ALLING.
<i>Vice President,</i>	SHERBURNE B. EATON,	D. HENRY CHAMBERLAIN.
<i>Orator,</i>	RICHARD MORSE,	THOMAS A. EMERSON.
<i>Censor,</i>	HENRY P. JOHNSTON,	
<i>Secretary,</i>	WILLIAM G. SUMNER,	LEANDER T. CHAMBERLAIN.
<i>Vice Secretary,</i>	EDWARD DEFOREST,	GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

### THE YALE CHESS CLUB

have transferred their place of meeting to their spacious and elegant rooms in South College, No. 14. Notwithstanding the stringency of the times, the Club still lives, and presents to those young gentlemen who have lately come to College, the most favorable inducements to join. At a recent enthusiastic meeting, these rivals of Morphy and Paulsen succeeded in electing the following ticket:

*President,*—WILLIAM WOOLSEY JOHNSON.

*Vice Presidents,*— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{CHARLES N. JUDSON,} \\ \text{CHARLES WEBSTER,} \\ \text{F. H. BETTS.} \end{array} \right.$

*Secretary,*—JOHN M. ELDRIDGE.

*Treasurer,*—CHARLES H. BURNETT.

Extensive preparations are being made by both Societies to celebrate, in fitting style, the time-honored "Thanksgiving Jubilee." We give the names of the joint-committee upon whom devolves the preparation for the ceremonies:

A. E. Adams, W. D. Anderson, W. Lampson, R. K. Weeks, of the Senior Class.  
 E. M. Booth, J. E. Bulkley, T. A. Kennett, G. C. S. Southworth, of the Junior Class.  
 M. C. D. Borden, T. K. Boltwood, D. Gardner, F. A. Judson, of the Sophomore Class.

E. L. Barnard, J. A. Bent, A. McLean, W. H. Sage, of the Freshman Class.

#### ENLISTED.

Mr. Frederick William Matteson, a member of the Junior Class, having received and accepted a commission as Major in the Yates (Illinois) Sharpshooters, his classmates determined to present him with a U. S. regulation sword, as a mark of their regard and sympathies with him, in his new position. Accordingly, Mr. W. C. Whitney, on behalf of his classmates, in neat and appropriate terms, made the presentation, which was feelingly responded to by Major Matteson. We are confident that not only the members of his own class, but all who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Matteson, unite in wishing him a hearty God-speed.—The presentation took place in front of South College, on Saturday, the 5th of October.

But a very few days after, the Class of 1863 were again called upon to participate in a similar scene. At the Railroad Depot, on Monday, the 14th of October, Mr. Southworth, in a few handsome remarks, presented as a testimonial of the well wishing of his Class, a U. S. regulation sword to Mr. Oliver Hazard Payne, now Adjutant in the same Regiment with his quondam chum, Major Matteson. The name of the recipient and the Class motto—*Ὅδὸν εὐόηςω ἢ ποιήσω*—was inscribed upon the sword of each of these gentlemen.

We give herewith a list of those patriotic members of the Sophomore Class, who have enlisted since last June. The list was inadvertently omitted from the October Number of the LIT., where it should properly have appeared.

W. A. KIMBALL,—Lieutenant Ira Harris Cavalry.

O. M. KNAPP,—Massachusetts Regiment.

C. C. MILLS,—Lieutenant 7th Conn. Regiment.

#### DRILL COMPANY.

The Senior Drill Company has elected the following officers:

Captain,—PIERCE N. WELCH.

Lieutenants, { WALTER L. MCCLINTOCK,  
 THOMAS B. KIRBY.

#### THE PSI UPSILON CONVENTION.

The annual convention of this wide fraternity was held at the last Commencement, with the Beta of Yale. It should, properly, have been noticed in the Oct. issue of the LIT., but was unavoidably crowded out, by the presence of necessary literary and statistical matter. A brief allusion, at this late hour, to its chief features is deemed appropriate. Subsequent to the re-union of Tuesday evening in the lodge-room of the Beta, and to the business-meeting of the Convention on Wednesday morning, July 24, an oration was pronounced before the Fraternity by E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston, in the College street Church. The audience on that occasion need not be assured from us that elaborate thought and polished diction were there enhanced by fearless sympathy with the spirit of the hour, prompting, at its close, a telling appeal to the loyalty and manliness of Yale. His subject, "Grit," commanded the deepest attention.

The grand Supper of the Convention ended its organized acts. All † Y men will long remember this as a rare episode in their College career.

The Editors of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE have received a communication from Mr. JAMES PIERREPONT BLAKE, of the Senior Class, and an Editor of the "*University Quarterly*," setting forth, that as he was referred to in the August No. of the LIT. as the author of the News Article for Yale College, appearing in the July issue of the "*Quarterly*," in justice to himself and others he desires to state, that he is not responsible for the Article as it was published.

### EXCHANGES.

Since our last issue, a number of Exchanges have come to hand. The *Atlantic* for October is an exceedingly agreeable Number. The Article entitled "Near Oxford," describing the beauties of one of the most classic and lovely districts of England, commands peculiar attention. The November issue of the same Magazine has also been received. The *Knickerbocker* for September and October is full of rich and instructive matter. *Harpers'* for the same months, fully sustains its reputation. The Article upon Prince Murat and other prominent Frenchmen, is especially interesting at the present time. We have space only to notice the arrival of the following: *Harper's Weekly* for Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, Nov. 2; *Amherst Monthly* for September; *Harvard Magazine* for October; *Nassau Magazine* for October, and the *Boston Recorder*.

### Editor's Table.

*Printer's Devil*: "Can't have no Editor's Table! Mag'zine's full!" Gentle reader! The ruthless fiat has gone forth,—the Board have fallen under the satanic Ban. Impetuously we "implored, raved, ranted and swore," but the grinning demon persists in his implacable Nay! We submit; we yield to rigorous necessity. With a tear in our Editorial eye, and bedewing our melancholy 'phiz,' we lament this sudden, yet unavoidable parting. Too much subject-matter weighs upon the Table, and it has well-nigh broken its venerable heart. With a last kick of its rheumatic legs, it groans in a mournful adieu.

### THE AWARD.

The Committee for awarding the Yale Literary Medal, have decided that an essay on "The Influence of General Culture on Professional Life," is entitled to the preference, on account of its solid thought and thorough treatment of its subject. At the same time they would mention an essay on "John Keats," as distinguished for literary taste and elegance of style.

JAMES HADLEY,  
D. C. GILMAN,  
J. P. TAYLOR.

YALE COLLEGE, Oct. 29, 1861.

The accompanying envelope was found to contain the name of DANIEL HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, and to him, accordingly, the medal is awarded.

ERRATUM.—On page 48, line 33, for "1859," read 1589.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVII.

DECEMBER, 1861.

No. III.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '62.

George H. Beard,  
William Hampson,

Richard Skinner,  
John P. Taylor.

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*A Trio of Questions partly answered.*

I PROPOSE to speak in a familiar way of *three* queries that in various forms and under various aspects present themselves to the mind of us all. I say I propose to *speak* of these subjects, and I use the word with intention, for I do not presume to solve these problems, to reduce them under general and manifest rules, to give satisfactory advice in regard to them, or even to present any new or original ideas. My design in this article is merely to record a few of the perplexities that are ever intruding upon our pathway, and to paint these as they manifest themselves to our vision, with the hope that perhaps some few whose experience has been similar, may read and feel an interest in them, simply through a natural, and perhaps, unconscious sympathy.

Reader, it is too much to expect that you will take the time or pains to peruse all or half this essay. College compositions, generally speaking, derive nearly all their interest from their association with the authors. We wish to see how the young colts can gallop; therefore we read their literary efforts—then come criticism, pity or praise. This YALE LIT. is after all nothing but an intellectual gymnasium, where performers may publicly exhibit their mental power and progress. Have you not often noticed that the first thing you do when you open the LIT. is to look at the end of every article to see the names of the authors? Perhaps then you run over carelessly the piece, commencing in the middle and reading both ways, and soon lay

the Magazine aside. Now and then, when some subjects strike your eye, of peculiar, individual interest to yourself, you may go so far as to wade through an entire essay. And now, I am going to converse on paper, for a few moments, on three topics that have been and still are the burden of my own thoughts, with the hope that as you glance hastily over these pages, you may find one or more that reflects to some imperfect degree, your own inner experience. If so, very likely you will read it, not to gain information, or assistance, but only for sympathy's sake.

The first and fundamental Question that we find hard to solve, is *whether it is best to go to College at all.*

This question is always answered in the affirmative before you enter these cloisters either by yourself or by your guardian, but as you advance in your course, you get wearied with close, plodding study; you long for a change; your mind gets more matured and begins to think for itself and feel its way along; you find you have been living on faith heretofore, swallowing every pill your betters offered, asking no questions for obedience's sake. Once you were all faith, now you are all doubt; once all hope, now all despair; once all enthusiasm, now all despondency; once all satisfaction, now all unrest. This questioning is the natural reaction from the trustfulness and confidence of youth; the bud is opening, the flower is blossoming.

A grey-haired professor in Yale once remarked, that, "as a general rule, college graduates were not as successful in politics as the self-educated; that there was a kind of prejudice *prima facie* in the community against the best educated men for public office." Is this so? The observation of each one will answer for itself. One thing is certain, the majority of successful professional men in our land are college graduates. In some way or other they gain advantage by these four years here. Some think it is all in the name of the thing—that there is an *éclat* to a diploma. In these days, when a private soldier returns home, after having served in actual battle, he is made captain of the first new company that is formed, because he has smelt powder and knows the rules. The world supposes we are strengthening and perfecting our minds here, gaining knowledge and mental strength; therefore it appoints us as leaders in its intellectual armies. But we really do gain strength and power that fits us for duty in the living, actual world.

I think it is Prof. Park, of Andover, who says that the self-educated man is only half educated. Still, if you wish for examples of undiplomated greatness, history will furnish them. Carlyle went to the

University, it is true, but not to pursue the course prescribed. He read on his own account for awhile and then retired in supreme disgust. Shakspeare's name adorns no Triennial; Franklin never signed a Matriculation oath—his diploma was common sense. Yet these exceptions are not general rules; they only establish the rule, that for the great majority, this hard and dry course in Yale will be invaluable in the struggles of life.

Do not then despise or neglect these golden opportunities. As you step forth from Commencement stage, and enter the serried ranks drawn up in battle array, you will find no cause for repenting your training exercises here, your rigorous discipline, for in the throng of contestants and the might of opposition all the firmer you can stand; no cause for despising your elaborate and costly armor, for the thick-flying darts that strew the arena with your comrades, unprotected, though equally brave, harm not you; no cause for begrudging the loss of these precious years, for the campaign, while a little briefer, will be brilliant with victories, intenser in its operations, and the spoils and trophies of success shall make happy thy age.

The *second Question* that we find hard to solve is, *whether we should aim at success in scholarship, or in general literary attainment.* This topic is very suggestive, for it is intimately allied with nearly all the other doubts and queries that occur to us in our educational course.

As we advance in our studies, we see that there is a tendency here to undervalue scholarship as such, and to bestow all our worship and admiration on the more brilliant and showy manifestations of intellect. A powerful argument, a witty essay, a fascinating poem, (which by the way, usually give Yale a wide berth,) an eloquent oration—these charm us more than scores of faultless rehearsals in Euclid. And no wonder they do so. Is it not apparent to every observing man, that to *create* is more God-like than to compile? Do we not see that very many of the keenest and brightest scholars are yet small, narrow-minded men; running ever in the rut their ancestors wore before them, giving no promise of eminence in future, or even of respectability? Do we not, on the other hand, see that some of the miserable reciters are possessed of the breadth and vigor of mind, the power of analysis and investigation, the affluence of fancy, and richness of expression that seem to point unmistakably to usefulness and fame? And seeing these things, how many an ambitious and conscientious student, throws down his Homer and Playfair, his Plato and Olmsted, and flies to his pen and his library; exchanges with joy his lexicon

and logarithms for Dickens and Byron : his habits of committing for habits of composing ; the ready recitation gives way to the fluent and graceful speech. This is the experience of many, more particularly on entering the second Collegiate year—then these reactions appear in their greatest intensity and vigor. With the opening of Senior Year the pendulum begins to swing back again. Again he courts scholarship and endeavors, as best he may, to regain the ground already lost. His idea now is the correct one. Before, he studied from a blind adherence to custom, now from an intelligent conviction of its necessity. But if you desire examples of eminence without scholarship, there are very many that present themselves in nearly every high calling. Ik Marvel, though a brilliant writer in College, was yet among the poorest of his class in the daily recitations ; N. P. Willis, according to his own confession, spent his days here in reading, and his evenings at balls ; A. L. Stone, the popular and successful preacher, just succeeded in obtaining a Colloquy appointment, which he fulfilled with great credit to himself and the occasion.

All these men have been successful, remarkably so, each in his own sphere—but none of them are scholars, none of them are regarded as authorities on any subject where the method, accuracy and taste that sound scholarship cultivates are required. We might cite examples from among the alumni of our sister institutions, and the result of our investigations would always be the same. Now the true doctrine is that scholarship, though not a power of itself merely, is yet a great *accession to power*. This may be illustrated by the analogy of the physical constitution. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is a maxim both old and true, but still some of the greatest minds of every age have been encased in delicate tabernacles. Yet the general law holds good and ever must, that a strong body is essential to healthy and vigorous mental activity. The exceptions, with which we are all familiar, have succeeded in spite of physical weakness ; how much greater and better they might have been, fortified and assisted by more animal power, no one can determine. Precisely so with the subject we are discussing. What our frame work of clay is to manhood, such is scholarship to the intellect. And yet how often do we hear cited the example of such men as those above mentioned, to prove that to neglect our regular duties here is to insure success hereafter ; and how many there are who are carrying out this recipe to perfection—thus servilely imitating the failings of great men without even attempting to emulate their excellencies.

No, if your ambition is in society to become an influential and useful

citizen, or at the bar to win laurels of glory ; or in the ministry to bring home with joy your precious sheaves from the sacred harvest ; or in science to be an immortal benefactor to humanity by alleviating its physical woes ; or in literature to plant deep those truths whose fruits the ages shall pluck ; or in education to stamp a noble individuality on the world's present and future—if to any one of these ideals you aspire, then neglect not here within College walls to lay broad and sure the foundation of an accurate and massive scholarship. And this you can do without ignoring the general literary culture to which reference has been made. One of our respected professors has made the assertion, that the majority of eminent and useful alumni are to be found among the *oration and dissertation men*. Now it is unquestionable that any one of good abilities can take this stand and find much time remaining at his own disposal.

The third question that presents itself is, *what kind of literary discipline will be most serviceable* for us—how to read, how to write, how to think. Probably very many, on glancing at this third head, will pass it over entirely, feeling that the topic is worn out and scarcely worth discussing. But after all, is there any question that more perpetually harasses us ? Does it not cross our pathway at every step and compel us to look it in the face ? Is it not then peculiarly appropriate that it should be treated of here, even though no original or suggestive ideas are presented ? The reading of the English Student is different, entirely different from ours. He studies Milton and Shakspeare, Bacon and Spencer, the fathers of English prose and poesy ; we skim over Dickens and Bulwer, Macaulay and Irving, the sparkling romances that fitly represent at once the nervousness and the brilliancy of the age. We find it easier to loll over Titcomb and Holmes, over Curtis and Hawthorne, than to grapple with the eternal truths and principles evolved by the bright geniuses of the affluent age of the English mind—easier, much easier, to ramble at leisure in the flower gardens of modern art, to cull the fragrant blossoms, inhale the delicious odors and enjoy the intoxicating loveliness of the scenery, than to plunge alone into the venerable and sturdy groves that centuries have matured, there to work out our own paths, and drink in the richness and beauty of the mighty forest growths.

Our tastes here are not wholly correct—our tendencies are downward. The slightest observation will show every one that there is no necessary connection between reading and thought. We see about us every day, numbers who have read almost every thing—history, poetry, philosophy, all the familiar works of our libraries—more than that,



are incessantly reading night and day, yet it seems to do them no good whatever. Their compositions are meagre and dry, their debates are dull and lifeless—in them we see no power, no beauty, no originality. On the other hand, we see those of strong original minds, who with scarcely any general acquisitions, have yet a power of creating and a felicity in expressing thought that excite our admiration. No, it is not reading that makes a man. Indeed, some have the faculty of swallowing books in the same way as the German imbibes his lager; the facts seem to go *through* them not *in* them—they may be bloated, they cannot be strong. To attempt to give any general rule for the guidance of all is simply impossible, but there are one or two suggestions of not a little value. First, magazine literature, as a mass, we should avoid as we would the plague—to indulge in it excessively is to destroy the power of memory, of concentration, of originality; in fact to destroy all the “bark and steel” of intellect. It is said that Longfellow will scarcely ever open an ordinary newspaper, but prefers to gain his knowledge of the current news by conversation. Secondly, we should usually read those works only that will bear, nay, even demand continual re-perusals. Of course for any one to skim over every new work for the sake of saying he has read it, is as absurd as for the starving man to boast of the variety of delicacies he has formerly tasted, or for the traveler freezing on the Alpine summits to descant on the beautiful coats he has once tried on at the ready-made clothing stores.

The question of style in composition is quite a difficult one to answer with any satisfaction. I think that every one's style, after it is fully formed, should be a transcript of his own individuality—the expression of his own character. As for models, are there any better, easier, or truer than the various types of conversation? He is a perfect conversationalist who can vary at will his manner and expressions, according to the various circumstances of society, of subjects and occasions. On one theme he will discourse with pathos, on another with humor, on one with clauses finely balanced, and phrases choicely selected, on another with startling antitheses, brilliant metaphors and felicitous illustrations; in one circle he will speak with caution and judicious reserve, in another with freedom and reckless abandon—through all and in all there will course the vein of his own personality, distinct, prominent and unmistakable. Thus some subjects will best be arrayed in the distorted English and poetic Germanisms of Carlyle; others will best approach us with the even, ambling trot of the Spectator; others in the gorgeous and brilliant adornings of Macaulay; others still in the elegant dishabille, the lackadaisical garb of the

“Country Parson”—for each one of these various suits there should be a distinctive fit, a peculiar cut that will always ensure an easy and unerring recognition. You remember the remark of Dr. Johnson, that the model conversationalist is one who leaves on his audience only an agreeable and profitable impression. This rule will apply to dress and general behavior; why will it not apply with equal force to our style in composition, which after all is but the garniture of thought?

I have found it a very interesting and profitable discipline to observe with care the style and expression of poor or ordinary writers in class compositions, for the purpose of asking myself in what particular they fail. And strange though it may seem, it is often very difficult to tell just where the faults really lie. Their pieces are dull, their style intolerable, yet it is hard to place the finger on the specific failings that mar the effect.

Our style is too bare in Yale. Every one that reads this will agree with me in this assertion, yet just so often will every one of you pour out all the vials of your scorn on the unfortunate one who happens to transgress our orthodox standard. To make truth palatable or useful to the world at large, it must be adorned, amplified and set off, that it may be seen, felt and understood. It may be objected that we thus descend and pander to the weaknesses of humanity. Bacon somewhere states in substance, that in mankind there is more of foolishness than wisdom, and to gain success we must avail ourselves of this fact. A very poor consolation it is for a minister that his discourses are at least elaborated with care and pregnant with thought, though his congregation do not or will not evince the slightest appreciation of their depth or power. But this is the only solace that many of our graduates have in prospect as they step forth into life.

Well, this task is ended, and no one is more rejoiced than the author. Various will be the criticisms flung at this humble essay as it walks trembling forth before the College world. Some will gaze a moment on its attenuated figure, say it is too long for its breadth, and pass it sneeringly by; some will pause with vacant curiosity, examine an arm or a leg, and then form their judgment of its strength or weakness; some, perhaps, will notice with care its appearance and character, and resolve they never will again thus waste their energies—but by far the greatest number will roughly seize it as soon as it comes within reach, tauntingly ask its birth and parentage, and then condemn it to groan and die in some dismal cell, amid the bones and ashes of scores of companions of the same species, who in like manner have been born, lived *and died before it*.

G. M. B.

## THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

*The Influence of General Culture on Professional Life.*

BY DANIEL HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, WORCESTER, MASS.

IT is the bold dictum of a modern philosopher, that History, so universal and virtually complete is its spirit, may become a branch of *a priori* knowledge and as being the record of the continuous development of one race, the unfolding of a single idea in the Divine mind, may be written beforehand by the mind which has grasped in fullness this original and dominant idea. If we shrink from believing with this philosopher, that the human mind can become thus perfectly possessed of the organic idea of History, we shall recognize the existence of such an idea or plan as the only solution of History and the basis of its coherence, completeness and universality. We shall find it of equal value in our present attempt to discuss the relations and necessities of a single department of human activity, to remember the object to which *all* human activity, individual and social, should look as its appropriate and justifying result. The highest welfare, the last perfection of the individual man, we must be persuaded, is the object for which the material world was called into existence, for which human society with all its relations and institutions is valuable, to which all the discipline and appointments of life infallibly point.

Man, by virtue of his position as the ultimate object of all social arrangements, is likewise the premonition and prophecy of all that exists in society. He who should so acquaint himself with a single individual soul, that he could discern its capacities, mark its affinities, and apprehend its tendencies, would become potentially possessed of the entire panorama of human society as seen in the present or contained in the future. He would be able at once to refer all the complicated frame-work of society to its living source, and place upon each member and organ its appropriate value as determined by its efficiency in accomplishing the true purposes of human life. Look at the commonest features and facts of society. The primal personal rights of civil society, what is their basis and aim? The right to property, to liberty, to life, why are they valuable beyond estimate? Is it not because deprived of these, man is unable to promote efficiently his own high calling as a spiritual being, while, possessed of them, the needful conditions and auxiliaries of his life-work are secured? These rights

become sacred and inviolable only when viewed as the fitting and necessary means to higher spiritual ends. Turn now to the activities of social life; to the callings and professions which absorb the present life of most of us. Consider what is the only worthy end for which they exist and should be pursued. Do not the most menial and unnoticed pursuits become invested with something of dignity, when we view them as constituents in the vast system which has for its warrant and end, the education and development of man's higher nature? And do not those callings of life, in themselves the most dignified, gain in such a view an elevation and attractiveness which they must miss until we connect them with the high and sacred ends which they promote?

Man is the possessor of a varied nature. He has, in virtue of his material body, sensual appetites and necessities; in virtue of his mind, intellectual capacities and desires; in virtue of his soul, spiritual tendencies and longings. From this complicate and varied nature, as the organic impulse, spring all those diverse activities and pursuits which mark a civilized community. The series is graduated and complete. All the parts, as agents in the same final result, are stamped with nobility, yet those pursuits which are most remote in their nature from the end they subserve, we justly rank as lowest. In a just sense, so far as concerns the nature of his calling, he who labors in those pursuits which minister directly to our intellectual or moral activity and growth, lives a nobler life than he who labors to supply the perishable necessities of corporeal existence. It is true indeed that the inherent nature of a pursuit is sometimes overcome and transmuted by the powerful presence of a high purpose. When, however, we have reference to the peculiar nature of the different vocations, we think we do not speak amiss in placing those pursuits which are popularly entitled *the professions*, highest in the scale of worth and nobility.

Fixing it then clearly in our thoughts, that there is but one proper ultimate object for all human endeavor, let us examine that special field of intellectual life and labor which the professions properly embrace, let us aim to discover the distinctive nature of professional life, and if we find peculiar wants, intellectual or spiritual, arising out of the practice of the professions, let us attempt to show from what sources these wants may be best supplied.

The professions, like all the social arrangements, have their primitive source in the necessities of organized society. Their function is to meet certain wants and discharge certain offices which arise from the exigencies of every civil community. Requiring for their adequate

and successful practice, as well as developing by that practice a comparatively high degree of intellectual discipline and power, they present a preëminent claim to our respect and patronage. As scenes and occasions of mental exercise and vigor, all must feel their nobleness; as determining the mental faculties to the highest energy and thus to the highest education, no one will dispute either their attractiveness or utility. Like all pursuits or branches of knowledge, they are to be viewed in themselves and in their relations to society.

In themselves the professions are valuable in so far as they are conducive to the mental cultivation of the individual. Herein lies the peculiar charm and value of the liberal professions. We see their truest dignity when we view them, not as subordinate instruments in the mere mechanism of society, but as furnishing *in themselves* the finest arenas of mental practice and inducing the completest control of the mental powers.

The relations which the professions bear to society, what we may call the *public* side of their influence, are not less strongly marked and peculiar. The highest social interests are confided to their charge; the dearest social blessings are received at their hands. The public civil power and value of the professions, we readily find, enhance in no slight measure the importance which they possess in virtue of their influence on the individual intellect. Observe here that the two values which we thus assign to the professions, are, in truth, but varying phases, so to speak, of the same influence. Private cultivation and public usefulness, in the ultimate analysis, unite in one simple essence. It is the law of the mental and moral world that the service given in true public spirit to society, returns again in amplest reward and with unerring certainty to the generous giver. Sacrifice is here the richest investment and philanthropy is profit. As varying means, therefore, to the same highest end of living, the professions under each aspect take their rank among the preëminent utilities. Under each aspect, both the foundation and measure of their true utility, like that of all things else, is the extent of their agency in promoting the highest interests of the individual and of society.

The special methods and more peculiar influences of the professions are now to be considered.

It must not be forgotten that there is, as it were, a *physical* side to the most liberal professions. There is a necessity with most men in the actualities of life, of making professional dexterity and handicraft the first desideratum. In the sharp conflict and rivalry of life, a degree of *skill in mere professional manipulation* is imperatively demanded.

The physical drudgery of a profession is immense ; and this is, moreover, the door through which most are compelled to enter. It is only when success or fortune enables one to cast it off upon his new or less fortunate brethren, that he can come into the higher and more ennobling work of his profession. In a large majority of cases, the entrance to a profession is marked by an almost entire absorption in narrow and manual details.

Mark now the influence of this initial fact. An ardent and generous mind trained under the influence of liberal and cultured preceptors, enters on the work of his life. His thoughts are of his profession as a comprehensive science, a philosophical evolution of principles or a vast system of public philanthropy. He dreams of high studies and deep discussions ; of profound analysis and wide generalization. But—a livelihood is to be gained for himself and perhaps for others ; perchance the cost even of his preliminary education is to be cancelled by the avails of professional labor. He cannot at once convert his high conceptions into bread or coin his pure tastes into money. He must turn away from their enticement and seek the lowest and most mechanical duties. He thought to be a philosopher and is forced to be a factotum. How strong the nerve and firm the resolve and inbred the taste which such experience does not crush and blight ! Worse, far worse for such a one, than the first shock of disappointment, is the subsequent gradual decay and loss of those high aims and enthusiastic purposes which were the spring and inspiration of former days. Better that outward success be forever denied him, so that he retain, if it be but the remembrance of his early dreams. Better, when we look at the true end of living, that he should be chained through life to the dull routine of his drudgery, if only there remain the aspiration for a higher life, than that material success should come, bringing with it the grossness of material aims. It is something, it is much for his spiritual elevation, if even imagination shall sometimes paint again the bright ideal of youth.

We do not intend to say that the first experiences of professional life uniformly or inevitably result in the loss of one's high purposes and aspirations. We speak only of imminent dangers and strong tendencies.

Let us now look beyond this initiatory experience, and view the professional man as he passes on in his work. Let him have escaped the first dangers and entered successfully the purer atmosphere of his profession. What now are the peculiar tendencies of his professional life against which he must set a constant guard ? It must be evident, in the first place, that *intellectual symmetry*, at once the finest result

and the indispensable condition of high success, is fearfully liable to be sacrificed in the ardor of professional studies or the pressure of professional labors. It is true that the individual is now working on a higher plane, and success here, of whatever kind, has in it much of nobleness; yet the danger is great that even now the best success will be lost sight of. The more resolutely one braces up his faculties and concentrates his powers on his immediate work, the greater the liability that one will lose a part of that intellectual integrity and comprehension, as well as that aesthetic element of taste and sentiment which is the last and fairest flower of the mind. The tone of his intellectual life will be sturdy and vigorous; but this intensity is too liable to eventuate in narrowness, and this sturdiness to degenerate into dogmatism. If left wholly to professional influences, peculiar habits of thought, peculiar mental dispositions and proclivities will be well nigh certain to warp him from intellectual fairness, from the noble catholicity of mind which is able to see every subject with a free and disengaged look. The very peculiarities of his intellectual life, which give him unequalled concentration and force, if unchecked or unbalanced, will cheat him of his best reward,—the wisdom of a mind at once harmonious and intense in its activity. Amidst the stern antagonisms and rivalries of professional life, the finer chords of his mental nature may never be struck; for there are tones too deep and too high to be called forth by the intricacies of logic or the subtleties of philosophy.

Man is the prisoner of his power. He only is truly free in his mental life who has become possessed of that serene and wise overlook which at once embraces all the relations and adjusts all the particulars of each subject. This is the highest result of intellectual activity; this is the true intellectual freedom. Is it not plain, however, that he who suffers the atmosphere and study of a profession to furnish his entire mental supplies, will fail to gain not only this freedom of mind, but will in a large measure disqualify himself for the most thorough grasp and mastery of his special professional work? With what ease and pleasure does the mind which possesses this clear insight and wide grasp embrace and retain the largest accumulations of details, when it has once connected them with a simple principle! With what freedom will that mind which rises to the discovery of causes, exert itself when no longer burdened with separate details or isolated facts! The dexterous manipulator is no match for such a man, for he has a skill which baffles all tricks and pierces through all feints. Thus the professional man, who consents to be circumscribed by the influences and demands of his profession, will never reach even *the highest professional dexterity.*

We have now before us, in some degree, the intellectual character of a man as moulded merely by his professional life. It will be admitted that such a character is radically incomplete. The crowning excellence of symmetry is wanting, while a vicious one-sidedness has been induced which puts in peril both personal success and public usefulness. It is equally manifest that we have here, notwithstanding this incompleteness, a strong and healthy basis for the most perfect development. We have disciplined faculties, intense though narrow activity, vigorous though partial energy.

It remains to answer the important question which must now arise, —What influences are suited and adequate to restore the mental integrity, to elevate dexterity into comprehension, to enlarge intensity into completeness? The answer is not difficult. Man has no proper wants for which there are no supplies. The means are equal to the end; the task is not greater than the strength. For each intellectual want and aspiration there may be full satisfaction and attainment.

The complement of the intellectual power which professional life alone develops, we believe, is best sought in what we denominate *general culture*. There may be a certain vagueness and difficulty of statement connected with the idea of general culture. It will not readily yield to rigid definitions: it has no fondness for precise statement; but its reality and the power of its influence are plain and appreciable facts. It consists, perhaps we may say, in the discovery and gratification of the wide affinities of the human soul; in intimacy with man in his historic and essential character; in familiarity with the range and variety of human endeavor and achievement; in the wisdom which comes of acquaintance with the world, with classes of society, with the high resources of literature, art and philosophy. The supplies of culture are varied and boundless. Beyond all things it is catholic in its spirit and methods. It finds attraction in all objects which express humanity and takes supplies from the infinite range of human interests. And all this wealth of acquisition is poured into the mind, to enlarge, to purify, to elevate, to give sympathy, balance, sobriety, richness, fineness.

Let us, however, for the sake of clearness, trace the influence of some of the special sources of culture.

1. Take the single influence of History; for culture finds no scanty source of supply in the recorded experience of the race. Let us reflect that History is the most comprehensive of all departments of knowledge. In its broadest relations, it includes all other branches of human inquiry, for it embraces all that man has said or felt or



done. History is interested, not in the individual with his narrow interests and feelings, but in the common humanity with its universal instincts and tendencies. It is the drama of mankind, the exhibition of the common generic nature of the race. It rejects everything that is local and individual, and records only that which, springing out of the race as a unit, has interest for all men. If, then, History is the manifestation of the *species*, its lessons and conclusions will have corresponding compass and generality. The errors of the single mind will be corrected. Under the influence of the historic spirit, his views and impressions will cease to be partial and one-sided, and become humane and general. It is the sentiment of the race, the verdict of the ages, which at last stands for truth.

Mark now some of the actual influences of Historical studies on the professional man. He is now raised to a loftier height than when he looked only on present scenes and duties. He is no longer the man of the time, but the child of the ages. He sees at once the vastness of truth and his own dependence on the entire race for its discovery and realization. Impressed with the immensity of the field of knowledge, the mind becomes self-distrustful and reverent; while the very vastness of his work becomes the keenest stimulus to enterprise. The merely professional mind, on the contrary, seeing truth from only one side, is apt to be empirical and dogmatic,—to deem its single glance at truth sufficient and to be careless to follow on,

“Along the line of limitless desires.”—

Such a mind will too readily find its center within itself, instead of looking beyond itself, in humble reverence, to find its true relations in the order of the universe. Looking, from force of habit, with intense vision, it will leap into errors which the judicial fairness and calmness inspired by Historical studies would have avoided. Contemplating only a single detached section of human effort, in its pride of imagined mastery, it throws away the key to knowledge—a reverent, reciprocal and docile understanding.

Observe further the effect of Historical study in stimulating discovery and opening the way to new advances in physical or moral truth. It has ever been the mind deeply imbued with the spirit of History which has struck out new lines for thought or disclosed new fields for inquiry. The mind which does not articulate itself upon the historic process and enter into the labors of all the ages, will be poor and unproductive. It is on the slow accretions of many generations and centuries of thought that the basis of new advances must be laid. The prophetic and anticipatory come as the fruit of acquaintance with

the realized and the past. Hence, though the professional man may be intense, he will be unproductive because he does not stand in the central position of History and avail himself of the truth which the lapse of time and the sifting of centuries has established. It was the study and the faith of preceding astronomers that enabled and inspired Le Verrier to make his immortal discovery. It was by musings on the narratives of former navigators that the faith which pushed Columbus across the Atlantic, was nurtured.

We might easily trace other special influences which Historical studies can hardly fail to exert, but it must be already sufficiently evident that they have a powerful tendency to correct the bias and remove the narrowness which we have found to characterize the professional mind.

2. Let us now turn for a moment to observe the influence of *classical literature* in supplying the deficiencies of professional life. And here we use the term in its widest meaning, as that "choice and selected product and record of human thought and sentiment" which, the earlier ages have bequeathed to us, or which our own age supplies ;

"From Homer, the great Thunderer, from the voice,  
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,  
To that more varied and elaborate,  
Those trumpet tones of harmony that shake  
The shores in England."—

The artistic effect of the study of this body of literature is too evident to need remark. There is also, we believe, a moral effect peculiarly fitted to the necessities of professional life. In every truly classical work there is a tone at once of power and repose. In the free and harmonious play of the powers, there is no effort or struggle; but the mind in its harmony and entireness moves on to the highest triumphs with calm and unhindered facility. We see brilliancy in union with strength; intensity joined with breadth. These are qualities which every literary production destined to become *classical* must possess; these are the conditions of perpetuity. They must so address the hearts and minds of men as to be perennial in their freshness and universal in their interest. But the qualities which they possess, they will in turn develop and foster in the mind which is imbued with their spirit. Those moods of mind, which have no deeper origin than the interests of the passing day and the biases of peculiar outward circumstances, will be dispelled under the power of the common sentiments of the race, of which classical literature is the fullest

embodiment. It is not within its own bosom nor from the productions of its own activity that one generation finds the sources and elements of its best development. In a real and profound sense, we are pupils of the past. The voice, the concurrent utterance of the ages behind us, must be our teachers. They must harmonize and liberalize by the universal experiences which they record and the universal sentiments which they express. Amidst the urgent and imperative duties of professional life, we forget that none but trivial and transient results will come from activity excited by local and temporary influences. To work intelligently and successfully even in the present, we must possess the spirit and energy and prudence of the whole experience and reason of the race. This it is the peculiar mission of classical literature to furnish.

3. Lastly, consider the influence of an acquaintance with Art, the spirit of the Beautiful, to soften the tone, soothe the irritations and enrich the spirit of professional life.

The influences to which we have before referred as beneficial to the professional mind, have been of a more stringent and sinewy nature. They are such as chiefly promote intellectual strength and compass. There is yet another side of the mental nature never to be overlooked, never to be undervalued. No proper conception of mental symmetry will omit the cultivating influence of Art and Beauty. Let us, however, be careful to assign them their true position and value. The True and the Good must precede and underlie the Beautiful. The tough sinew and strong muscle of intellectual life must be at once the security and source of all permanent grace and beauty. The empire of Taste must be subordinated to that of Reason and Truth. But, enervating and unnerving as the love of the Beautiful must be, when not engrafted on strength and severity of mental and moral character, its presence and influence are essential to a complete culture, to an entire mastery of our intellectual forces.

This influence in professional life has perhaps its highest manifestations in its power to break the fetters and throw off the restraints which professional duties alone would impose. Under its influence, the professional man gets free from his wonted trammels, feels within his soul the presence of a new power and awakes to a realization of the wondrous breadth and complexity of human capacities and affinities. It is thus a liberating power, an enlightening principle. It lifts the burden of grosser cares and duties, and we are admitted into the soul's rightful freedom. It unscales our eyes and we see beyond the narrow horizon of professional activity out into the boundless regions of human possibilities and aspirations and hopes.

Besides this general influence in enlarging the individual personality by the discovery of new and higher relations, the power of Art is seen, in a more palpable form, in the increase of *practical* power which it contributes to professional minds. Let us see how this is true.

Art has a close and intimate relation to Nature. Music, painting, sculpture, poetry, every work of Art, has for its object to transcribe and express external or internal Nature. It is when the Artist has communed with Nature until his inmost being is possessed and swayed by her spirit, that the work of Art appears which speaks to the universal race and lives as a positive power through all ages. It is through fidelity to Nature alone that a work of Art reaches the heart and affects the life.

It is plain, then, that by acquaintance and communion with works of Art, we learn to know and express Nature; we possess ourselves of the keys to the human heart; we are able to touch the springs of human action. From the study and communion of Art, therefore, the professional man returns to his distinctive work, not merely refreshed and repaired, but possessed of a new power to control the actions and guide the wills of men. He knows more fully the nature of man, and in the power of this deeper knowledge, his professional life becomes more successful and productive. Those moments of large and spiritual stillness, when the spell of high Art is upon him, will pour their rich influences over all his practical life. All the organs of his life will be attuned to the vast universal harmony of Nature, which unites him in friendly sympathies with all mankind. His eye will beam with the fascination of a new intelligence, and his tongue be clothed with a fresh and more magical eloquence.

We attempted at the outset of our essay, to state the true object of human life and activity as the ground and support of the opinions and feelings which we were about to express. We next discussed, with as much fullness as our limits would permit, the nature of professional life and the peculiar dangers to which it is exposed. Lastly, we have endeavored to show that in *general culture* we may find the most adequate defense against the evils of professional life, and to point out, by way of illustration, the more specific influences of a few of the sources of culture. If the vigor and intensity so natural to the professional mind, be elevated into breadth and comprehension and subdued into sobriety and reverence by the ennobling and purifying influences of culture; if, to the essential dignity and inherent power of professional life, there be added the wealth of refinement and wisdom which is disclosed on all hands to a thoughtful and earnest


mind, what nobler result or more lasting success to crown our intellectual labors? "Every man," says Lord Bacon, "owes a debt to his profession;" but a more sacred debt is due to himself and to mankind. It is not by intense activity merely, even in the best cause, that this debt may be most wisely and fully discharged. In an exquisite harmony and balance of his powers, man reaches his highest intellectual success. His *practical* power is then greatest; for, in the fullness of his knowledge and the breadth of his sympathies, his words are wisdom and his presence is power.

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### The Self-Made Man.

THIS ambiguous character it is proposed to discuss, and gain, if may be, some fuller understanding of his native and acquired merits. For, as frequently employed, the phrase is an uncertain one, being applied to men in all conditions of life, and with very dissimilar developments of intellect and heart; and it is, moreover, sometimes used, less with reference to the mind-culture, than to the external means used in obtaining it. Thus, evidently, for truth's sake, it becomes necessary to define this character with strictness and care. It may be well, in the outset, to clear all obstacles from the path and tell who a self-made man is not.

An individual who comes into existence, not in affluence but in poverty, who receives, as his starting capital, firm moral principles, good natural powers, and a sound body, and who, by patient and toilsome industry, at length wins for himself a high name and bright reputation—an individual of such a character, if he be styled a self-made made man, is, we conceive, misnamed. Consider, for a moment, the strong influences that have been working on his mind, and how materially they have affected it. If he has "worked his own way through College," on such a man the literary activities of a College life, the weekly debate, the daily communion with the greatest minds of present and past times, all have a very marked effect. Consciously or unconsciously, his mind is moulded and impressed by others. For four years, his mind is under the continual control and direction of others, and he thus carries away with himself, from the halls of his Alma



Mater, views fashioned by the disciplinary College course. On the other hand, though he may never have entered the walls of an University, his mental powers may have been developed by a well-selected course of reading, as truly as by the closer and more critical intercourse in the recitation-room. His mind is shaped, in no small measure, by his favorite author, and his newspaper colors his political opinions. Of this latter character was Franklin. His mind was cultured, in an eminent degree, by a careful study and pondering of the classic authors of England. The discipline he gained was not obtained in the generous atmosphere of an University; but in the private room of a student, striving to overcome, by present application, past deficiencies.

But it may be said, that even admitting this, yet such a man is self-made, because he selects his own books, and thus becomes, partially at least, his own teacher. Yet this is not the fact. Such a person as we are endeavoring to describe, has a simple love of truth, as distinguished from a foolish desire of originality. One good book will invariably lead to others, and the influences thus started will cease—when or where?

Leaving now this negative defining, let us determine, more precisely, who a self-made is. He is one who boasts of having done all his own thinking, who decries that dependence on authority and example which is one of the surest safe-guards for a manly and upright character, both in religious and political life. He has solved for himself all the hard problems of Church and State, and has worked out, to his own satisfaction, the most complex intricacies of Law and Government; and with no regard to the opinions of others, announces his views and proclaims, as a virtue, that they are self-made, and entirely uninfluenced by those of other men,—wiser and better than himself, though this fact he would carefully conceal. In every emergency, beliefs which he has himself made, are propounded and urged loudly and impetuously. Such, we conceive, is a self-made man; a character totally opposed to a conservative. As indicated by his name, he is one who would hold together whatever of good the world may, in time past, have learned or achieved. He exercises the extremest caution in admitting new principles; he honors the great and good of past ages, and almost idolizes those who hold the governmental power with mildness and strength; he despairs of finding the *summum bonum* if it has not not been already discovered, but still esteems each age for the truth which it contains, while at the same time he deploras, with sincere sorrow, its mistakes and wanderings.

A self-made man is known by his intolerance. Though this may

seem strange, yet experience abundantly proves it. The self made man's opinions are all his own, and from one constituted as he is, nothing can be expected save low vituperation and bitter impeachment of motives. He speaks, in vaunting words, of a manly independence, while it can be easily shown, that he is himself a slave to appearances. Having given out that his views are views of his own thought, independent of others, he will endeavor to so carry himself before the world, that he will maintain the name of an independent thinker, and all the while he is in fear, lest some false step or unlucky act may impair or destroy his reputation. Thus every word and deed will be carefully scanned and subjected to a jealous scrutiny. And, on the other hand, mark the conservative. Here there is no vain originality to support; there is a willingness to say things that have been said even hundreds of times before; for it is truth; and to his mind truth, like wine, loses none of its force by age, but each year it becomes stronger and more enlivening.

It has already been remarked, that in the formation, his opinions were uninfluenced by those of others, and so, after they have been formed, he clings to them with steadfast tenacity. And if other views are being promulgated, if his own pre-conceived prejudices happen not to harmonize with them, he will frequently set up a vigorous opposition, if for nothing else than to preserve intact his reputation for eccentricity and oddity. In his eyes, one man's thoughts are as good as those of another, and, moreover, thinking is a common right, to be used according to each one's taste, like suffrage, and not an important duty, with truth for an object. And, viewed in this manner, it is the height of folly for one man to do another's thinking.

We have endeavored to point out the absurdity of regarding, as a self-made man, one who "pays his own way through College," or one who studies in the privacy of a poor man's room; while, on the other hand, we have tried to make stricter and juster in its application, the term "self-made;" and have endeavored to apply it to internal culture as well as to merely external means; considering a truly self-made man, as one who has done everything pertaining to himself, for himself, and by himself.

H. P. B.

## On Reading Webster's Plymouth Rock Oration.

### I.

When first their sail the Fathers furled,  
They deemed not that their deed should be  
A people's birth, nor that a world  
Should triumph in their victory ;

Cold was the wave before them flowing,  
Bitter the tempests round them sweeping ;  
Tears were the dew that wet their sowing,  
But joy the harvest of their reaping.

### II.

Though ill was nurtured in the storm  
Of sufferings and of toils they bore,  
The good o'ercame ; their hearts were warm,  
Though hard and cold the guise they wore ;

Well shall a nations' love, still glowing,  
Guard them forever, calmly sleeping ;  
Tears were the dew that wet their sowing,  
Glory the harvest of their reaping.

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## Base-Ball vs. Boating.

It is now a little more than three years since the Faculty wisely abolished foot-ball playing ; a game, at its best, the noblest of athletic sports, but which, at the time of its suppression, had degenerated into a daily scuffle, an annual contest of brute force, between classes. Since that period, the exercise allotment of the students' time has been divided between Boating and the field sports of Cricket and Base-Ball. I propose to compare, in some measure, the two classes of exercise, and enumerate particularly some of the advantages of the Base-Ball System. It is evident to all that there is need of active *out-door* exercise in College, such as the Gymnasium, with all its conveniences, cannot supply ; exercise which, for its full and even medium effects, must be enjoyed in the open air. Which of the two systems, Boating or Base-Ball, will best guarantee to the larger body of stu-



dents such exercise? We claim that the Base-Ball system best subserves the interests of the Student in this respect, because, 1st, it is less expensive. The items of expense in College sports have, from year to year, been constantly increasing, till, at the present date, they form no small part of the four years expenditures. It is becoming to the student, then, and at no time more so than at the present, to retrench in every possible expense. Boating has proved itself an expensive sport. The necessary outlay for proper uniforms for a single barge, with its annual tax for painting, repairing, housing, is an outlay beyond the bounds of economy, to say nothing of racing shells, purchased at a fabulous price, and with corresponding expenses in flags, transportation of crack-crews, and racing expenses, even if we are fortunate enough to win the wager race, and steer clear of such disasters as have befallen us at Worcester. It is a *common complaint* of club-men, that the taxes necessary to support the race-crew, are ruinous. The whole outlay, on the contrary, requisite in a Cricket or Base-Ball club, is clearly within the sporting means of all. The bases, bats, signal-flags, stands for umpire, scores, uniforms and all, are not costly, and even where the extra expense for grounds and storage is assumed, the taxes are comparatively light.

Another and more potent reason in favor of field-sports, is the reasonable amount of time they demand. Exercise for a student is indispensable, but it should be enjoyed as a means, not as an end. Sufficient exercise for the physical wants is unavoidable, but enough to interfere with the mental training is injudicious and injurious. It is desirable to make study the chief object, and exercise subsidiary,—not to make exercise of the first importance, and study secondary. It is one of the peculiar advantages of Cricket, or its rival field-sport, that they can be practiced at those odd times when nothing else seems appropriate; at the intermittent rests between recitations, when one wishes to do something, and is yet unwilling to give up a long period from his studies. These little vacuums of an hour, or of two hours, the boating system overlooks. To become a skillful oarsman, a student must devote a much greater portion of time, frequently infringing on the best half of his study hours. It is not the mere exercise of pulling round the buoy that eats up so many hours, though that, at the present distance of the boat-house from College, is no trifling demand in time, but it is the hour for Gymnasium exercise, the hour for the morning *trot* in great-coats, in the reducing process, the extra pulls for wind in the barge; all of these combined, which take away the best hours of the day, and all of this subsidiary exercise is demanded of

him who would hope to become one of the race-crew. The chosen few of the Base club, the "first nine" on the other hand, succeed to, and maintain that position without infringing on study hours, nor interfering with necessary literary employments. But it is objected to all field sports, that they are not so dignified as that pertaining to the yacht and race boat. It may be true, in this country, and we claim that they have not been fairly compared *and tested*. A great investment of money in any undertaking, adds a certain dignity, which it would not possess without. It is not the mere yacht, nor boat-race, that attracts the attention of the masses, but the money expended in such races. A horse-race is considered more dignified, more especially adapted to manly sport, than either, for, in races of that character, the stakes are the attraction.

Boating, in this country, is distinctively the exercise of the richer class: those who give a tone, a character to the projects with which they are connected; the field sports have not, as yet, the reputation they enjoy in England. There the Cricket is held in equal estimation with the Boating crew. The position of "first nine" of all England, is considered more honorable than that of the leading crew of the winning boat of the University. Here, Base-Ball takes the place, in some measure, of the Cricket club of England, and the base and bat succeed the Cricket club and Wicket. Beside, we have no advantages here at Yale for boating. Every one knows the peculiarities of our harbor, with its low tide and mud, its high tide, cross gales and deep seas, the inconvenient boat-house, quite a mile from College, almost another to the Commodore's stake-boat, on racing days, not to mention the poor opportunities for spectators, and consequent meagre attendance. High winds and rainy days, uncomfortably prevalent in this vicinity, are a decisive bar to boating. High winds and anything short of downright pouring, are allowable in the sports of the field. The Faculty have presented the classes in college with adequate grounds, and those of the City Clubs are often times kindly offered, securing positions at once economical and convenient.

We have endeavored to show some of the advantages of the field-sports, knowing well the utter distaste of students to undertake any kind of exercise except that which the enthusiasm of the moment presents, yet, may not an enthusiastic lover of field exercise hope that, with the decline or utter extinction of boating, a class of exercise may be more generally sustained, which reconciles a proper attention to study with itself, and may be enjoyed at less expense, with equal dignity, and with greater advantages.

B. C. C.

### My Fleet.

I was sitting, idly thinking, by my fire this winter night,  
Forming visions strange and ghostly in the weird fantastic light,  
Building castles fair and noble in the boundary land of thought,  
All whose walls and ancient turrets were of fabric fancy wrought.

Yet though reared so grand and stately, block on block, with care and pain,  
Spanish villas, moated castles, proudly rose to fall again ;  
And from out the firelight coming troops and fairy phantoms seemed,  
Soothing me with pleasant fancies till I fell asleep and dreamed.

By my feet upon the river silently came floating down,  
One by one, a fleet of vessels, from the far-off busy town,  
And I watched them passing onward till they reached the quiet sea,  
Till I saw them grouped for starting, and the solving came to me.

As they passed me, each in likeness to the ones that went before,  
Strange it seemed to see how varied were the passengers they bore :  
Here came one with song and music, dances where bright Pleasure led,  
While the next one's crew were mourners gathered round the confined dead

Dropping slowly down the river how I watched them, when they lay  
Waiting for the rest to gather in the peaceful land-locked bay ;  
Watched them till a gloomy vessel came at last to take command,  
And the favoring breeze came blowing steadily from off the land.

When at last the sails were loosened, anchors tripped and stowed away,  
Then I saw the regal purple wrapped about the dying day ;  
Cold and still his body from the shore on board was borne,—  
Hoarsely came the order, "Hasten! we must anchor ere the morn."

So I understood the vision, truly pictured though a dream,  
How the passing day, like vessels, glided gently down Life's stream ;  
And how Death, the mighty leader, took them under his command,  
Sailing o'er the quiet ocean to the distant silent land.

Never knew I if I wakened,—never dream so faithful grew,—  
Strangely twining with the fiction tendrils of the good and true ;  
Still in sleep I seek the river, and I watched each bark depart,  
Still I sit in patient waiting for *my* gathered fleet to start.

November 18th, 1861.

S. W. D. . .

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### College Anomalies.

CONTEMPLATE the human species, where you may, and you will  
hardly find another class so entirely anomalous as College students.  
For, not only as a class are they distinguished from all other bodies

of men, not only does each individual differ in a marked degree from his fellows, but he exhibits in himself methods and habits most peculiar, and often inconsistent. At one time, he is the most serious and reflective of persons; at another, he is altogether frivolous and inconsiderate. He is one person in College, and another out of it; and, in reality, acts as many parts as though College life were a play, in which the actors were expected to appear in different characters, as scene followed scene in rapid succession. For some of these anomalies we can give a reason; of others, we can say no more than that they are characteristic of student life. In one capacity, for instance, the student seeks improvement, in another, is equally intent on amusement. And since, to make the way more clear for his own amusement, he comes often to ignore the existence of any community, other than his own, some of his actions are necessarily obnoxious to those who do not so clearly realize the fact of their non-existence. Thus he will secrete the gate, tear down the sign, or make a general havoc upon the graperly of some unguarded citizen. And while the citizen, on the morrow, talks angrily of thieves and villains, and uses language far from complimentary to the occupants of the neighboring shrine of learning, the other party will, quite likely, try his power of argument, by pen or voice, to prove the claims of law and honor upon the individual. Nor does he for once realize the moral incongruity of the theory of to-day and the practice of yesterday.

Again, he is a student of language, and as such, strives to discover all its power and refinement. And yet words, which, as the vehicles of noble thought and sentiments, he is, at one time, accustomed to study and admire, at another, for the sake of mere amusement, he drags forth from their legitimate places in the modes of language, and thrusts them, most ruthlessly, into relations at once grotesque and singular, which are an utter profanation of all the sanctities of language. Of necessity, he understands the skillful and legitimate use of words better than most other people, and yet he employs, by an instinctive preference, set phrases and local cant, to an amount altogether incredible.

The student has, also, a profound reverence for high authority, and the associations of antiquity, wherever they inhere. As they are congenial to his pursuits as a scholar and seeker after all the truths of the past, it is but natural that he should, in his tributes to them, be eloquent and sincere. But he quite often makes mockery of all such veneration, when he can thereby subserve a tendency to satire and amusement. Relations, the most ludicrous and absurd, are sought,

wherein to set off these memories and personages of the past. When in this mood, antiquity is either provokingly slow or ludicrously fast, and great names are treated with the utmost familiarity. Just as if Socrates, Luther, or Burke, were sitting down to a free and easy converse with the student, and while enjoying the delicate aroma of a modern weed, should talk quite jocosely of the last lark, or other merry reminiscence. This is, to be sure, an exaggeration; but it is no more than an exaggeration, suggesting, as it does, actual characteristics which may be found, at one time or another, in the circles of student life.

We also observe the student, at one time, observing a dignity and manly bearing quite conventional, and at another, employing the utmost freedom and nonchalance in his intercourse, and throwing off and discarding all that reserve and formal ceremony which invariably appear among cultivated people in the outside world. In the presence of his instructor in the class-room, he is modest and diffident, to a marked degree. But, for this diffidence he extorts a rich reward, when those individuals in the College world, who are below him in order of time, concede to his claims of dignity and greater experience, and the world at large attribute to him powers and acquisitions which he never possessed. But when he is in the company of his fellow-students, who may with truthfulness be said to know him better than he knows himself, all such pretensions stand him in poor stead for the sober reality. And hence it is but a necessity, that he should here display a still different phase of action,—that only one which flows placidly with the general current of College life,—and so be at once natural and ingenuous. Thus the student is a sort of mental kaleidoscope, displaying to different persons, according to the stand-point from which he is viewed, a variety of characters, each symmetrical in itself.

I would mention still another instance of the incongruous nature of student character. It is the idea and wish of every student, that his College life should be as little alloyed as possible with anything that might mar its worth as a home of happy associations, and of a high social development. And yet, he is prone often to judge of actions and intentions with such criticism as could neither be prompted by friendship or charity. Intuitively quick to sympathize with those with whom he is brought in more immediate contact by the force of circumstances or of common sympathies, he is equally ready to make ridicule of the peculiarities or deficiencies of others. Thus the student exhibits the seeming paradox of being, of all persons, the most social and unsocial, the most charitable and uncharitable, and of friends, the most constant and inconstant.

And when we are called upon to explain these anomalies, which pervade a student's life, we can do little more than suggest that they are its regular concomitants. For, year after year, students at these shrines of learning acquire, it may be unconsciously, these foibles and contrarieties of habit and disposition; traits which are as distinctive as they are unique. And yet, when the student is merged in the citizen, they are immediately discarded or forgotten; for, when detached from his College associations, he is no more a student, but a citizen, in his sympathies and modes of enjoyment.

These anomalies may be traced, in part, to the fascination which lingers around College customs and associations, and into the spirit of which every student is anxious to be thrown. But, more than all, perhaps, they are due to that desire which he has to make his little world as distinctive as possible, and to impress upon the uninitiated, that he is, by virtue of his vocation, a peculiar and privileged character. Thus he makes it appear, that his College course, if it is not rendering him more learned and thoughtful, is at least making him different; and if he is filled with a conceit, still, that it is a conceit emanating from a higher source than any which is known in the outside world. And in these very relations, also, there is a palpable incongruity. For, while the student maintains that his College life is the world of action and sober thought in miniature, he meanwhile attempts, by all the force of his inclination and practice, to make it as dissimilar as possible.

Not to dwell longer upon the fact of the existence of such traits, we would consider, for a moment, their propriety and justifiableness. That there should be a peculiar constitution of society among a body of persons with the tastes, inclinations and social sympathies of students, is but an apparent necessity. But that this peculiarity should often be instrumental in stifling or repressing the higher and more regular objects for which he is struggling, is both an injustice to himself, and a perversion of his position. There are enough sources of amusement to satisfy the cravings of the most ardent and sociable disposition, which are yet perfectly congenial to the pursuits of the student. And whenever he resorts to those which are not thus consonant with the true student mind, he virtually stultifies himself, by impairing the acquisition of more sober hours. And this tendency is unavoidable. One cannot, by the very nature of the case, even in the capacity of a student, become a marauder of citizens' graperies, and deliberate purloiner of others' umbrellas and catalogues, and at the same time act and think with all the conscious rectitude of those who, though less

peculiar are more honest and appreciative of their general social relations.

Nor can he, who spends a part of his time to acquire the elegancies of language, and acuteness and vigor of thought, and who fritters away the rest in a conversation of a frivolous, or at best meaningless character, expect to derive that advantage which is to be obtained only by a uniform devotion to a constant end. Not that an effective pedantry or an offensive dilettanteism are to be desired in the conversation of the student, though even these would be more appropriate to the student mind, than the interminable small talk on local themes, and the gossip, jokes, and puns, which enter so largely into our conversation. But it is reasonable that it should not, at least, be inconsistent with the general drift of scholarly pursuits. It is not necessary, nor even proper, that the conversation in the social circle of the student should be at all times serious and instructive; but it should, at the worst, be rational and suggestive.

But the social anomaly is also, in some respects, exceptionable. Not that we would have College lay aside, altogether, those peculiarities which appertain to its social life. It is well that the character and relations of this system should be different from those of the outer world. We would have College life to be anomalous. But the anomaly should be unique, characteristic, and unalloyed with any unnatural element. A subject for happy reflection is furnished to us in the fact, that in the peculiar circumstances in which we are thrown, as students, we have the possibility presented, of making College a paradise of friends, and these four years an era of pleasure and golden memories. It is at once the peculiarity and the glory of our position, that the road which leads to greater acquisition and mental power, is broad enough for all, and that no one can further his own improvement by retarding that of another. There can, also, be no real increment of progress, in obtaining any College honor or distinction; because, at the end of one's course, they have entirely to be cancelled and a new career begun, whose process is too often acquired by victory of man over man.

If such then are the facts, is it not a gross infraction, both of our duties and privileges, to be greedy of preferments, which, since they can in no wise be regarded as stepping-stones to higher honors in life, have not even the excuse of a rational ambition? And, to be uncharitable regarding the peculiarities or capacities of others, because they are not of our clique or circle of intimate friends, is this not to generate mutual indifference or aversion, where, alone, the amenities of so-

cial life, unimpaired by any selfish reservations, should exist for all alike?

We would, then, have College to be life in miniature, so far as concerns the directness of its aims. The world of activity and progress, should protrude its shadow into our cloister-life, and warn us to be now, what we shall hereafter wish we had been. And, by the aid of that, we might, perhaps, surmise that much that is peculiar to our student life is worthless,—worse than that, pernicious.

And yet, we repeat, we would have College, in some respects, an anomaly. Anomalous in the ingenuousness of its social intercourse, and in having all the earnestness of practical life, with none of its uncharitableness or supreme self-preference. It should be anomalous, too, in having congeniality without deviation from rectitude, charity without obtuseness of judgment, and a morality that could be always pure, without being unduly austere. Then, indeed, the student would find himself in the midst of influences fitted to awaken and urge on the inspiration of both mind and heart. Then, also, in the highest and truest sense, our College life would be an anomaly, fraught with happy influences, and still happier affinities and recollections. M. C. D.

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### Battle of Ball's Bluff.

OH, where is the chieftain that marshalled this host?  
 Now the combat is o'er, now the battle is lost;  
 Does he live, when to die were such glory and gain?  
 Hush! hush now your murmurs! that chieftain lies low,  
 With his face to the heavens, his feet to the foe;  
 Like a warrior he fell in the van of the fight  
 When the torrent of slaughter rushed red on his sight,  
 And his form most advanced now is stretched on the plain.

Aye, well may the hero be robed for the grave,  
 In the folds of that banner he perished to save!  
 And well may a People lament o'er his bier!  
 Yet, BAKER, thy name on the current of rhyme  
 For a joy and a beacon shall float through all time!  
 Wherever the fame of this contest has flown,  
 There Glory shall follow and call thee her own,  
 And age after age shall thy virtues revere.



Thrice blest is the memory of those that thus die!  
 For Freedom shall point to the spot where they lie,  
 Her praise to bestow and her debt to proclaim,  
 And Glory herself shall repose o'er the spot,  
 And forbid that their valor be ever forgot;  
 While a nation in sorrow, with uncovered head,  
 Shall stand on the field where her children have bled,  
 And twine for her garland the wreath of their fame.

Though our best and our bravest lie stretched in their gore,  
 And the hopes we had cherished shall cheer us no more,  
 Though loud be the tempest, and dark be the stream,  
 Yet freedom shall triumph—her star is not set,—  
 Though dim, it shall light us to victory yet;  
 Or failing of that, when it falls from the sky,  
 Its last rays shall show how her children can die,—  
 For life would be joyless when quenched is its beam.

W. H. H. M.

### Charlotte Brontë.

A STRANGE and mournful interest will ever be felt by us all in that class of authors whose genius has been born into the world of letters, nay even, has been developed amid misfortune and sorrow. The recompense which we make by passing sympathies is truly meagre and trifling, by the side of that compassion which is due to these written records of the soul's trials, to this revealed experience of its bitterness and woe. The appeal must here be made to, and the response must come from, the lowest depths of the human heart. No fanciful picture, drawn in brilliant colors, which dazzle rather than attract, can ever move us; but it must be the testimony of a life-time, spent in struggling for the truth's sake, which will give rise to that enduring and unchanging sympathy, the beginning and the end of which we know not. The life of Charlotte Brontë was, it seems to us, such a continual sacrifice to duty, and hence her writings, which were but the transcript of her life, are calculated to deepen and strengthen the more serious part of our nature. Those dark and dismal scenes, which she has incorporated into her works, were not the affected creations of fancy, but so far are they realities in her life, that we may seriously question her power to go beyond experience, into the broader field of the imagination. In her own short, but eventful history, she found

burdens enough to bear, to make her life far more significant than those which are longer in years, and are spent in more intimate relations with society at large.

Doubtless Charlotte Brontë lacked in that knowledge of human nature, such as the world gives, but the heavy calamities which rendered desolate a happy home, gave her also an insight into the grander truths of wisdom, which make a life work an earnest devotion, and not a vain and hollow mockery. The strong bond which united the members of the Brontë family to one another, enhanced the sad character of their misfortunes. Isolated, almost from the world and its society, they learned the bitter lessons of human experience in its darkest form. The cheerless appearance which the exterior of the little parsonage at Haworth presents, would seem to warn one of the seclusion which prevails within its uninviting walls. Without it, on every side, extend the bleak and dreary moors of Yorkshire, which seem to have attracted, by their very barrenness, the revengeful, passionate, and time-serving class of men who inhabit them and cultivate them. Thus, to a disposition naturally prone to excitement, circumstances added their weight, with so much force, that the miniature society of Haworth parsonage was a necessity, as well as a choice. The strong and holy sympathy which existed here, though often broken in upon and narrowed by death, seemed like a kind spirit whose province it was to re-animate the recollection of the dead, and to raise up the tribute of a feeling heart to their memory. Schooled in such sadness and sorrow, Charlotte Brontë drew, with the delicate touch of a master hand, those shades of character, which appear to us so vivid and bright, when illumined by the reflection of her own suffering. But we are told that Charlotte Brontë has grossly misrepresented the true spirit of Christian character; that she has mingled religion with other elements, in strange incongruity; that she has distorted the moral and natural impulses of the heart; that she has disregarded the artificial rules of criticism, in making principles and motives, grand in themselves, and not mere ornaments to be seen only in the borrowed light of external circumstances. Can that, however, be called an act of impiety, which consists in implicitly receiving the sad lessons taught by the hand of Providence? Is it an offense against morality to reveal the dark and hidden passages of a life's struggle? Is it a breach of the laws of genuine and unperverted criticism, to substitute the true for the ideal? If so, then has Charlotte Brontë erred in all these respects. What we shall find, however, to commend most in her works, is, not the artistic arrangement of the plot, nor the brilliancy of studied

rhetoric, but it is the strong, deep, and irresistible tide of feeling and emotion, the impassioned tones of a living voice, speaking to us from every page.

Charlotte Brontë's entire life was one of self-education. From childhood it was pervaded and enlivened by singleness of purpose. All things directly tended to develop that character which has been so unreservedly disclosed in her writings. It is but just, then, to inquire, in general, what was strongly marked and distinctive in her life; and how far these peculiarities enter into her works.

A most noticeable feature in the history of Charlotte Brontë, is the controlling power of her imagination, and the peculiar tone which it gave to her life and actions. Her thoughts were those that belong to a truly poetical mind. But, strong and irresistible, they could not submit to be regulated by the fixed laws of verse. To this cause is to be attributed her failure in poetry. System and analysis only subdue and restrain the natural forces of genius. "As the imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown," so, also, poetry can only materialize, by "giving them a local habitation and a name." It was the strange spell of a strong imagination, free and unrestricted in its exercise, which, in its workings, is manifest throughout the whole life of Charlotte Brontë, and is seen in every work of her hand. From it were constantly being evolved those weird forms, which will linger forever in the mind, when once their counterpart has there been seen. They come not to us in the open day, nor amid the violence and destruction of a great calamity, but they are borne on the wind, seen in the dark, still hours of the night, and linger over the bed of the sleeping, or the grave of the dead. This habit of "making out," as it was called by Miss Brontë, exercised an inappreciably great influence on her life, often occasioning those gloomy and sad passages in her history, which make her life seem a continual dream, an unfathomable mystery. By an unreserved indulgence of this propensity, she has received almost unlimited censure from those who, without the explanation which her private history has since afforded, were wont to attribute this peculiarity to an over-weening desire for effect. But her imagination was ever teeming with supernatural and ghostlike forms, which are so artistically and naturally made a part of her novels, that they vanish before our gaze, elude our grasp, and haunt the mind thus made unsatisfied and curious.

In the inexhaustible resources of her imagination, Charlotte Brontë found those agencies which give a distinctive character to her writings. We are not astounded, as we here read, by the sudden inter-

position of a fearful catastrophe, which solves the issue, and removes the intricacies of the story, but strange and spectral shapes here and there arise, which swiftly glide before our vision, and as quickly fade away, when the allotted task of their silent mission has been performed. In this respect her works present a marked contrast to all the fiction of this day. The reflex influence on the mind of the reader, when it awakes to the fading delusion is, perhaps, extremely bad. But we may safely assert, that the weak and timid by nature are the only persons who experience these evil effects. That peculiar feature of the modern novel, which consists in the introduction of supernatural agencies, and in the violent disposition of events, is not only, to many writers, necessary, as mechanical device in the construction of a story, but also seems essential to the renewal of that excitement and interest which is so loudly demanded by morbid states of the mind. The words of Charlotte Brontë mock our credulity in no such way as this, but, like all fiction, they abound in those peculiarities, the necessity of which will never be realized by those whose only business it is to criticise. The employment of every conceivable agent, to assist and enliven the attention, may be, in itself, a vicious procedure, but it is singularly unjust to charge on all authors the voluntary and unreasonable use of these licenses, when the occasion for such use exists in society itself.

Charlotte Brontë, in the delineation of strong passion, stands preëminent among the novelists of this century. As in woman's nature the deepest passion exists, so by woman's hand alone can it be adequately portrayed. The emotions and feelings of the heart are by her depicted as flowing in a strong, resistless current, which sweeps away all the barriers interposed by the will, and bears all the impulses of the soul amid the deep tide of passion to their destined end. The spiritual part of woman's nature has rarely been realized even in the greatest efforts of master minds. The picture drawn by their hand pleases, and to a certain extent charms us, but in its artificial finish, in the studied and formal conception of character, there is found wanting the ennobling influence of commanding passion, and the mellow light which is shed from the pure divine qualities of the heart itself. The power to delineate passion, like the art of painting, is given in its highest excellence, to a few only, among the many who pretend to its possession. The harmony and agony of the soul are beyond the vision of all save the genuine sight of truest genius. Here the play of the passions, like the grand tones of music, is at one time wild and impetuous and then, delicate and subdued, they die away amid the joys of

their consummation. In all the great characters of Charlotte Brontë's novels the history of a mighty contest is revealed. The imperious nature of Shirley gives away under the influence of an unrelenting passion; the unfortunate Rochester and the friendless "Jane Eyre" are subject to the tyranny of the same power. These are not merely the wonderful creations of genius, but they are vivid and impressive in themselves, because they are built up in truth and are formed from actual experience. In convincing and moving others we must first be convinced and moved ourselves.

The attempt made in "Jane Eyre" to set at naught the "accepted canon" of novel writers, by making the heroine humble and unattractive, was an exhibition of the remarkable sincerity of Miss Brontë's whole life. Her love of the true, like her love of nature, was profound and genuine. The power of a novel does not consist in the perfection of its models or in the hideous character of its caricatures. The talent of Charlotte Brontë was not, in its nature, adapted to distinguish those peculiar traits which make character noble above conception, or mean beyond endurance. Her holy respect for truth presents a strange contrast to that desire for reform, which manifests itself in those soulless and shockingly unnatural characters which are so abundant in modern works of fiction. The tender and divinely pure emotions of a child's nature were to a certain extent also unknown to her. Would that it were possible for us and the teachers of mankind to see in the simplicity and unfaltering trait of unperverted natures the reflected light of heaven, which tells man his duty and his destiny as truly as the waves in their sad notes told little Paul Dombey of the eternity beyond! The strong passion of our poetry and fiction serves only to satiate the unhealthy desire for the marvelous, and does not rebuke the dark sinfulness of our daily life. More reforms in men and in society have been wrought through the instrumentality of those characters, to which the soul feels itself united by the bonds of a common nature, than by the host of caricatures which flatter and please the vanity of mankind. The novels of Charlotte Brontë, while they abound in the delineation of the stronger and all absorbing passions of the human heart, are free from this excessively unjust and false representation of character. They do not trifle with the great and significant life-questions which are ever rising up in the future. Did she wish to give us a true idea of religion and godliness, it would not be by a character of obsequiousness and hypocrisy, ever telling us what christianity is not rather than what it is, but the simple and good man of faith would be placed before us, in whose mouth is the

constant supplication for his enemies, the unceasing cry for mercy, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

The novels of Charlotte Brontë occupy a position in English literature from which they can never be displaced. As means of reform, their value is slight, but as the faithful representation of a sorrowing and afflicted heart, their power will ever be felt by those whose life is involved in darkness and gloom. It seems as though it were the province of poetry and fiction to renew and strengthen that bond of human feeling which unites all mankind. For through the ages those have risen up, who, like the appointed guardians of our better nature, have so struck anew this chord of man's sympathy that it vibrates in every living heart. Let us all receive in kindness the lessons thus taught in faith, lest in our perverseness we curse that which was sent as a blessing.

W. L. . . . .

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## Memorabilia Yalensia.

We have very little Memorabilia to record this month. Some will complain because we have not filled out seven or eight pages with descriptions of College customs and doings. We should have been glad to have done so, but facts are facts, and no-facts are no-facts. The past month has been a season of quiet in the College world, and we have only to record the Annual Regatta, a description of our Thanksgiving Jubilee and of the Sabre and Sword Presentations. As a kind of compensation, however, we have added to our Memorabilia a Letter from the Seat of War, that may perhaps be of interest to some of our readers.

### ANNUAL REVIEW AND REGATTA OF THE YALE NAVY.

The following statement of the facts of the races of both days have been furnished by the Commodore.

The 9th Annual Regatta of the Yale Navy took place on Saturday (25th.) An only partially successful attempt was made to have the regatta on the Wednesday previous. The Commodore's boat, with the Judges, was on the ground at the appointed time, and the shore in front of the Pavilion was lined with spectators. The first race was to have been between the shell boats, but the Judges, after awaiting their appearance for the space of an hour or more, observed certain stalwart men upon the shore among the spectators, undoubtedly the crews of the long expected shells. It was immediately surmised that the crews had been afraid to take out their boats, owing to the roughness of the water, and had therefore made for the Pavilion by the over-land route. Upon hailing them from the Commodore's boat, such was found to be the case, though they had not, it seems, thought it necessary to inform the Judges of the fact.

The barges now took their places for the race. 1st, Nixie, having the inside place; 2d, Cymothoe, (Varuna Club); 3d, Glyuna. It is sufficient to say of this

race, that it was closely contested by the Cymothoe and Glyuna, the Glyuna being ahead, until they fouled one another, within a hundred feet of the Commodore's boat, on the home stretch. The Glyuna was ruled out for taking such a course as to interfere with that of the Cymothoe several times; the Cymothoe fouling at a time when it might have been prevented, was also ruled out. The Nixie came in late, but reaching home before the Commodore's boat had left the ground, claimed and received the prize. Her time was incredible.

On Saturday, however, the race of greatest interest, that between the shell boats, took place, together with the general review and drill. The prizes, according to custom, were offered by the Senior Class in College. As the barge prize had been awarded on Wednesday, the prizes offered on this occasion were two, one of \$15,00, for shell boats, and one of \$5,00, as a drill prize—the winner of the shell race to be also possessor of the champion's flag. The Varuna being disabled by the loss of one of her crew, the boats entered were the Glyuna and Nixie, the Glyuna having the inside place. After the first start, the two boats came so close to one another as to be obliged to stop rowing, doubtless the fault of the Nixie. At the second start the Nixie led, but the Glyuna showed fine steady pulling, such as is seldom seen in the excitement of a start. They kept almost side by side, until after the first half mile, when the Nixie began to draw away from her competitor, and turned the buoy a length or two ahead. On the home stretch, the distance between the boats was steadily increased, the Nixie coming home in 19 minutes and 17 seconds, the Glyuna in 20 minutes, 25 seconds. The falling off of the Glyuna was unaccountable. Both the training of her crew, and the strong even stroke shown at the start, gave good promise. The fact that one of her crew sprained his arm, after pulling the first half mile, has perhaps something to do with it. The following are the names of the Nixie, now the champion crew of the navy:

GEO. S. CURRAN, *Stroke*,  
THOMAS B. HEWITT,  
L. O. PINNEO,

CHARLES M. GILMAN,  
M. M. MILLER,  
L. A. STIMSON.

The review took place before, and the special drill for the prize, after the race. For the review, five boats were drawn up in line, and went through the evolutions with comparative success. The orders were signaled from the Commodore's boat by colors, the coxswain of each crew having a printed list of the significations of the colors. If there was more spirit among the clubs in preparing for this drill, the 18 or 20 boats in the College boat house, might furnish a sight well worth seeing. The success this year, however, was more encouraging than formerly, owing to the accuracy of the coxswains in observing the signals.

The prize was contended for by only two boats, the Varuna and Glyuna. With their drilling we have no fault to find. The Glyuna showed great proficiency, but the drill of the Varuna was perfection. The manner in which the order to "stow" oars was executed, was most admirable. In every movement the six oars seemed to move by one impulse. In taking the prize, the Varuna has only sustained the reputation which she gained last year, at which time also she wholly surpassed every competitor.

We give the names of her crew:

A. V. CORTELYOU, *Coxswain*;

E. T. MATHER,  
E. POMEROY,  
H. BUMSTEAD,

E. MACOMBER,  
A. D. MILLER,  
M. H. WILLIAMS.

Considering the difficulties attendant upon this occasion—the distance of the boat-house from the racing grounds, causing the crews to be very tardy—the rare coincidence of good weather and good tide, the regatta may certainly be considered an unusually successful one. The crews were promptly on hand, the race fairly contested, and the weather and tide were all that could be asked. The distance rowed was 2 9-10ths miles.

### THANKSGIVING JUBILEE.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers a description of the most brilliant and interesting comic performance that Yale has witnessed for a long series of years. Certainly all the oldest inhabitants of our College community, all the resident graduates and tutor-ship expectant theologues, and all the life-members of Yale agree in declaring that the other Thanksgiving Jubilees of previous years are completely cast in the shade by this most successful jollification of Wednesday night. Indeed it is impossible to imagine how a greater or better quantity of fun, of unalloyed nonsense, could have been epitomised in one evening than was presented for our amusement on that occasion. In all similar performances we have attended here, there have always been more or less failures—more or less parts wretchedly acted. Either we have been surfeited with perpetual doses of nigger minstrelsy, or sickened by ridiculous sham prize fights, or tortured with barbarous attempts at music, or by some other great failure have had the joyousness of the occasion seriously marred. But on this occasion, both the white and the black, male and female, tragedian and comedian, orator and musician, actor and manager—all without exception carried out their respective parts with complete and remarkable success. There was nothing poor—there was nothing ordinary—it was a dish of cream, and that of the richest quality.

The programme was as follows :

1. Overture by the "Yale Tooters."
2. Opening Load.
3. Censor's Report.
4. Music.
5. Play—"Wanted a Widow."
6. Music.
7. Play—"The Fifty Sons-in-Law."
8. Music.
9. "Thanksgiving Oration," by an Unknown Orator.
10. Play—"The Dutchman's Ghost."
11. Music.
12. Shakspearean Recitation, by Miss Cushman and Mr. Booth.
13. Music.
14. Play—Limerick Boy.

Finis.

We will briefly speak of each exercise in order.

The "*Opening Load*" was decidedly original and well carried out, to the entire satisfaction of the audience in general, and, we think, of one of the actors in particular. The "*Censor's Report*" was a peculiarly felicitous combination of irony and humor—every allusion was a successful hit, and nearly every word concealed a joke—the whole forming a kind of mirror in which many had a fine opportunity to see themselves as others see them. The play entitled "*Wanted a Widow*," had a fine plot, and though not quite as humorous as some that succeeded it, was yet very warmly received. The "*Fifty Sons-in-Law*" was the most successful caricature



that we have seen in College, and reflects great credit on the genius or geniuses who first conceived it. It was a three or four edged sword, cutting in every direction. The "*Thanksgiving Oration, by an Unknown Orator*," was a brilliant medley of philosophy and nonsense most artistically combined, and delivered with a grace and variety of gesticulation that at once enchanted and convulsed the audience. The play of "*The Dutchman's Ghost*" was decidedly comical. The difficult character of Hans was finely acted. The "*Shakspearean Recitation*" was a very judicious variety, calculated to relieve the spectators exhausted by long and boisterous laughter. The acting of Lady Macbeth was really the most successful performance of the evening. The play of "*The Limerick Boy*" was very properly reserved for the last. Though neither the play itself nor the individual acting were equal to some, portions of previous farces, yet it was the most thoroughly ludicrous throughout the most uniformly sustained of any.

Of the music by "*The Yale Tooters*," we can not speak in too high terms. It appeared all the better in contrast with the extempore orchestras of previous years. We hail the accession of this new feature of College social life, and most heartily wish the Tooters God-speed.

The new arrangement of Tickets of admission is a decided improvement—a change necessitated by the limited capacity of the halls. We cannot conclude without expressing, in the name of the College world, our warmest thanks and congratulations to the Jubilee Committee, individually and collectively, and likewise to all the other actors and participants, for the very rare entertainment they afforded us.

#### SABRE PRESENTATION.

On Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 12.30 P. M., we had the pleasure of witnessing another Sabre Presentation on the green, in front of the Lyceum. These Presentations have come to be quite common with us, thus evincing at once our patriotism and our liberality. The honored recipient on this occasion was Mr. Erastus Blakeslee, of the Junior Class, who has recently received the appointment of second Lieutenant of the Connecticut Cavalry.

Mr. H. M. Whitney presented the sabre in an earnest speech. The reply of Mr. Blakeslee was very affecting, and we can not doubt that he will prove good his promise, and "strike all the harder" for the memories of Yale and '63, when he plunges into the bloody encounter. It is sometimes remarked that these Presentation scenes are almost too common with us now, but we must remember that to the individuals immediately interested, these testimonials of regard and sympathy are none the less valuable, none the less sacred.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that Mr. Blakeslee was promoted to the Adjutancy on the very day on which he received his sabre.

Mr. Atherton, of the same class, has recently received the appointment of Lieutenant in the Conn. 12th.

Sixty-three is doing nobly for the Union; cheerfully giving up her best and noblest to fight the battles of liberty.

#### SWORD PRESENTATION.

On Monday, Dec. 2d, Mr. M. M. Miller, of the Class of '64, was presented with a Regulation Sword by his Classmates. The Presentation Speech was made by Mr. M. H. Williams. The same evening Mr. Miller left for the West, where he is to be either Lieutenant or Captain of a company.

## LETTER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

*Arrival at McLellan's headquarters—McLellan's private life—Graphic description of the great General in his every-day life—Plan of the campaign—Visiting among the soldiers—Great rise of the Potomac—Skirmishing—"Yale Lit." among the soldiers—Capt. Wilkes and the next Presidency—News from the Yale boys in Camp.*

FORT LOOKOUT, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
YESTERDAY MORNING.

DEAR LIT,

I left Fortress Monroe before I came here, and arrived here in good health, subsequently to my departure from the Fortress.—In my last communication I hazarded the prediction, that the war would not close before the end of October at least; I am now more than ever inclined to think my prediction a true one. I have enjoyed myself marvellously, since my arrival, in conversing with the Cabinet, dining with the Foreign Ministers, inspecting fortifications, and so forth.

General McLellan has treated me with great respect since my coming; indeed, when he heard of my arrival, he summoned me at once to his headquarters, where he had dressed himself in a full suit of broadcloth, to receive me. What made it most remarkable was, that at the time of receiving the telegram announcing my coming, the rebels were attacking Washington in full force. But he left all and came to greet me. His conversation is made up principally of talking. In stature he is not as tall as some of a greater height, nor as short as those of more diminutive proportions. His eyes are in the front and top part of his head, and just above his nose, which is just below and between them. In talking, he opens only the lower jaw—never the upper, except on State occasions. There is something Napoleonic in his very breath—you are conscious, as you smell it, that it comes from the innermost recesses of the man. McLellan usually sleeps with his eyes closed, and rarely ever arises before he wakes up. He snores violently when he sleeps. In this respect he is like Alexander, Cromwell, Fremont, and Captain Wilkes. I sat up last night, just to hear him. It was really inspiring—there is something Napoleonic in those long, awe-inspiring sounds. But oftentimes he does not go to bed, but sleeps in his saddle, while inspecting the troops, thus saving time and bed-clothes. In diet he is remarkably abstemious, never eating anything before the food is brought on to the table, and always rigidly leaving off when he can swallow no more. In drinking, he is equally temperate—though I have been here a week, I have not seen him intoxicated more than three times. To me he expresses his mind very freely, because he says the "Lit" is the only paper he can trust. He likes your criticisms on the War—says he will be guided by them implicitly, as General Scott told him

he ought. He disclosed to me last night the whole plan of the campaign I would like to tell you, I ache to tell you, but the public safety forbids. Perhaps I may safely hint that the general idea is, to collect, and go on collecting a grand Army on the Potomac, and on the Mississippi, until the number shall be sufficient to join hands and form a circle all around the Southern Confederacy—then drive them in and force them to surrender, or starve them to death. The artillery will be planted on the summits of the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and will pour down shell upon the Secessioners below. He thinks they could thus be brought to terms in three centuries at least. Meanwhile, the Fleet will go into Winter quarters in Baffins Bay. By the way, another Fleet sailed yesterday, under *sealed orders*, to proceed directly Southward until further orders, and then to go immediately to some Southern port, by way of the East Indies.

I have visited among the soldiers a great deal—they are all happy, and enthusiastic—they are resolved, to a man, that the conquering party shall be victorious in the coming battle.—They are abundantly supplied with everything except food, clothing, reading, and shelter.

The Potomac rose yesterday a good deal—caused some alarm—a Cabinet meeting was called at once—after four hours consultation, it was decided that the rise in the river was owing to the increase of water from some source.—Military men generally agree with the decision, except McDowell, who thought it was because the river was in a hurry to get away from the scenes of bloody strife. Moreover, a large number of pontoon bridges are now being constructed, so that the federals may at once cross the river, and retreat to Canada, in case the rebels should see fit to make an attack.

There was a terrible skirmish here last week—about fifty thousand on each side. The rebels poured in shot and shell into our ranks for three or four days—we replied with derision and musketry.—It is estimated that the rebels must have lost rising one hundred thousand. No one killed on our side, except three sutlers, who were temporarily frightened to death.

By the way, I forgot to tell you the "*Lit*" is taken here, among all the camps. They don't like the other papers. "They are d—d Abolition and sensation papers." "Give us the '*Lit*,'" they all cry, when the news-boys come around—"give us the '*Lit*.'" You can't imagine what a rage there is for your paper. They sell at terrible rates. They cut up each number into a great many parts, and sell out or exchange these parts.—The Memorabilia part sells best of all, except the Editor's Table, Essays and Advertisements. One poor fellow, half-frozen to death, pawned off his overcoat and shirt for the third page of the cover, containing Kingsley's clothing advertisement. I suppose it warmed him just as well as to have the clothes—and in addition, his mind was improved.

That Mason and Slidell affair was one of them, wasn't it? President Lincoln said, he always expected they would be intercepted, if Capt Wilkes ever succeeded in bringing them to this country. They all say, here, that Capt. Wilkes is a second Napoleon. They say that great

blood runs in his veins—he is descended from the king of Paradise himself—the great Adam, who founded this terrestrial dynasty. He will, undoubtedly, be nominated for our next President, unless *England* insists on ousting out Victoria and making him king instead. If England does insist on that, we shall have to yield, for it would be contrary to international law for us to resist.

There are a great many Yale boys here, and are all in good health and spirits. They all say they like camp-life much better than College-life, because they are not obliged to attend Chemistry lectures, and are not compelled to waste Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. They all say they will return, unless they remain where they are. They are nearly all enlisted for three years, or for the war—especially the former.

I shall probably be the author of the next letter you receive from me.

Yours heroically,

MENDACIUS TRUTHTELLER.

Since receiving the above brilliant and interesting epistle, the following telegrams have arrived, from which each one can pick out the news to suit himself.

#### TELEGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE!

*Balloon Reconnoissance.*—Arlington Heights, 12, midnight, rainy, squally, sleet and mud, dark as pitch. A magnificent reconnoissance is this moment being made by Prof. Lowe, in his old balloon, *The Ascensionist*. He yells out that he can clearly see the entire rebel force stretched out, basking in the sun-beams, all the way from Manassas to New Orleans—about *nine millions of men*, with abundance of rum and tobacco. McClellan expresses himself well satisfied with the reconnoissance.

#### BATTLE IMPENDING.

4 A. M. Rumors of a Rebel Advance. Military men believe it. McClellan has ordered each man to take in his knapsack rations for "three years or the war;" and to stand with his gun aimed at Washington. The Artillery are being planted in the bed of the Potomac. The fate of humanity and your correspondent hangs on the issue.

4.15 A. M. Everything quiet along the lines. Rebels have fallen back to the Gulf of Mexico.

5 A. M. The same continued.

#### IMPORTANT RUMOR!!!

Just as we are going to press, information reaches us from a fearfully *reliable* source—too reliable for us to doubt it unless it is untrue—that Jeff. Davis has stated publicly in Washington, that the *Southern Confederacy* cannot succeed in this war—that England and France will unite within sixty minutes, and enforce and strengthen the blockade—acknowledge the independence of the *Northern States*—and that peace will probably result unless the war continues. We have no time for extended comments on this rumor. All we can now say is, that if the report is *not a true* one, then Victoria and her Cabinet must be ousted out of their positions and others procured who know their duty better.

## Editor's Table.

WE have now arrived at our *Editor's Table*, and we are rejoiced, for we trust that we have, at least, left criticism behind. Our first article and the *Memorabilia* will be severely dealt with. Every fault, every mistake, every omission, every commission will be noticed and criticised by some one of the four or five hundred readers of the Yale Lit. But we are inclined to think that very few ever read *Editor's Tables*, so there is no danger that many will take the pains to sneer at these lines we are now elaborating.

How is it? Are these *Tables* ever read by the College world? How many will ever know that this question is asked here? And how many after they have glanced at these questions will take the time to peruse the subject matter of the following pages?

The remark has sometimes been made, that in these *Tables* there is not enough substance, not enough strength, not enough solidity. It is said they are mere attempts at wit—filled with poor jokes—loosely put together—disjointed—nonsensical. But now if we should fill these pages with logic, close reasoning, sound argumentation, would any one ever be profited thereby? Probably, no one. But this time we shall attempt some method, shall venture upon a logical division and arrangement.

We shall divide our *Editor's Table* into FOUR HEADS, with APPLICATIONS. Each Head will be amplified in a careful, scientific, and scholarly manner.

Our *First Head* is the FRESHMAN CLASS.

What are they doing? They are busily engaged in *two* things. First, they are choosing their Class Motto. We understand they have not yet made a selection. Well, it is a very difficult thing to get a motto both original and appropriate that will suit the majority of a Class of a hundred. Let not the members of '65 be discouraged. Other Classes have experienced the same annoyance. We recollect that during the first term of our Freshman year we handed in twenty mottoes before the Class—even took the pains to write them out on the blackboard and explain the meaning and purport of each one. The Class were perfectly satisfied and rejected them all in a heap. We next went to our respected Greek Professor, gave him this idea in English, "*All Friends of Each*;" then we gave him a translation we had made of it in Greek, and asked him if it was correct? "Yes," he replied, "perhaps it may be about right, but I should rather think a Greek would look *wild* at your rendering." We looked wild for a moment, then requested him to express the same idea in a phrase of his own? He looked in the dictionary a moment, then forth from his brain, Minerva-like, there sprang this beautiful and euphonious motto—*Ἐκάστω σύμμαχοι πάντες*. Secondly, the Freshmen are preparing for the Term Examination. Very well, let them do so; they will never work so again in all their College course.

Our *Second Head* is the SOPHOMORE CLASS.

What are they doing? They are doing *two* things. First, they are *not burying Euclid*. We are glad that there is at least one hiatus in these celebrations. They have always been a disgrace to College, and the nineteenth century. We trust that the omission of it this year will be but the beginning of an eternal interregnum. Secondly, they are *studying Mathematics*.

"What blissful hours we once enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still!"

when we used to groan in body and spirit over those long tables of Logarithms—comparing wrong answers to problems—repeating parodies on the Formulae and breathing the exhilarating odors of the Mathematical room! But still we lived through and came out in our right mind. The Mathematical studies of Sophomore year discipline us in seven ways. 1st, They learn us how to divide labor—sorting out the problems to the different occupants of an entry. 2d, They learn us adroitness in skinning. 3d, They learn us to cultivate the graces of Patience and Hope. 4th, They learn us to hate all Mathematics. 5th, They learn us the art of asking assistance and also of receiving it—thus cultivating at once brass and benevolence. 6th, They learn us the art of rapid and desperate copying of illegible figures. 7th, They make us more social—especially before recitation time—just the hour when we are too much inclined to make monks of ourselves.

Our *Third Head* is the JUNIOR CLASS.

They are doing *two* things. First, they are continually asking if the next two terms will be as easy as this one? We here reply that the second term will be easier than the first, but that the third term will be as hard as the second is easy. They are to each other in inverse ratio. This dispensation is very wisely ordered, for we all know that July inclines us to study much more than January. Secondly, they are beginning to enter Society. For particulars we refer to the individuals themselves, who are just entering New Haven Society.

Our *Fourth and last Head* is the SENIOR CLASS.

They are doing *one* thing—they are studying *Chemistry*. The delights of this study are wisely reserved for the Senior year, when the mind is expanded and disciplined so as fully to enjoy it. It has a great many advantages over the other studies of the year. 1st, We have time and opportunity to be very thorough in it. Just think; we have a course of fifty lectures, and two recitations every week. 2d, The study itself is beautifully simple. The wayfaring man though a fool, may not err therein. There are no matters of doubt connected with it—the subject is an old one, and is now fully understood by scientific men. 3d, We have the privilege of taking notes in the lectures. This is indeed a great privilege. In other studies we are compelled to give our attention to the instructor—in this we have the opportunity of taking legible and valuable notes on the subject from the text book, while the teacher is lecturing, without having our minds distracted by anything he is saying. We thus are heaping up a great assortment of note-books that will be gold to us in future years. Of course these notes are all preserved—some are bound in gold. 4th, It is a study of intense interest to all. It is indeed very pleasing to observe the enthusiasm with which all the Class enter upon it. The recitations in the other departments are sometimes poor and sometimes good, but here they are always uniform. The clearness and brilliancy of the answers to the questioning is only excelled by the readiness of facility with which the *stoichiometrical* problems are performed at the board. Indeed, so great is the interest felt in it by the Class, that they have resolved, to a man, to take a review of the whole subject at the end of the term, and give a digest of their knowledge of the subject to the Professor—each man individually for himself. This action of the Class cannot fail to be very gratifying to him. This intense interest in Chemistry is also manifested by the bearing and conduct of the Class in the lectures. As a general rule, in oth-

er departments we usually sit perfectly quiet, and are apparently lifeless, but in the Chemical Lectures our enthusiasm knows no bounds, venting itself in original and peculiar ways—such as involuntary throwing up of cards in the air, extemporaneous manufacture of spit balls, pulling each other's hair in paroxysms of joy, and even showering down packs of cards on the Professor's head after the performance of some brilliant experiment.

The applause is unbounded—sometimes continuing at intervals during the entire lecture. The Professor has repeatedly expressed himself highly pleased with the enthusiasm thus displayed, and once went so far as to say that if it continued there would be no further need of his lecturing, for the recitations would be sufficient. Two or three, who were quite prominent in these displays of zeal and enthusiasm, he has honored with a private interview.

Some members of the lower classes may read and be fascinated by this description, and may thereby be influenced to hurry up and study Chemistry for themselves. To such we would say wait, wait. In due time ye shall have the opportunity, if ye faint not.

And now for our APPLICATIONS. We have *three*. 1. The Freshmen will be Sophomores in less than twelve months, if they succeed in getting through this term's examinations. 2. The Sophs will be Juniors next year if they pass Biennial, even though they take no prizes in Composition. 3. All will have the opportunity of studying Chemistry before graduating.

It is good skating this morning—we would very much prefer being on the ponds to writing here. No doubt our readers would also. A pleasant vacation to you all.

Our next number will be issued the first of February. There is never any January number.

#### EXCHANGES.

There are lying on our Table, The New Englander for July and October, Harvard Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Nassau Literary, Harper's Magazine and Weekly, and Williams Quarterly.

We have just received from a member of the Junior Class, a Number of "*The University Independent*," published at Ann Arbor, Mich. This is the first number issued,—it is to be followed every three months by one of like character. The article on "*Secret Societies*," is the most prominent of all. The author attacks them without mercy. In the midst of it he states that it is "impossible for him to go into the details." This is very unfortunate. He could perform no more valuable service for humanity than to detail the enormities and barbarities of these "nests of iniquity," if they are half as bad as he represents. We trust that in the next number he will find time to make his detail.

#### TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The rejected articles of this month will be promptly returned through the Post Office.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are very grateful to the College world for the liberal and hearty support they have given to the YALE LIT. for this year. We have succeeded far better than the "stringency of the times," gave us reason to expect or hope for. But still very many *subscriptions are yet unpaid*. We are compelled to *pay our bills from month to month*, and to do this we earnestly request all who have not paid, to do so at once, or before they leave town. This number has been purposely delayed so as to give ample time to all to procure their money for their term bills.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

No. IV.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '62.

George H. Beard,  
William Hampson,

Richard Skinner,  
John P. Taylor.

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Hugh Miller.

THE life of Hugh Miller is made deeply significant by his melancholy death. A mournful interest will ever attach itself, even to the great and engrossing truths to which it finally became a sacrifice. Invested, by nature, with the finest sensibilities, and a rare conception of the nobilities of creation, his genius was one in which the great problems involved in the silent and mysterious laws of the universe were ever seeking a solution. Experience was to him but the constant renewing of testimony to the vastness of the divine power, the secret design of whose work is hidden in an eternity of years. His life seems like a continuing worship of its magnificence. As such, it was not rendered vain and hollow by the world's applause, but earnest and pure to the end, it grew in faith, even as the waters of a mighty river broaden and deepen in the onward courses to the ocean. We cannot mingle with the kindly sympathy which we have for Hugh Miller, aught of the pity and disappointment felt by us for those minds which, though adorned by splendid talents, have left only faint traces behind them of their matchless powers. It is not on our compassion that he draws, but he enlists the deeper feelings, leading us into true communion with the fervent spirit of the man himself. His sad death may seem, indeed, to cast gloom over a previous life, yet it was as God's untiring and devoted workman in the field of science, that he developed a character full of charms for all thoughtful men. His was one of those complete lives, in the dignity of whose self-wrought triumphs, will always be found the germs of truest manhood.

The chief incidents of Hugh Miller's life are familiar, wherever his



name has become, to any extent, known. Born of Scottish parents, and reared amid the influence of intelligent and careful relatives, he early acquired those manners and prejudices which distinguish his after life. The loss of his father, during a sea-voyage, deeply impressed his mind, though he was then but a child of five years of age. The strange effect which this sad event wrought in his general demeanor, plainly evinced, that he was possessed of a nature sensitive to an extraordinary degree. The controlling influence of his imagination was, perhaps, the real cause of his quiet, pensive life, for it seemed to reanimate the recollections of his dead parent, in such forms as show that he had inherited all the traditionary qualities of the Scottish mind. We cannot too much admire these sincere, abiding and emotional impulses of his heart, which seemed so attuned, by a divine hand, as to add lustre to genius, and mellow the rougher traits of his character.

It was the intention of those to whose charge he was committed, that he should follow a professional life. Accordingly, he was placed under the instruction of a competent teacher, and proved himself a fair scholar in common branches. But, even these would have been studiously avoided, had not the hope of future enjoyment and benefit stimulated his somewhat tardy progress. The overruling desire to attain results, is as plainly seen in these boyish struggles to master the elementary parts of his education, as it was afterwards, when he became one of the dignitaries of the scientific world. His absolute incapacity, however, to submit to the irksomeness of learning the fundamental formulæ of the Latin language, defeated the projects, entertained by his friends, of making him a classical scholar. His intellect was of that elastic nature, that all attempts to impress on it the rudiments of the classics, rebounded with remarkable facility. To him it was painfully true, that Academical distinctions are not the badges of permanent ability. Abandoning all schemes for procuring an education, he was apprenticed as a stone-mason. His service here became the school of his experience, and disclosed to his mind those hidden mysteries of creation, which, years after, were to render his name famous in all lands. The future, which had in store so many honors, had never, even as a dream, passed before his mind; but all beyond the present was shrouded, as with the darkness of the night. The morning of his fame was yet far from breaking, and afforded no rays of hope to relieve the daily drudgery of his toiling life. The publication of a small volume of poems, made him, at this time, somewhat known to the literary world. Years after, finding leisure, in the new employment of a Bank accountant, to examine the great religious

questions, then agitating the public mind of Scotland, he became deeply interested in the church controversy, and took sides with those who were struggling to make the Church independent of State and foreign rule. His remonstrance, directed to Lord Brougham, against any such interference, straightway brought him into notice. He was soon called to the editorial chair of the "Witness" newspaper, the organ of the so-called non-intrusion party. It was here that he unfolded the accumulated knowledge of his vast researches, and continued to labor, until his melancholy and tragic death.

The life of Hugh Miller was one we may call, in every sense, complete. Complete in its unwavering devotion to great purposes, in its manful discharge of duty, and in the deep, active sense of responsibility, which everywhere animated the spirit of his labors. We may, oftentimes, see true genius obscured by sad defects, which render the passing manifestations of its power, a silent mockery of its unused and dormant talents. Men who, like the elder Coleridge, dream away a life-time in brightest visions, and then, at last, awake to find opportunity wasted, and the work which was to be left behind, a half-finished structure. The genius of Hugh Miller, without any such fitful brilliancy, shone steadily, until the clouds that gathered around his last days, were dispelled, by the act which closed his life. In the strength, energy, and endurance of his mind, he should be classed among the representative men of our age. In his character were combined the essence of its earnest religious faith, its spirit of devotion to labor, and its self-sacrificing zeal in the cause of science. Work was his victory, the crown of triumph of his life.

Hugh Miller, in his unalterable determination to defend the character of the Scottish kirk, and refute the charges made against its supporters, may appear to have been actuated only by the ardor of a religious enthusiast. But when we consider, that, in this age of reforms, he was among those who refused to imbibe its errors, and fought, steadily, against its intemperate spirit, we cannot fail to accord to him a character pervaded by the deepest sincerity of religious sentiment. The majesty of his calling was not marred by fanaticism, but all through his life there is present an unbroken harmony, arising from the serene influence of an abiding faith. It would seem indeed strange if the man, from whose genius are born such rich truths of science, was not, in his religion, most circumspect and devout. His Christianity was not founded on any godless philosophy of Fate, but it was the under current of his existence, in which all things else were absorbed. Intellect was not made su-

preme, nor were the laws of nature deified, instead of their Creator. The history of Hugh Miller betrays a grandeur of religious character, which disarms the boasts of the most credulous infidelity. Mr. Emerson confidently asserts, that "the religion which is to guide and fulfill the present and coming ages, whatever else it be, must be intellectual. The scientific mind must have a faith which is science." Hugh Miller, however, saw in "the Testimony of the Rocks," that which set Fate and Reason at naught, and proclaimed the supremacy of the Most High. In the last work of his life, he believed that "he had taken the torch of science from the hand of the infidel, and had shown the harmony between the works and Word of God." His religion was, indeed, the complement of his labors. It was not bigoted, for it rose above church schisms; it was not material and soulless, for its vitality was not drawn from the deductions of science. Sophistry was no more a part of his theology, than vanity was of his nature. His mind, in its tendencies, was, least of all, logical, and was, therefore, unbiassed by the errors of which logic is so prolific, when it sports with great truths. His labors did not aim at an alleged demonstration of the conclusions which his investigations finally revealed, but he struggled on, step by step, until, out of the work of his hands there rose a beautiful temple, consecrated to science, at the innermost shrine of which the lamp of his faith was set to burn forever.

The genial, quiet temperament, so conspicuous in Hugh Miller, leads us to infer, that his mind was of that persuasive cast, which is adapted to teach men, rather than to rule them. His province was to convince the reason, and not to wage a bitter, uncompromising warfare against conscience and belief. Doubtless he was a strong partizan, but party spirit never substituted a domineering, abusive tone, for the calm voice which rose above the cry of the multitude, and strove to restore their turbulent and angry passions to quiet. Wisdom must be clad in the garments of humility and faith, to assert its authority in this age of boisterous discussion. We live in times when positive opinions are as numerous as our countless errors. Mental prowess seems to consist in fearlessly combating all possible ideas, both imaginary and real, until, wearied with the din and noise of the mock contest, those who are wise willingly retire, to learn in secrecy and silence, from such as neither vanity or conceit have made foolish; while the majority, still fighting on, will always contend with empty air and shadowy forms, as if the world's progress depended on the perversity of individual judgment.

This age, at least by Americans, ought to be characterized as one

of words and visions. Ideas of great proportions suddenly shoot out and shine, for a time, with much brilliancy, and then speedily die away. This excessive precocity of opinion arises from the same weakness as the disposition for useless wrangling. Both are due to the spirit of self-sufficiency and vanity in man, to a desire for premature renown, and to the stubbornness of human reason. Even the great teachers of our times likewise offend in this same thing. Philosophy and religion are so sternly defined on the one hand, and so bitterly condemned on the other, that we sometimes, in our search for truth, seem to be grasping for a barren prize, a chilling gift. The altars which ought to warm the human heart by the pure devotion, of which they are symbols, burn with the cheerless flame of dissension and discord. It is because of the uncompromising character of our beliefs, and the stoical determination of our teachers to maintain them in all their precision, that mankind are now reaping the bitter fruit of their errors, which, Proteous-like, assume innumerable shapes and forms. Vicious principles will always grow and fatten on the mistakes of the wise. But even amid the confusion of our wanderings, heaven itself sometimes intervenes, and sends those among us, who, as once the waves of the sea were made quiet, bring peace and rest to our troublous times. They, without presuming to be reason's dictator, have, out of the depths of experience, learned that suffering finds its sweetest relief in sympathy, and error is soonest convinced by kindness and forbearance. Such were the moving impulses of Hugh Miller's nature. He, among the great disciples of science, will be singled out as the true friend of humanity. The repulsive features, which usually follow in the train of success, in no measure form a part of his character. Though the lawlessness of criticism supplies motives to every great man's actions, yet the charges of egotism, which it makes against Hugh Miller, will appear groundless, when we consider, that vanity and superficiality go hand in hand. His character was not the glitter of surface qualities, but there was in it the real metal, beaten into purity by the experience of years.

Hugh Miller was preëminently a man of refinement. The hardships of his early life had neither rendered his manners coarse, nor his tastes perverted. The conceit and oftentimes vulgarity, which celebrity and education bring with them, are usually unhappily mingled in the character of a man of genius. The politeness developed by learning, should recognize no distinction between the lord and the peasant. Hugh Miller's knowledge of human nature may have been slight, yet he never sought to convert the little that he had into a disrespect for

those below, or servility to those above himself. Refinement is the crowning quality of a generous nature, the chief beauty of a complete character. We may readily believe that poor Goldsmith, who never failed to inflict on fashion or etiquette a ridiculous caricature, and was forever committing some absurd blunder, was possessed of far more cultivation than Dr. Johnson, whose insolence and vanity often caused his society to be tolerated, rather than desired. The vices of some men make them great, and, indeed, glaring defects of character seem to be essential, to render the homage paid them the most devout; but the modesty always attending true genius, prescribes limits to indiscriminate praise. Sincerity and humility are so happily blended in Hugh Miller's nature, that all attempts to invest him with the transcendent qualities of a *hero* will prove abortive, however *worshipful* the disposition may be. He can never be elevated so far above our conception of what is human, as to be ranked among those magnates of our age, whom fashion or caprice bid us worship. It seems fitting, indeed, that the inconsiderate haste of mankind to pay homage to genius, should receive some check at the hands of those whose struggles and misfortunes lead us to cherish their memories, rather than blindly venerate their name. It is the trials of a life-time that chasten the soul. The truest heroism in the world never comes of a man's vices, but it is that which prevails over passion, and moderates excesses into the beauties of a noble character.

Hugh Miller's inherent refinement is seen no less in his writings than in his character. It is his rare judgment, combined with a taste naturally artistic, that compensates for the lack of that classic culture so strenuously avoided by him in his youth. It seems an unaccountable anomaly in modern literature, that there should flow from the pen of an uneducated laborer, thoughts of wisdom in such pleasant channels of language. All the great writers of the age, like Macauley, De Quincey, and Carlyle, have formed their styles from an intimate acquaintance with ancient literature. But the language of Hugh Miller, like the stream which gushes forth from some hidden fountain, is full of life and freshness, and, though often renewed, is ever flowing on, as the ceaseless current itself, in its quiet notes of music. The styles *acquired* by different authors, are frequently made matters of caprice or education. Lord Macauley, by the stateliness and ordered march of his rhetoric, at times wearies his readers, and his words become inane and spiritless. The same remark is true, to a certain extent, of all acquired styles. The writings of Carlyle are sometimes more intolerable than those of any other living author. And, by the very chaste-

ness of De Quincey's prose, his words insensibly glide away from us, leaving no trace of the thoughts they contain. But if authors whose styles are the fruit of their peculiar temperament, have failed to give them the polish of learning, they have rendered them forcible and entertaining, by imparting to them naturalness and simplicity. Irving, Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, and Hugh Miller, owe almost as much to the extreme elegance of their prose, as they do to the richness of the thought it expresses. The highly finished and pictorial character of Hugh Miller's writings is entirely harmonious with the nature of his genius. The poetry of his being was too deep and grand to be made common-place by the artificialness and poverty of a studied diction. His imagination was ever marshalling before his mind a host of ideal figures, the vanishing attendants of some noble conception, which, in some measure, were able to be retained in his poetical style. The most uninviting of nature's pictures, gained from his hand a coloring of true beauty, as the sunlight often relieves their natural deformities. In style is mirrored the varying phases and silent working of the mind itself. It is, like the adornings of a temple, perfect only in fitness. It becomes the "cathedral music" of philosophy, or is subdued into the touching tones of the soul's emotion.

Science has had no more devoted son than Hugh Miller. To it he consecrated his energies and rarest talents, and, finally, as a martyr to its cause, closed his labor of years. Amid the distress and pains of body, the soul broke its bonds, and over the completed work of his life, a prophetic voice, uttering its words of warning, the bitter cup of his suffering passed from him. Human actions rarely become so sublime as to make a man's errors seem the counterpart of his virtues. The weakness of genius is ever destined to be set off in exaggerated colors, by the brilliancy which surrounds it. But when Hugh Miller laid down his life, on the altar raised by his own hands, for truth's sake, it is not the struggle of passion that we see, it is not the tyranny of remorse, but the calm resignation of a Christian man, whose faith crowned his work. Hugh Miller will always be regarded as one who represented the spirit of modern civilization, as contrasted with the ancient. The cultivation of the arts is made the prevailing feature of the one, and the study of nature is made the groundwork of religion and science in the other. For the sensual and perishable divinities of the Pagans, have been substituted the works and attributes of an intelligent Creator. Hugh Miller lifted the veil which hung over the hidden mysteries of nature, and has gathered around him a large army of followers, whom the dogmatic opinions of former teach-

ers have repelled, from a renognition of the claims of science. The facts of creation were the central pillars of his work ; the bare details of science were its foundation. But, as if fashioned with skill of the Great Designer, there arose out of these a beautiful structure, in every part of which were echoed the notes of his praise. He knew that it was but the work of human hands, a feeble attempt to bring harmony out of discord. His words of triumph were not empty boastings, but they bore testimony to the deep devotion of his life, and seemed but to renew man's humble confession,

" We have but faith ; we cannot know ;  
For knowledge is of things we see ;  
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
A beam in darkness ; let it grow."

Hugh Miller died, by his own hand, in 1857. The last days of his life were disturbed by fearful visions and spectral illusions ; his mind was clouded with despair,—a deep gloom had forever settled over his future. The violent paroxysms of an overtasked brain drove him to the very verge of madness, and at last he hurried his spirit into eternity. As a member of society he was courteous, kindly disposed, and sincere ; as a student of nature and science, his mind was inquisitive, comprehensive, and candid ; as a man of letters, he has contributed to our literature works of inestimable value, worthy to be ranked, for the poetry and gracefulness of their prose, among the best of English classics.

W. L.

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### Alike.

I know a stream with sable tide,  
Whose moaning waters sadly run,  
And ere their race be well begun,  
Leap madly down a mountain's side.

I mark the cypress by the brink,  
The yew, dark guardian of woe ;  
'Neath which the troubled waters go,  
Ere o'er the fatal crag they sink.

I mark the mists that veil the sky,  
That hide the depths like wreathing snow,  
And the fierce thundering below,  
Where darkness and destruction lie.

I know of souls whose hearts like lyres,  
Life's morning breezes sadly sweep,  
O'er them a few low dirges creep,  
And life's soft music-swell expires.

I mark the spirit ever tost,  
On waves of sorrow, doubt or fear,  
And the despairing, mad career,  
When Angel Hope's fond dreams are lost.

I mark the cloud that veils the tomb,  
And like a silent spectre pale,  
Impenetrable, tells no tale  
Of aught that lies beyond the gloom.

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### Cassandra.

"Cedamus Phœbo, et moniti meliora sequamur."

ILIUM FUIT. Three thousand years ago she stood proud and strong. Proud of her name and her influence. Strong in her warriors and her counsellors. Conquering and ruling. Aiding and protecting. Yet she fell. The strong became the weak; the proud, the humble; the conqueror was conquered; the ruler ruled; the protector could not protect herself.

Through the palace wanders Cassandra, speaking words of warning, prophetic, yet disregarded; wringing her white hands as she tells of the misery of the future, of Ilium assailed and ruined, of Priam desolate, dishonored, dead; of godlike Hector dragged in dust; of Paris slain. In vain. Their blinded eyes see not. Their ears hear ravings, not truths. They mock when they should tremble. So she goes ever wandering up and down, agonized, a veil of blood ever before her, fearful prophecy ringing in her ears, warning with a tongue which men call false, but which gods know to be true. Struggling to



be believed, yet ever distrusted. Eager yet powerless. Entreating, supplicating, not for self, but for Troy, for Priam. Wrung with a terrible anguish. Speaking the divine, awful truth, and yet called false. Seeing father, brother, country overwhelmed in a fearful destruction. What words can express the depth of her anguish! Will not Troy be moved? A laugh of scorn and pity answers.

Years roll on and Virgil writes. *Ilium fuit*. We stand in the Present and look upon the Past. It is our privilege, our duty, to be inspired by her successes, to be warned by her failures. Troy fallen, Hector dishonored, Paris slain, all teach a great and vital lesson. It is this. Cassandra is a prophetess, her words are truth, and ye who are deaf to them are deaf to truth, truth inevitable, which will crush its opposers.

In a certain sense the world never changes. Men are essentially the same to-day as yesterday. So to-day we are the representatives of the old Trojans. Our age, our life has a Paris, an Æneas, a Hector, a Troy and a Cassandra. To Paris she is a weariness. To Paris brave and effeminate; flushed with ardor on the battle-field to-day, blushing with passion at Helen's feet to-morrow. She is ever coming and going before him, telling of Troy destroyed and the house of Priam fallen through his deed of shame. But he heeds not. Cassandra's words, earnest though they be, are lost in the soft whisperings of Helen. He grieves to see Cassandra weeping, but her tears are soon forgotten in the contemplation of Helen's smile. So he grows ever blinder and deafer. A dreamy voluptuousness is growing over him. Now and then he grasps the sword and goes forth to the battle. But the sword is ever growing heavier, his shield is a burden, his arm begins to lose its power.—“Have I not fought well and often?” he says; “let me rest now. I have already accomplished much in battle, surely I may rest to-day. War is hardening my heart, blunting my finer feelings. It is wrong to shut out love which softens to kindness and warms to sympathy. Venus is a divinity as well as Mars. I must worship both. I will love to-day, I will fight to-morrow. I will not be wanted. Hector will fight. His strong arm will protect the city. It matters little or nothing whether I fight or not.” So he reclines in the languor of voluptuousness which knows no to-morrow. The wailings of Cassandra seemed farther off. Not altogether hushed, they have become a confused, meaningless murmur, more like music than warning. Just as the wind in the tree-tops, to the dreamer whispers drowsy music, but to listening ears speaks storm and ruin.

Have we not seen among *us* some Paris thus lounging downward?

Have we not some of us experienced somewhat of this feeling? God forbid that we should know it all! Yet the lesson is easy, too easy. It is but to listen to sweeter voices than Cassandra's, to prefer wine to blood and love to labor, till at length our voluptuousness persuades us that we are nothing, and we say, "Why should I fight? I cannot protect or save the city." Forgetting that *one* arm may at least ward off *one* blow. This is what Cassandra is saying, but Paris cannot believe it. Yet the hours are approaching when Helen's face will appear in the eyes of Paris whiter and ghastlier even than that of Cassandra. When his ears shall be opened and instead of a lulling murmur, he will hear the roaring of the storm which will make of him a wreck. *Then* will he know, but too late, that Cassandra's voice is but the echo of Apollo's.

To Æneas she goes also, paler than before, warning and entreating with almost desperation, yet again unheard. She tells him that he, no less than Paris, is hastening to ruin, ruin grand it may be, but none the less ruin. He is great and glorious; in all that grand city second only to Hector. Yet he will not be spared. With all his greatness of purpose and action he is doomed to fall, to wander and to suffer. So Cassandra moans her fearful prophecy in his ears also, "Æneas hear me. Paris is blindly rushing to death. Save him and yourself." But he turns away scornfully. "Let the ravisher perish with accursed Helen. What have I to do with *his* sin? I will not suffer for it. Let judgment overtake him. I am not the guilty one." Yet poor Cassandra pleads, "He is thy *brother*." In vain. Blind Æneas wraps his cloak of selfishness about him and calls it piety. Shuts out Charity from his heart, calling her injustice. Poor fool! Forgetting that *he* is not the Judge, he spurns sympathy, refuses to give the hand which would lift a brother from the dust, and so Cassandra passes on. Afterward he seeks in vain that Charity which he refused, and is stung by that selfishness which he himself warmed into activity.

And we have among us Æneas who dispises Paris when he should pity him. Firm perhaps in his own principles of duty and religion, he sees Paris but to scorn him. He forms hasty judgments, condemning *all* because of *one* blot. He might by a word of kindness, by a look of sympathy, do much to save poor, weak, tempted Paris, but he will not. He makes himself a standard and says, "Do as I do, be as I am, and you will not be miserable. You have brought your misery on yourself, then save yourself. 'Weak?' say you, *I* know not weakness, *I* am strong. 'My brother?' No, no man of sin


is brother to *me*." Ah! too late, Æneas, you will learn that "man must not disclaim brotherhood even with the guiltiest." Though you scarcely believe now that "Charity covers a multitude of sins," you will before long discover that the want of it is a greater sin than any of those at which you are now horrified.

But the mission of Cassandra has not ended here. To Hector, whose strong arm is the defense of the city, to Hector, chief among the Trojans in action and in council, to Hector she is speaking. "Why speak to me," he says; "I am no idle ravisher, seduced from duty by a woman's smile. I do not lay aside the sword for the wine-cup. Have I not fought well and will I not fight again? You are mad, Cassandra. What have warnings to do with me?" So he too deceives himself. Success has made him self-confident, arrogant. He claims perfection; forgetting that he is but man, he glories in the name "god-like." Glorious as he is with his strong arm and his tender heart, with his filial love and his noble patriotism, he lacks the one element which would make him "godlike" indeed. Relying on himself and disregarding the advices of the god Apollo, he falls. It is a mournful picture, a sad warning. The ruin of so much excellence. The downfall of so much greatness. Is it not an impressive lesson? Even Hector fell.

"Lo! where the old man stands,  
Folding his palsied hands,  
And muttering with white lips his querulous prayer,  
Where is my noble son,  
My best, my bravest one,  
Troy's hope and Priam's, where is Hector, where?"

And among us too we have Hector, whom we love and reverence, under whose guidance we may march to the battle. Whose life would be grand forever, if he would but cast aside that too self-confident pride, and adopt instead, the last essential grace and excellence, Humility.

Lost Ilium is overthrown. And what have we to say for our Ilium? Has not Cassandra told us of wrongs, of injustice? Has she not said, "You are blindly stumbling downward to misery." Our experience has proved the truth of her old prophesies. Let us then hearken now, lest it be written of us also, Ilium fuit. Our destiny is in our own hands. To the State and to the individual, Cassandra speaks the words of truth. Let it not be said of us that thirty centuries have rolled away and taught us nothing, that we have not yet learned to discriminate between truth and falsehood.

R. K. W. 

### John Keats.

ROME has seen many illustrious men. Her emperors, patriots and sages, have built for her an undying fame, through all time, by deed and word. Not even the Goth and Vandal could tear down what had so firmly been reared, and Rome of our day is still, in name at least, the Imperial City. Here cluster the votaries of art, at the shrine of the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Medicis, and the Laocöon. The painter revels in the luxuriance of the Italian scenery, and the glow of the Italian sky, and from Europe and America come the learned, the wealthy, the refined, all on a pious pilgrimage to the last lingering traces of classic beauty and classic art.

But there are many beside these who come, seeking in the clear air and cool breezes, that health which other climes could no longer give. You may see their pale faces as you walk the streets, successors of those who, for years, have been brought hither on the same errand.

Near the close of the year 1819, a young Englishman, suffering from almost hopeless consumption, came with a friend to Rome. He took up his residence in the Piazza di Spagna, and was attended by Dr., afterwards Sir James, Clark. But it was found impossible to check the disease, and by the early part of 1820, the invalid was never from his room; rarely from his bed.

His friend watched him with more than a brother's tenderness, and his excellent physician was unremitting in his efforts. For a very short time these attentions seemed not without effect; but it was only the last flicker of the expiring flame which gave them hope. On the night of the 23d of February, the sick man lies dying. By his side sits the friend who has so faithfully watched him for three long months, and who now, with all hope gone, can do no more than wait for the last scene which shall close the tragedy. A book lies open upon his knee, unheeded now, by both, since he for whose pleasure it was taken up, has lost all power of attention. He is resting peacefully, for the first time in many days, breathing the perfume of a few favorite flowers, and the wearied one at his side falls into a troubled sleep.

It is a sad picture. That pale, intellectual face is strangely altered since the time of his health; strangely written over by the fingers of care, with hieroglyphics known to God alone. Yet it has now, in his stillness, the look of other days; the old Apollo cast of features, mar-

red, but not spoiled, by the slightly projecting underlip, and radiant with the glory of the golden hair. A noble ruin, truly !

It is a little before four in the morning, and the sick man awakes with a start, and a convulsive effort to gain his breath. In broken words, he tells his friend to raise him up, and to thank God it has come at last. Half-sitting, half-lying, "the phlegm seems to boil in his throat;" his head falls back on Severn's shoulder, and, almost before you can realize it, he has passed away. And then comes over the countenance that settled expression of perfect rest, so often seen and remarked in those who, through life, have borne much trouble.—John Keats is dead.

In those days Rome was fearful of plague—was superstitious. Hardly has the body been removed, when the police fumigate the room, scrape the walls, and drive the lonely watcher, weighed down by the burden of his grief, to seek for shelter elsewhere. All the record of the poet's death is the new-made grave in the Protestant cemetery, near to the pyramidal tomb of the old tribune, Caius Cestius, and guarded on every side by the violets and daisies, which have taken to their care, when dead, him who in life loved them so well.

Our duty, in this essay, is to look at John Keats as a man, as a poet, and at his works: to speak no unkind word of censure, or unduly to exalt what he has written, but to give you the plain story, and to tell you the honest opinion of unprejudiced men. By some he has been blamed too severely, by others praised too highly,—we would avoid both extremes.

Keats would have been a poet, but not the one he was, had he not found at school a venerable and battered Lempriere's Dictionary. It fired his mind with many a quaint old legend, many a wonderful story. Nymphs, Satyrs, Heroes, Gods and Goddesses, became to him no mere fiction, but real beings, endued with a power they had not had, save when Greece and Rome were young. Of course, this displayed itself in his school exercises—it could not fail—and his teachers, luckily for him, sensible men, fostered in him this love of the beautiful, until it grew into forming a very part of his nature. Nor was their kindness bestowed amiss. Whether through ambition or a wish to give them pleasure, Keats suddenly became possessed of a strong desire to obtain all the first prizes for literary merit. In this he fully succeeded, but it was at the expense of his ordinary recreation, the time for which he would spend in writing translations of Virgil, or Fénelon, or in reading equally congenial works. These were, however, but few. Spence's "Polymetis," Tooke's "Pantheon," and Lempriere,

introduced him into ancient mythology, while Marmontel's "Incas of Peru," "Robinson Crusoe," and Shakspeare, led him to the more modern haunts of fancy.

In this way he passed his school days, till the period when it was deemed best for him to commence the study of medicine, as apprentice to a surgeon. Most fortunately for him, as in this manner he became acquainted with Charles Cowden Clark, a long and faithful friend. Through him and his father, books were loaned to the young enthusiast, for so they all regarded him, that his favorite subjects might be made clear to his mind. Works he would scarcely else have seen, thus became familiar, and they said of him, that he devoured them all, and was ever craving more. Then came that love for the old poets, for Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Phineas Fletcher, Drayton, and the Milton of the "Lycidas," and "Arcades," which so filled his thought and showed in his writings. Shakspeare was growing on him daily, and rarely has there been so devoted a student of the great poet's beauties. But Spenser was his first love, and at this time his undoubted preference. A quaint simile, or elegant turn in the verse, would delight him beyond measure, and he was never so pleased as when he dug out some trophy, like "the sea-shouldering whale," to exhibit and glory over.

To sum up his character in a few words, he was a perfect creature of impulse and sensibility; no gem escaped his quick perception, and he fairly reveled in the new world, which opened like fairy land to his view.

At London, where he went to prosecute his studies, we find him even more fortunate in his friendships. He was introduced into the choicest literary circles, and passed much of his time with Leigh Hunt and his compeers. In fact, he has been accused, and with some truth, of imitating Hunt in his forms of expression, and yielding to him undue adoration. Be this as it may, it is certain, that the friendly sympathy of the author of "Rimini," was worth very much to the future author of "Hyperion," and made more of his merits than he himself, unaided, could have done.

Nor did he, in the midst of these literary enjoyments, neglect the more serious duties of study. His note-book bore the evidence of accurate and continued attention, and he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, with ease and honor.

And now comes the great mistake in his life. He had very little money, and no chance of making more, except by the practice of his profession. In this, his skill was beyond peradventure. His readiness

of hand and eye was universally noticed, and few had a better opportunity to begin a successful course. And yet, almost as soon as he graduated, he gave up his profession entirely, merely alleging as a reason, "that he feared he might do some harm." Would that all physicians were even half as susceptible!

He launched out on the broad ocean of life with no firmer support beneath him than the flimsy tissue of poetry. Now poetry is an excellent thing under certain restrictions; it combines beauties no other art possesses; it enchants by the charms of both music and painting, and he who denies the utility of poetry, denies the utility of words. But too much of it cloyes. Like the Israelites, we grumble because we have all manna, and no meat, and would sooner choose the coarsest fare, instead of its dainties. It is therefore, on the face of it, a very hazardous experiment, to say the least, to depend for a livelihood on what must inevitably satiate the public taste. You may search the records of poets' lives, if you will, but you will find the exception rare indeed to the rule, that the successful bard has always begun with money, or with a *trade or profession*. Those who have not, are those who, in spite of talents, have failed. There always will be times when the publishers refuse poetry a fair recompense, when magazines are niggardly, and when the author fails to get the value of his work. There is always need of prose, but there is often no use for poetry. How then shall he live, who, as yet unknown to fame, craves admission and pay together? Collins went around the streets of London, starving, because he could not sell to any publisher his "Ode on the Passions," and finally died, a confirmed lunatic, because no one would buy or appreciate its companions. Chatterton—whose example, well known as it was to Keats, might have taught him better—sought wealth and fame through his verses, and splendid instance of misguided talent as he is, was treated as a *forgery*, denounced, repulsed, and weary of the constant struggle, put an end to his own life. Goldsmith succeeded, though not by poetry alone; but while he rose, hundreds sank. Keats tried it, and died in extremest poverty.

His first volume, published shortly after his arrival in London, was an utter failure. No one spoke of it, no one criticised it, and it fell completely dead.

But in view of all this, Keats is firm in his purpose, and gives up all for poetry. He begins a life of sensations, sensibilities, and sensuousness—mark you, not *sensuality*. We have seen that he was a creature of his impulses and emotions—he gives up all now for these.

However, he entered on his new life with more manliness and reso-

luteness, than his character would imply. He read and studied the old authors; conversed with friends; took tours to visit scenery, and lived in picturesque spots. Then, after a number of contributions to Leigh Hunt's journal, he sent forth to the world "Endymion," his longest, most ambitious poem.

If his first book had failed to attract attention, this one brought the critics upon him with double fury. Blackwood's Magazine, in an article which Keats supposed, though erroneously, to be the work of Sir Walter Scott, dubbed the class of writing to which his poems belonged with the title of the "Cockney School," and ridiculed them unmercifully. About the same time, and before Jeffrey had even thought of that criticism which has so honored his name, Gifford published, in the Quarterly Review, his ever memorable article, distinguished no less by its superciliousness than by its keen malice, and unchecked brutality. In four pages he cites absurdities enough to damn to eternal disgrace any justly censured production, and, worst of all, he does it unfairly. He destroys connections which would explain, and contrasts which would palliate, and never even gives it credit for a single excellence. At the lapse of more than forty years, it almost makes one's blood boil to read it. And when we think of the shock it must have given the poet, we no longer wonder at the current rumor, of those words forming his death-warrant. But we trust Charles Brown and Monckton Milnes, when they tell us it was not so, and himself, when he corroborates the assertion.

On this score, then, let Mr. Gifford go free. Grievously did he jar the frail vessel, but his was not the hand to break it. Yet he suffered far more for his attempt than others would for the deed. Never was critic so scathed and scorched by the fires of any wrath as was he by Shelley's, in "Adonais." Unsparring as the Furies, each word follows him, driving him from hearthstone and altar, into the scorn of the world.

But the strong will of Keats rose, undaunted, over all. Like the tree of the Indian magician, sprang at once into leaf and flower and fruit, the purpose to which we owe that grand torso, "Hyperion," and the exquisite "Eve of St. Agnes." It gave a new zest to his life, acted on him as a perpetual goad, and resulted in that triumph which he died too soon to enjoy.

We have mentioned his first and second volumes; the third, "Lamia, Isabella, and Other Poems," was his last. From these, and his posthumous papers, we are to draw our conclusions respecting his merit as a poet. And as his writings readily divide into four classes,



we will let four pieces stand as representatives ; "La Belle Dame sans Merci," for his minor poems : for his sonnets, that on Chapman's Homer : for the odes, the one "To a Nightingale," and for his more ambitious works, "The Eve of St. Agnes."

The first shows the ready adaptation of his mind to an idea. Hunt tells us, in his "Indicator," that the suggestion came from the title of a poem attributed to Chaucer, (but which was merely his translation from the French of Alain Chartier,) and that Keats had never read more of it than the heading. It is in the very spirit of the old ballad—abrupt and musical, and shows how well his mind had taken in the special beauties of the early authors. The hand which penned "La Belle Dame," might well have performed the same office for "Sir Patrick Spens," or any one of the like stories of love or battle, had its master's fate been cast in those times. And it may be well to remark here, that our poet's love-songs, as such, are very inferior to his other poetry. They are vague, and ill-adapted to the use to which they are put, for, not till late in his life, did he see one whom he could love. And still, whether from reading or observation, the present ballad proves his ability to portray the effect on others.

To understand, again, the sonnet on Chapman's Homer, we must take several facts into consideration. Many, from reading "Endymion," or "Hyperion," conclude that the poet was also a scholar, deeply read in the mysteries of Greek and Roman lore, and profoundly sensible of all classic beauties. In the last they are quite right, but never more mistaken than in the first. Keats was no scholar. Greek was to him a sealed book—Homer, at least, certainly—and all his knowledge of the classic came from his Latin, and the few works we have already mentioned, as giving a tone to his reading. So that when his friend Clark invited him to spend an evening in company with him, reading the new translation, he felt how fitting it was that Keats should get his first impressions of the sounding lines of the blind Maeonides, from that version which so nearly resembled them. And so they sat deep into the night—Keats, every now and then, shouting aloud, as some grand passage struck his mind. Was it then strange, that he turned to his best medium of expression, and wrote this, his finest sonnet ? It was a great step to him ; a step into the sublime, as well as into the beautiful—a step up toward living fame.

That which strikes us most in the "Ode to a Nightingale," is the music of the lines. One especially :

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,"

is as tuneful as any in his works. And Ruth as she stands "in tears

amid the alien corn," is a picture, which he who once reads the ode, never forgets.

But the good wine of the feast is "The Eve of St. Agnes." It has been too often cited—too often criticised—too often read, for any new laurel to be added to it. Painted (for all Keats' poems are pictures,) in a softer shade, a more delicate tint—all of it serenely beautiful—what wonder that it is so associated with its author's name? While "Endymion," that cluster of unstrung, unset pearls shows his fine fancy and use of words; while "Hyperion" records some of the grandest of imaginative paintings, it remains for the "Eve of St. Agnes" to combine all his beauties and none of his more prominent defects. Jeffrey, Moir and the Reviews have quoted for you its special gems, and yet they are unanimous in the assertion that all and not part must be read.

As we see his peculiar excellencies then, they are these which follow.

A fancy of the finest and most delicate order was his, among ordinary fancies, like a humming-bird among flowers, with all the life and yet all the fitness of nature. It led him, it is true, into many faults, but they were the faults of lavish wealth, and not of poverty of ideas. Very often we can obtain a better conception of his beauties by solitary quotations, so rich are his sentences with suggested thought. Even if judgment and reason in some cases are no longer cared for, we can pardon much when we think how rapidly he was shaking off his errors, and how early in life he died.

He had, too, a singularly effective and appropriate use of words. Where he gained them from, not even his friends could tell. They were in many cases beyond his reading and could only have been caught as rare accidents in some passing stroll, and yet they were just as much his willing and happy servants as any of the others. He had an inborn idea of association and congruity, which instantly decided the place and fate of a word. We find everywhere the best word in the best place, and we can no more take it away than take stones out of the Pelasgian walls of Hellas, and expect them to show no loss.

Then in spite of all appearances we must also yield to him the gift of a musical taste. There is a ring of the pure metal in his lines ungranted to many an eager aspirant. And yet, strange to say, nothing in his writings shows him to have studied metre except by ear. He wrote as he felt, with a freedom which was checked by no rules. All was nature and all was natural, and we must judge his song as we would that of a bird.

On these grounds then, we claim for John Keats the name of poet. Grant him if you will, none of the halo which the veneration of the world casts about the brows of its revered bards—let him stand forth simply as a man, misguided and imperfect, and he is still a poet, an “inheritor of unfulfilled renown” even now.

It remains for us but to speak of one more point, which we would gladly omit, did this not do injustice to both the poet and his works, for on this ground he has been grievously maligned. It is that of Keats’ religious belief.

Shelley, in that lament which is fit to stand with “*Lycidas*” and “*In Memoriam*,” as the three Graces of elegiac poetry, uses this expression :

“ Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until doath tramples it to fragments.”—

It was so with himself—it was so likewise with Keats. All his light was from below, and all he knew of a future life was through his own feelings. He was not an infidel or an atheist, and yet far from being a believer. With him it was a careless indifference to the results of life, come when they might. For eternity he had never a thought, however transient. He died as he had lived, with no stain on his moral reputation and no blemish on his upright life.

It was no Blackwood’s Magazine, no Gifford, no poverty—nothing but disease and despair that killed Keats. The lady whom he loved with all the ardor of a first attachment, he felt was unattainable. He shrunk from asking her to share his humble condition in the world and so dragging her down into destitution, though he knew she would not have refused. He felt, as he lay on his sick-bed in Rome, that works which should yield him abundant fame were uncommenced, and that he was unable to do aught but to lie still and die. This was the bitterest of the dregs, bitter indeed when we reflect how young he was, how rapidly his mind had expanded, how wealth, fame, power and her he loved were all the guerdons of the future which his strong will was to make his own. Where is the man who, without christian principle, could shoulder it all and yet hope ?

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News comes across the broad water that Elizabeth Barrett Browning is dead—of *consumption*—in *Italy*. How different from Keats ! She with gathered laurels, ever freshly bestowed, wreathing her brows, passed calmly into a land where all was light, with her last words an expression of pleasure. Her grave bears the record of accomplished greatness, simply told, honestly earned.

He died gasping for breath, passing into a land of which he knew and cared but little—all darkness beyond the grave. His tomb retains the inscription proposed by himself, and graven by kindly hands:

“HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRITTEN IN WATER.”

Yes, written in the tears of his friends and of all who love the gentle craft of verse, is this sad memorial:

“And he is gathered to the kings of thought,  
Who waged contention with their time's decay,  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.”

S. W. D. *refers*

Wm. Howitt, in his “Homes of the Poets,” has called attention to the fact that the last stanza of “Adonais” was a perfect prophecy of Shelley's death. He was drowned in a storm on the Bay of Spezia, and when his body was washed ashore, Keats' last volume of poems were found in his pocket, opened at “Lamia.”

### Night and Morning.

I saw a trav'ler walking far,  
By light of one pale star.

And as he walked, he fearful said,  
“The shadows have not fled,

“Cold, cold and feeble is the ray,—  
When shall I see the day?”

A voice replied, “New courage take,  
The morn will surely break;

“The star will light thee to the dawn,  
If thou but journey on.”

He said, “Dark is the dewy night,  
Long wait I for the light,

“Long, too, and weary is the way,  
What if there be no day?”

“Hush, hush thy murmur, thou shalt rest,  
The star glides to the west.

“The night is long, but day will come,  
The day that brings thee home.”

Then walked he on, tho' chilled and sore,  
Nor doubting, murmured more.

At length, Night left her dusky throne;  
A golden glory shone.

It gleamed upon a cold, pale face,  
That wore a smile of peace.

The star had sunk, for day had come,  
The day that brought him home.

R. K. W. *edit*

'62

### Past Honors as Shaping National Character.

IN an illustrious history, a people possess a *heritage*, which is at the same time an *educator* of the public mind. The gathered honors, which centuries of progress in the arts of peace and war, in science, philosophy and religion, have won for the state, constitute a legacy that excites envy abroad, but at home fosters a reverent patriotism. A noble past is something more than mere material wealth, impotent in itself for good or evil. It is a living principle, an efficient organism, a profound teacher. It quickens the fancy, develops the intellect, and vitalizes the genius of a nation.

But an unsullied and brilliant history looks, for its truest outgrowth and expression, to National Character. It is here alone that we note those choice fruits of such a past which manifest themselves in the rarest type of popular life. At some of these we are now prepared, perhaps, to glance briefly.

To be natural and orderly alike, we must *first* notice the *reverence* implanted in a nation's character by the influence under consideration. The human mind, by its very nature, is necessitated to cherish what we may term an *instinctive* veneration for antiquity. Whatever is old and glorious has thus a double claim to reverent admiration. From this constitution of man's nature, new nations are generally derided and despised by surrounding powers. But legends and traditions strengthen and perpetuate this sentiment, wherever it has gained a foothold. So, too, the poetry or literature of a people a little more advanced in the path of civilization, recalls the popular mind

to the epoch when these arose, and thus arouses emotions that border on antiquarian awe. More than all else, however, official uprightness, amid the corruption and profligacy of a degenerate age, blends with countless other tokens of Divine approval, to impress veneration upon the national heart, toward a government signally favored by the Most High. The suffering, bravery, reforms, liberty, and conscientious principle, that have marked early national life, bow the heads of a whole people in homage to justice, and in sympathy with truth. In the contrast between their own situation and that of godless nationalities, appears a motive that deepens and spiritualizes this homage and sympathy. Nor is the reverence, inculcated by these lessons, vitiated by pride. This, in reasonable degree, precedes and underlies that *energy* which forms our second resultant in popular character.

A good history furnishes the most animating incentives to future vigor. It infuses the element of ambition into national life, and this potent principle now lends its aid. The hope of surpassing an ancestry of revered and heroic men, nerves to unflagging toil; the will to demolish forever the lingering evils which ancient superstition had implanted in a ruder age, defies obstacles and opposition, and the dread of disgracing high lineage by unworthy sloth, banishes, once for all, the promptings of inaction, and spurs on a united people to fresh triumphs of industry and art. The past, bright with glory, has proved labor to be its basis. To what else can we ascribe discoveries, inventions, commercial success, internal expansion and security? Past struggles have originated in the state what future struggles cannot fail to develop and intensify, to wit, manly, undaunted, efficient energy. Within and without, the public mind has been moulded by, and urged toward, tireless and principled energy in thought and in action.

This leads us to yet another feature in national character, encouraged by the glory of national history. We mean *general intelligence*. Grand retrospects in the life of a nationality, suppose a general acquaintance, and involve a tolerable sympathy with the ideas and principles then at stake. The most unlettered man can tell something about the great struggles that have checkered the fate of his native country. At all events, the facts and prominent features of such transactions are universally familiar. Then, too, the gradual progress of the popular mind, in the generations past, has grounded it in the plain and practical appreciation of private rights and public interests. History has brought with it, also, the schools, colleges, and libraries, to which it has given birth. Institutions of learning and treasures of

lore, have stimulated the scholars, and educated the masses of the land. The press, too, has not been idle in the diffusion of knowledge. Its olden triumphs have only inaugurated a reign of present and prospective prosperity. The common people prize such relics of the past, for they sow the seeds of sound sense, and familiarize the rudiments and meaning of a vernacular tongue. Then, again, how has the popular, no less than the educated mind, been enriched by the collective discoveries in science and philosophy, which the fruitful past has conspired with the inquisitive present to amass. Here, likewise, contempt for the bigotry and ignorance that have marred foreign, or it may be, at a remote epoch, domestic history, stamps itself indelibly on the national temper. It is by a noble past, also, that the glory of toleration in religion, and of liberty in thought, has been asserted and bequeathed to a people. Through the learning of ancient scholars, the intellectual robustness of the nation of to-day has built itself up. More than ever the philosophers of a by-gone age still mould the popular mind, nerve it to new activity by their abiding, though viewless, presence, and garner, in imperishable beauty, its rarest trophies of creative genius.

Yet another trait of the character thus developed, may be seen in national *unity*. Cemented by the energy and enlightenment of "then" as well as "now," it stands preëminently a cause of national success. It has been manifested by early struggles for legal rights, intensified by long allegiance to liberty, truth and justice, and perpetuated by its seen necessity to high development and happiness, till it now grounds itself in the very essence of national character. In national unity the past has shown that an effectual barrier is erected against discord and decay. This the popular heart fully believes. Admiration for a retrospect of national concord, combines with the living patriotism it always inspires, to incorporate unison more widely and more thoroughly into the mental and political life of a commonwealth. Itself the consummation of the finest traits that make up the character of any people, it seldom fails to awaken respect abroad, (as repeated instances attest,) while it is far from deadening that enthusiastic loyalty which a distinguished past must always infuse at home into the nation's soul. As memories of by-gone glory and suffering, common to all, deepen the feeling of unity, so, by the collective evidence of history, we find language itself, and the various social appliances which it has adorned of old, dignified and sweetened by fresh ties of sympathy and affection.

Then, too, a grand past fosters the spirit of unity among a people

by deepening the love of the soil where a common ancestry have lived and died, where their children have been born and educated, where the graves of dear friends and relatives now lie. Foreign wars have occurred in distant times. The remains of the fraternal linking of hands in such life-conflicts, around a common altar in the same great outburst of loyalty, yet linger to unite the national heart. So too political success, foreign entanglements and a homogenous race, growing stronger and truer day by day blend with a keen appreciation of the blessings of a government honored in the past and peacefully prosperous in the present, to ingrain national concord into the very stock of national character.

Unity like this harmonizes with reverence, education, and enterprise. If when, thus armed, it detects the germs of disloyalty threatening its purer power, it pauses indeed, but it is only to garner its might and indignantly to crush its foe.

We had intended, at the outset, to consider as the last and brightest product of a noble past—national progress. But our limits forbid what would otherwise have been a grateful task. Perhaps even in this hasty review of our theme, enough has been said to establish the utility and excellence of such influences on national character.

Besides the heroic enterprise, the high-souled reforms, the accomplished scholarship, the benignant christianity, which alike ennoble the past and crown the present of a people with imperishable honor, the thinking mind may trace more enduring and deep-seated manifestations of national greatness. The crowning charm of a grand history finds expression then in an earnest, thoughtful, reverent, sympathetic, progressive character.

J. P. T. *any love*

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### Ocean Twilight.

The winds breathe in from ocean, and from far,  
 Blue waves roll up and break along the land,  
 Through the dim night, one lonely, trembling star,  
 First of the evening, smiles, as if it planned  
 To cheer, alone, the dreary darkening strand.

White foam-crests with the distant shore-line blending,  
 Rising and falling, mourn in solemn tone ;  
 From cave and wave-worn rock with wail unending,  
 The winds bring back the dying billow's moan,  
 And ocean wakes a music all its own.



Far out upon the waste, where shadows blend,  
And lose their life in one wide deepening gloom,  
A queer vague life seems lingering, born to lend  
A strange charm, even where wild hopeless doom  
Too often shrouds one more lone ocean tomb.

Yes, mid the billows' wild unceasing roll,  
Imagination ever loves to play,  
And imageries are mirrored on the soul,  
Whose shadings with the hour must need decay,  
Whose memories can never pass away.

c.

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### College Honor.

HONOR is based on an innate sense of right. College Honor is the application of this sense to the peculiar habits of the Student; and he who runs a College career conformable to it, is dubbed a Student of Honor. Grander than knightly gifts and posts of glory, do we of to-day esteem this plain distinction; for it bespeaks that self-respect in the heart of every true man, which, disclosing itself in his thoughts, words and deeds, marks him, at once and forever, as a *man*. I wish to speak of this sentiment as it exists among us; and, although petty reflections must be made, I will try to sustain the dignity of my subject. I shall first mention some elements of College Honor: after which I shall notice some incentives to practice them.

What are the elements of College Honor? They can be easily enumerated: so let us seek for them among ourselves, and apply them to our little Student world, having every man stand forth, as in a faithful picture, in all his natural beauty and blemish.

I cite, as the first element of my subject, lofty aims and lofty means in reaching them, without which none can be a Student of Honor; for they are of the fundamental qualities of his character. Low aspirations blight the spirit: while elevated resolves set the heart right, and suggest ingenious action. Are we, in this respect, a glory or shame to ourselves and our student profession? Are we equal to the inspiration of our studies; and do we do justice to the influence of our good

books, from Plato to Tom Brown? It is generally the custom to assent to these and similar enquiries, and, at the same time, to embrace the opportunity to puff scholars and adorn them with sentiments very admirable but very unreal: handling their characters with gloved hands, and, like one-sided historians, painting them as we would have them, not as they are. Such tender treatment, however, violates the student's manhood, which presents faults and inconsistencies hardly apparent in any other pursuit, but for which it is his glory to atone by a peculiar vigor and nobility of head and heart of the most splendid kind. Rather in this spirit let us make the enquiry.

I say, then, that we are below the standard in this first element of College Honor, both in our aims and in our means of attaining them. Our own College will clearly illustrate this point; though, be it added, this is an evil, if we may judge from Mr. Bristed's work, by no means peculiar to American students. Here we are, a large body of young men, gathered from various sections, with intentions and circumstances as widely apart as our homes. Some of us come to College merely to oblige fond parents, with no aspirations beyond an easy course and a *sheepskin* after four years: gentlemen in deportment, lavish of time and money, we are excellent adjuncts to boat, ball and social clubs, but necessarily pass as ciphers in all that constitutes the earnest scholar, and links us in sympathy with the student heart of the nation. With no taste for study, and with such sordid intentions, is it strange we disregard our books, and evade the issue by all the College tricks we can play? And do we not, by this single act, sacrifice our honor as upright students, meeting confidence with deception, and sinking the average of College endeavor and truthfulness. Far better for our fellows and ourselves, had we never placed our names on College rolls, and tried in catalogues to pass for men.—But others of us come here with quite different purposes, which are, professedly, far higher, but which, in every honorable sense, must be acknowledged to be far lower. Either to sustain an undue reputation among doting friends, or, it may be, to indulge a purely selfish ambition, we are resolved, at all hazards, to stand well morally and scholarly in the College lists; to which end we scruple at nothing. We would preserve our characters for show, not for honor, and our scholarship for reputation, not for its intrinsic worth; and if nature cannot support us, cunning and imposition must aid. Strange it is that we of the thinking world can thus demean ourselves; and tarnish our honor here, where of all places it should be bright. Is fairness thus to knuckle to craft: the dignity of sound scholarship to be compromised;

high-minded rivals to be fought with unequal weapons? Well might Yale Banger exclaim, "Alas for our beloved orations! acquired by *skinning*, looking-on and ponies."—But we are not all of this class. We may come up here with aims vastly at variance with any yet mentioned, and become honorable men. Our purposes are high, and means equally so; for each individual is a truth-teller, and acknowledges, with content, the fruits of his own unaided scholarship honestly employed. Broad and thorough accomplishments are displayed with all the confidence of honest gain: while meagre culture loses half its disgrace by the accompanying frankness and sincerity. High thoughts are seated in a heart of courage, challenging cheerful admiration; and breast and brain act in sympathy, developing the highest type of the manly Student of Honor. Do not those of us of this last class deserve the distinction of furnishing the first element of College Honor.

Having thus applied one of our tests to the student microcosm, let us take up another, by no means less important. I am sorry we have to be so hard on our own profession; but candor seems to demand it; and furthermore, we all like being cynics at times, and trying our neighbors by our absolute standards. Let us now look into the matter of truth-telling, which surely is indispensable to our ideal. I have just been implying we do not always *act* the truth: do we, as a body, always *speak* it? In this respect do Collegians compare well with other professions, and with their beau ideal in their own? For my part, I believe no class of persons are, in general, so truthful as students: circumstances the same, and man against man, I would take a student's word before the world's. The jolly blade, with his drink and gluttony, rarely plumes himself on his falsehoods; and even the wildest of us detest prevarication like the plague. Books, sentiment, and manly intercourse, tend to raise us above this temptation of the vulgar: while a partial seclusion from the world, and a thoughtful life, tend to keep our moral sensibilities unimpaired. Such are the general notions of truth-speaking among students; but mark the strange inconsistency when we apply them to College concerns. It has been one of the chief traits of College reform, for the last century, to shift responsibility from the authorities upon the governed. The principles of honor and love, with which Napoleon swayed armies, and Nelson fleets, were appreciated; and College authorities, like all others, availed themselves of this lesson. The rigid guard of the old regime was greatly relaxed; and spies and proctors began to be only facts of history. It was necessary to find a substitute for them, to prevent the College world from falling into license and anarchy; which was done by eve-

rywhere awakening a sense of personal accountability. Every man became a watch of himself: each one was thrown upon his own honor—a quality of student character just then discovered—to obey College regulations and confess delinquencies. Arnold advanced this principle in the English schools, which, he said, he governed precisely like a great empire. Honor was the sun of his system, and every boy felt the awful dignity of a planet traversing about, and flinging back its light. This theory found congenial soil in America, the bounties of whose adoption we now share. Have we been fairly equal to the trust: cheerfully received and discharged the responsibility? Have these sentiments of honor and veracity been faithfully applied? Has even our honesty in other affairs been preserved in College matters, or have we screened sloth and pleasure with cheats and deceptions? Every one can respond in the light of his own deeds; but all must admit, that the honor we give in trade and on the play ground, flows less freely in teacher's halls, for reasons which it may be well to consider. Let us pause for a moment to examine them.—The first defense of this system, for such it is, is, that College authorities have no right to compel uniform observance of their rules, and that cheats and lies are the only safe method of evading them; which seems to be rather weak ground. College is a place of optional residence: you can remain in it, or not, as you choose; but, while you do, it demands obedience to its injunctions, and, if they seem oppressive, your redress is in withdrawal, not resistance.—Another ground of defense is, that deceptions—false excuses for instance—though known by the Faculty to be such, are still allowed as unavoidable: that students are expected thus to evade College law. It is difficult to say how far this is the case; but, if at all, it is a mutual understanding of hood-winking and lies, which is detestable. There are many College statutes, which are certainly dead letters, and as no distinction is made between them and others, the student, at matriculation, being obliged to pledge himself to all alike, there is a shadow of excuse for him who justifies his disregard of any particular rule, by the fact that all cannot be observed, by which fact he is virtually absolved from his promise, and excused from obeying any. A punctilious man would not creep out of such a little hole, but others do, and in large numbers; a fact generally known. While, then, we ask students to reform, we must, likewise, pray for reform in laws; for there will be no real show of honor on our side, unless wisely met upon the other. To our College Fathers we must appeal, to take from us this temptation. Other excuses there are; but these are the strongest upon which the practisers of

College fibbing defend themselves. Are they sufficient to account for the depraved state of College truthfulness; or does the evil spring directly from ourselves?

"O, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive!"

Having thus far considered our own motives and truthfulness, let us now notice what degree of charity we use in ascribing motives and veracity to others; which is the third element of College Honor. It may be said, this point can be quickly settled by the fact, that we are apt to measure others by our own standard, whatever it may be, allowing them the same virtue we claim for ourselves. This idea, however, is not fundamental; for there exists the opposing fact, that every man of honor *does* accredit high aims and purposes to others, and in a more bountiful measure than he, himself, possesses them.—No true man will shut his eyes to the bright side of another's character, to the ray of light in its darkest recesses: nay, he will seek it, charitably and earnestly, knowing that the worthy are often modest, and bury dazzling qualities of heart beneath a repulsive exterior. The soul, conscious in itself of its own proud rectitude, seeks not to parade its glory to the thoughtless crowd, but hugs it closer to itself, soothing and nourishing, so, when the times demand, it bursts forth, like smouldering flames, with pent-up and irresistible might. Thus character, partially observed, may displease, which, fully seen, commands our praise, as the Old Man of the Hills is emotionless in profile, while a front view exhibits a scene painted with the most gorgeous hues of nature. Charity! we of the College world need it, who meet many an honest man with doubt, and crush many an honest aim with scorn. A warm spot may yet exist in the heart of every man, still alive with truth and manliness, glowing with some recollections of home and childhood. How frequently we confess to ourselves our attachment for men, when fully known, whom, in our ignorance, we once despised. This single fact is argument enough for charity.

I have thus spoken of three elements of College Honor, in all of which most of us are wanting. Let us now examine the incentives to their cultivation.

An appreciation of the fact that we are students, ought, of itself, to spur us to honorable action. The great and good of all eras speak to us; we hold sweet commune with all that has ever been proudly virtuous: and all the nobility of genius and learning, by precept and example, exhort us to ingenuous lives. Thus a contradiction is involved in admitting students can be subject to low views; can run any

course but one of honor; for it is the province of culture and knowledge to nourish the growth of vigorous sentiments in the mind, and choke the progress of everything low and unmanly; and he who is unequal to this idea of his duty, has yet to learn the fundamental principles of scholarly success. A severe German conception states, that no man can be an orator who is not first a good man: much less can a person be at the same time a trickster and a student. The masses recognize the fact, always expecting the nobler qualities in scholars, and readily committing their interests, both in religion and government, to the hands of the studious; hence the shock a community experiences, when those of this class betray their confidence, and sink their own culture to miserable ends; human nature nowhere presenting a more hideous deformity, than where high intellectual attainments are joined with perfidy and dishonor. There seems to exist an idea, that head and heart ought to be developed together, which, with us, should occur. College life is a good time to be honorable and noble: one rarely has a better audience, whose opinion will follow him closer, and whose appreciation is greater. We are slow to acknowledge others are actuated by higher purposes than ourselves, but, when once we do, nothing can surpass our admiration.

How many of us shall quote to each other, in after years, the lines Curran once recited to an early friend, a beautiful tribute to early days:—

“ We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;  
But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,  
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine!”

But the greatest incentives to practice honor is, the mere satisfaction which attends well-doing; a sentiment as common as sunshine and nearly as useful. The pleasure of duty, honorably done, outstrips all others; nothing equaling a clear conscience and a frank face. It is amusing, however, to see how we sometimes smart under the returns our honor brings upon us—like cowardly martyrs, who recant at a shadow—and to mark our chagrin at the bitter fruits of honesty. We should not expect to be upright, and, at the same time, to share the fortune of the dissembler. He of the College world, who cheats his instructor, may escape, with feathers in his hat, uncaught and unsuspected; while he, who is of the order of honorable men, though less a culprit, it may be, by frankly confessing delinquencies, is made to suffer the penalty of the law. Such is the fact, and we must make up our mind to it; and the student, who owns up his faults with the hope

of leniency or pardon, is really as great a sham as the little boy in Jane Eyre, who preferred psalms to one ginger-snap, and was rewarded with two ginger-snaps for his goodness. I believe oughtright lying is better. Rather give us the man who squarely toes the mark of manliness, flinging no cloak of deception over his deeds, and braves the painful consequences; he is the martyr of the College world. Let us hope that the boy, who is somewhere growing up to rule us when men, is shaping his character by just such principles. That alone will make ambition virtue.

Our elements of College honor, then, are high aims and high means in reaching them; truthfulness and charity: our incentives to practice these elements are, a true idea of our duty as students; and the pleasure of honorable action. Do we not owe a recognition of these things to our education and ourselves? If we do owe it, are we not bound, as men, to engraft them into our daily lives? If the path is too narrow for honor and success, or even honor and friendship, should we hesitate which to drop?

As Yalensians, we are all sons of a common mother. A cherished mother she is, too, wrinkled with age and thought; dwelling in grim old walls, amid wide-reaching elms, that have long withstood wind and storm; looking out upon broad shady paths, where, for scores of years, her cares have passed. Great learning she boasts, and great heart withal; and proudly she smiles, when, from all corners of the world, praises go forth for *Alma Mater*. Now who, think you, reflects her teaching best: and who sheds greatest glory on her name? Evidently those who have developed head and heart alike: who, with intellectual vigor, have preserved charity, truth and purpose, in its use, never forgetting the incentives of Students of Honor.

S. B. E. *St.*

## Memorabilia Valensia.

The following election of officers was made by the two literary societies, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 11th, 1861.

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	<i>President.</i>	
D. H. CHAMBERLAIN,		S. B. EATON,
	<i>Vice-President.</i>	
J. P. TAYLOR,		R. MORSE,
	<i>Secretary.</i>	
T. A. EMERSON,		H. S. PRATT,
	<i>Vice-Secretary.</i>	
G. H. WYNKOOP,		T. K. BOLTWOOD,
<i>Orator.</i>		<i>Censor.</i>
J. A. WARD,		J. F. BROWN.

Linonia prize debate took place on Monday evening, Jan. 13th.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.—Prof. Noah Porter, Prof. Wm. A. Larned, Prof. Timothy Dwight.

QUESTION.—Have we reason to despair of the permanence of Republicanism in America?

The following prizes were awarded: 1st prize—D. H. Chamberlain; 2d prize—M. C. Day; 3d prize—J. H. Crosby and J. W. Alling.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 11th, the Senior Prize Debate of the Brothers in Unity took place.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.—Prof. Elias Loomis, Hon. Thomas B. Osborne, LL. D., Henry S. DeForest, M. A.

QUESTION.—Does Government derive all its just powers from the consent of the governed?

Award: 1st prize—S. B. Eaton; 2d prize—Frederic Adams; 3d prize—E. B. Coe.

The Bishop Prize Debate in the Sophomore Class took place in Linonia on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15th.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.—Prof. Hubert A. Newton, M. A., Rev Joseph Brewster, Rev. S. W. S. Dutton, D. D.

QUESTION.—Ought foreign immigration to be encouraged?

The prizes were awarded to the following persons: 1st prize—H. P. Boyden; 2d prize—S. C. Darling; 3d prize—Lewis Gregory.

The Brothers Sophomore Prize Debate took place on Thursday evening, Jan. 16th.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.—Hon. Henry Dutton, LL. D., Rev. E. L. Cleaveland, D. D., Prof. Wm. A. Norton, M. A.

QUESTION.—Ought the liberty of the press to be restricted in time of war?

The award was as follows; 1st prize—M. H. Williams; 2d prize—M. C. D. Borden; 3d prize—H. D. Paine.



## JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS FOR THE CLASS OF 1863.

*Philosophical Oration.*—Leander T. Chamberlain, West Brockfield, Mass.

*Latin Oration.*—Willabe Haskell, Bucksport, Me.

*Philosophical Oration.*—David B. Perry, Worcester, Mass.

*Greek Oration.*—Walter H. Smyth, Guilford, Conn.

## HIGH ORATIONS.

George W. Baird, Milford, Conn.

Jacob Berry, Clarence, N. Y.

George W. Biddle, Philadelphia, Penn.

Egbert B. Bingham, Scotland, Conn.

Henry F. Dimock, South Coventry, Conn.

George S. Hamlin, Sharon, Conn.

Wm. G. Sumner, Hartford, Conn.

## ORATIONS.

Horace Bumstead, Boston, Mass.

George H. Bundy, Boston, Mass.

Thomas A. Emerson, South Reading, Mass.

Cyrus W. Francis, Newington, Conn.

Thomas H. Fuller, Scotland, Conn.

Joseph H. Gaylord, Norfolk, Conn.

Edward B. Glasgow, Warminster, Pa.

Wilbur Ives, New Haven, Conn.

Erastus New, Philmont, N. Y.

Henry S. Pratt, Meriden, Conn.

George R. Tufts, New Braintree, Mass.

Moses H. Tuttle, Sheffield, Mass.

## DISSERTATIONS.

George W. Banks, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Frederick S. Barnard, Worcester, Mass.

John H. Butler, Groton, Mass.

Wm. B. Dunning, Peekskill, N. Y.

John M. Eldridge, Hampton, Conn.

Charles M. Gilman, Godfrey, Ill.

Thornton M. Hinkle, Cincinnati, O.

Wm. C. Read, Hampden, Me.

J. Fred. Kernochan, New York City.

Henry M. Whitney, Northampton, Mass.

Joel T. Wildman, Guilford, Conn.

Alexander H. Wright, Lebanon, Conn.

## FIRST DISPUTES.

Charles C. Blatchley, New Haven, Conn.

Joseph Naphthaly, San Francisco, Cal.

Charles S. Sheldon, Brockport, N. Y.

Lewis A. Stimpson, Patterson, N. J.

Samuel A. York, North Stonington, Conn.

## SECOND DISPUTES.

John B. Doolittle, Winsted, Conn.  
 Norton W. Easton, Hartford, Conn.  
 Julius Emmons, West Chester, Conn.  
 John L. Heck, Althea Grove, Pa.  
 Samuel Huntington, Hartford, Conn.  
 Edward L. Keyes, New York City.  
 Howard Kingsbury, New York City.  
 Dwight Marcy, Union, Conn.  
 John H. Peck, Norwich, Conn.  
 Samuel R. Throckmorton, San Francisco, Cal.  
 Edmund A. Ware, Norwich, Conn.  
 Thomas Young, Franklinville, N. Y.

## THIRD DISPUTES.

George W. Allen, Worcester, Mass.  
 Cornelius W. Bull, New Haven, Conn.  
 Henry E. Cooley, Newton, Mass.  
 Joseph P. Cook, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.  
 Albert S. Garland, Gloucester, Mass.  
 Thomas A. Kennett, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Henry W. Scott, Southbury, Conn.  
 Fred F. Thomas, Waverly, N. Y.  
 Julius Twiss, Meriden, Conn.  
 Wm. H. Whitin, Whitinsville, Mass.

## FIRST COLLOQUIES.

Daniel M. Brumagin, New Haven, Conn.  
 George L. Curran, Utica, N. Y.  
 Henry C. DeForest, Madison, Wis.  
 J. Edwards, Troy, N. Y.  
 John S. Fisk, Watertown, N. Y.  
 Aretemas W. Gates, New Haven, Conn.  
 Edwin Macomber, Oakham, Mass.  
 George W. Moore, New York City.  
 George W. Osborn, New Haven, Conn.  
 R. L. Williams, Chicatuck, Conn.

## SECOND COLLOQUIES.

John H. Bishop, Smithsburg, Md.  
 Edward M. Booth, New Britain, Conn.  
 George B. Curtiss, Southington, Conn.  
 Geo. C. S. Southworth, Springfield, Mass.  
 Chas. H. Wesson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Exhibition will be held on Tuesday, April 1st, 1862.

### Election of Class Orator and Class Poet for '62.

The members of Senior Class assembled, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 15th, for the purpose of choosing an Orator and Poet to represent them on Presentation Day. The usual preliminary confusion was somewhat heightened on this occasion by

an attempt, on the part of one young gentleman, to display his vocal powers in a song, in which he bore the principal part. The scene which followed beggars all description. Beside the damage done to the furniture, by this unfortunate performance, the members of the Class were forced to precipitately vacate the premises, and retire beyond hearing distance. At the conclusion of the melody, we re-assembled, and without further disturbance, proceeded to the business of the day. The election passed off quietly, and resulted in the choice of the following persons.

For Orator, D. H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Worcester, Mass.*

" Poet, HENRY HOLT, *Baltimore, Md.*

### Cochlaureati of the Class of 1863.

The system of electing members to this Society by a Class vote, so unhappily inaugurated a few years since, was adopted by the present Junior Class. We have always doubted the propriety of this method of filling the vacancies which occur from year to year in this body. The original plan had proved eminently successful, previous to the supposed reform, and ought never to have been sacrificed, merely for the sake of experimenting on a new basis. The Wooden Spoon Exhibition has grown to be one of the most important features of our College course, and it seems as though prudence would convince the most enthusiastic class-man that its success and permanence is endangered by connecting it in the least with College politics. The factious spirit which aims at society triumphs, is to be severely condemned, when carried so far as to destroy that Class harmony and enthusiasm, on which the life of all similar institutions depend. The evils, inseparable from the more democratic plan of electing by a class vote, plainly indicate that the very existence of the Wooden Spoon is greatly imperilled by the introduction of any side issues. The capacity and efficiency of the persons chosen by either system, to prepare and conduct the exhibition, may be fully acknowledged, yet, in both cases, we feel its significance and beauty is lost, unless it has the entire support of the Class. The troubles incident to division are to be studiously avoided. The remedy for them is contained in the system, by the change of which they first arose. The following gentlemen were chosen, Jan. 22d, as Cochlaureati for the Class of '63:

E. M. BOOTH,	H. W. FOWLER,	G. S. SHEFFIELD,
L. T. CHAMBERLAIN,	F. F. HARRAL,	G. C. S. SOUTHWORTH,
S. E. COOPER,	J. JOHNSTON,	J. H. WOODRUFF.

On Monday evening, Feb. 3d, the newly elected members were formally initiated into the Society of the Cochlaureati, and, in some measure, were enabled to share the secrets which have made their predecessors so happy and contented during their College course.

### Death of Professor Larned.

On Monday evening, the third inst., the College world was startled by the announcement of the death of Professor Wm. A. Larned. This sad event, which, without previous warning, so abruptly terminated his life, impressed, most deeply, all connected with College. During the walk, which it was his custom to take daily, he was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy, and was found insensible, by

persons who immediately conveyed him to his residence. In this unconscious condition he soon afterwards expired. Professor Larned graduated at Yale College in 1826. In the year 1829 he became a Tutor, and continued to discharge the duties of that position for three years. After devoting himself to theology for a short time, he accepted the Professorship of Sacred Literature and Rhetoric, in the Theological Seminary, Troy, N. Y. In 1839 he was elected Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric in Yale, in which capacity he has acted up to the present time. Professor Larned, at the time of his death, was 55 years of age. In his bearing toward those of us who were under his more immediate supervision, he was uniformly kind and courteous. In all his intercourse with students, there was manifested a degree of consideration and personal interest, which caused him to be regarded with the highest esteem. When thus the vigorous action and joyous current of our life here at College is interrupted, by an event of so mournful a nature, the chords of the deepest sympathy are touched in every heart, as though a near friend had been called away. A Sermon, commemorative of the Life and Services of Professor Larned, was preached by President Woolsey, at the Center Church, where the funeral exercises were held on the 6th inst.

The following gentlemen have been elected to conduct the Yale Literary Magazine during the following year:

E. B. BINGHAM, .....	<i>Scotland.</i>
J. H. BUTLER, .....	<i>Groton, Mass.</i>
S. A. W. DUFFIELD, .....	<i>Adrian, Mich.</i>
C. W. FRANCIS, .....	<i>Newington.</i>
J. F. KERNOCHAN, .....	<i>New York City.</i>

### Editors Table.

WITH the utmost consideration for our good old friend, whose name, like some prophet of evil, ever disturbs our leisure hours, we shall deal gently with our much honored Table, and allow him to close in ease his yearly life, though even now, in his rickety old age, he seems to be on his last legs. This much you must pardon in us, my friends, that, though the gossip and side talk, which the Table was wont to present, forms no part of the advice of its later days, it contains only a few wandering hints in this, its last, merry old dance with all College, in which we are personally are concerned. It would, perhaps, be more becoming in these times of wars and grievous troubles, for us to speak words of wisdom and good cheer unto the multitude, but when it seems so easy for every one to summarily settle the great questions of the day, we feel a disinclination to add the weight of the Table's opinion to the sound judgment of all College. So let us worry through our Editorial career in peace, and following our jolly old friend in its caperings, whithersoever it will, finally be content to be buried beneath its ruins.

The confusion and bustle which marks the close of a College term, is such as we might expect would follow from the movement of a grand army. The alacrity with which we desert this seat of learning, plainly indicates the intention of all to crowd as much enjoyment as possible into the shortest of vacations. The few stragglers remaining behind, show a degree of fortitude truly remarkable, in their self-imposed trials. We can readily imagine them fitting about the untenanted buildings, like mere shadows, without disturbing the quiet of College, any more than was their wont in its busiest season. The Rip Van Winkle habits developed by this quasi-monastic life, has a highly deteriorating effect on the mind. They give rise to those intellectual night-mares, which upset the equilibrium of true genius. The disordered mathematics of one of our Senior friends can only be accounted for by such a supposition. When we see a man, of apparently sane mind, unable, from such causes, to carry out his intentions of watching the old year out, but on waking, a week after, continues to grope around beneath the College clock, awaiting the advent of the new year, we must think, that recreations of a vacation passed at Yale, are rather deplorable in their effects. The holidays, so rich in enjoyment, are not to be thus slighted. The New England custom, which makes Thanksgiving chief in importance among the gala days of the year, we are glad to feel is not universal. Hard-cider and mince-pies may be substantial articles of diet, but as they are always the precursors of an after entertainment, in which one may take a ride with his own ghost, they ought to be superseded as essentials to honest enjoyment. Christmas, with its time-honored face, looking so benevolently upon us all, never asks more than it gives, although, oftentimes, the equation is about evenly balanced. New-Year's, however, is ever making constant demands on memory and pocket, to fulfill promises and pay debts. The gloomiest prospect, nevertheless, may be brightened, by such a time for making good resolutions. Never shall we realize the lesson so often taught by the annual return of these days, until the years growing on us, the accumulated burden of their many cycles, are forced before our eyes.

The unwonted activity of students, somewhat relieves the disheartening prospect of a winter of hard labor. The very serious character of Senior metaphysics is apt to laden the mind with an undue proportion of valuable thought, the very existence of which would be dangerous, unless we were enabled to season it with the jokes of Astronomical Lectures. The course of our life, in these times of study, is liable to be, like Chapel music, rather doleful. All attempts, on the part of the more intellectual portion of College students to break the monotony, prove unavailing, and even those who are disciples of muscular Christianity, are hard pressed to find an hour when the sun, weather and Faculty give them liberty. The skating fever, however, has been raging with fearful violence in this city. Now, we don't object to this kind of enjoyment, but when we consider the fearful hazard which is involved in the use of rocker skates, we cannot persuade ourselves that it is safe for the board to enter the ring. It is not timidity which prevents us from making the attempt; we could endure a dozen thumps, if necessary; but it is the ungenteel figure and unpleasant position, which are incident to a nascent fall, and the convulsive efforts which one makes to recover oneself. Then after all the hard labor of kicking and catching at every possible support, it is provoking to go down, and feel that at least a thousand people were laughing witnesses of the mistake. Dickens, somewhere says, that there is no sight really so ridiculous as that of a

man pursuing his rolling hat, which, blown away by a gentle wind, playfully runs on before him. Now the strategy required for its successful capture, and the apparent satisfaction manifested on replacing the truant tile, contrasts strangely with the chagrin and painful discomfiture which follows a forcible application of the laws of gravitation. Mr. Pickwick, even, usually so patronizing and self-possessed, felt himself disgraced, and lost his temper, when, in the presence of his friends, providence failing to stay him up, his cloth gaiters shot out from under him, and he came down with considerable vigor on the ice, where he had been gaining healthful excitement—from the very innocent amusement of sliding. Poor Pickwick represents human nature considerably diluted. That man must have a most equable disposition and considerable Quixotic philosophy, who submits with good grace to such a disaster. For ourselves, we hope that we may never again experience the sensation, and be led to use the extravagant language which we did, not long since, when, amid congratulations on our supposed skill as a skater, we were suddenly conscious that our zenith point was rapidly receding behind the chimney of an adjacent house, in confirmation of which a sharp concussion soon after informed us that it had entirely set.

The most important innovation in our College life, is a domestic one, (being, so far as we know, purely senioric,) and consists in disciplining the stomach so as to endure a light starvation during the greater part of the day. In other words, trial is being made by some members of '62, whose devotion to the science of gastronomy is widely known, of a system of boarding, which boasts of only two meals per diem, for which we are allowed to pay the same price as formerly. The advantages of this arrangement seem to be, the opportunity it gives us to settle great questions of the day, and the sufficient time afforded each one to express his opinions, and become befogged in the excessive display of wit, wisdom, and nonsense. We have never been a very warm supporter of that system of culture, believing it to be an established fact, that all reforms aiming at an improvement in the physical condition of man, have signally failed, because of their materiality. Had the innovation been intellectual in its character, like the proposition which contemplated the use of a wood stove in the hall of the Brothers in Unity, we should have hailed it as a new advance in our College civilization. This system of educating the stomach, under the benign influence of New Haven weather, has a most unsatisfactory result. Both may be very good as experiments, but as fixtures for a life-time, they would afford a most dismal prospect.

The climate of New Haven is one of the most pleasing features of our College life. We may say that it is, to a certain extent, unvarying. Who ever visits this vicinity may be sure of a characteristic welcome. Operas, concerts, and dramatic representations, have long since ceased to draw good houses, but the daily rain-storm is always sure to be in attendance. The cheer which such a state of things brings with it is truly refreshing.

New Haven climate is a most vexatious subject to students. The periodic storms of Saturday and Wednesday afternoons, sadly inconvenience the most sedentary of us. We think that it must be a great mistake to place this city outside the limit of perpetual storms. The theoretical barometric pressure of other places, amounts to nothing; we have here the undisputed fact, that rain is sure to fall six days in the week, and the sun is likely to shine once in the month. The pleasure derived from living in a climate, where the state of the weather may be determined with so much precision, is very great. It is especially adapted to dyspeptics and invalids.

We are happy to state, that the Bethoven Society has returned from the "Students' Excursion," taken last Summer, and will hereafter devote themselves to College music. The Faculty have decided, that the usual interludes of Sunday shall be lengthened by a semi-quaver, for a change, and have also thought it more proper for the interlude to be made the last thing, in hymns of three verses, since that number cannot be divided evenly.

The critical tone of the last remark makes the Table leap more wildly than ever; if we may believe his signs, we cannot go further without doing somebody an undeserved injustice. Lest we may mistaken, therefore, we will say, that the Chapel music is, usually, excellent; that the tendency of the organist to dwell on the expressive notes, is in good taste, and that the efforts of most of the choir to out-sing each other, merits our candid approval.

College life, in the main, still continues in its quiet course, rarely interrupted by anything more note-worthy than is common to ordinary lives. All of us examine the political horizon with interest, and with the eye of a seer, predicting results with the utmost confidence. The chances that anything will immediately come of our wisdom, is exceedingly dubious. Further than this, we are all jogging along, slowly, and will soon go the way of all the earth. The Seniors have been luxuriating amid the flighty rhetoric of Political Economy, but have descended safely, after a most tedious journey. The Lectures on Meteorology and Astronomy, continue to delight the scientific mind with the most astonishing facts, and will, without doubt, ultimately demonstrate the existence of natural hot-houses and the Philadelphia dew-point. It is earnestly to be hoped, that all information imparted to us on these subjects may be absolutely accurate, and, if possible, be substantiated by detailed observation. College life, after all, is the same for every one, with its unchanging routine of duty, its diplomatic relations between different classes, and its intense sociality within each. Whatever changes take place are the changes of years. That which distinguishes students of the present day is, a degree of manliness not possessed in former times. We do not mean a rank sentimentalism, which lives on poetry and the fantasies of a disordered imagination, but genuine nobility of character, set off by earnestness of purpose, and a deep sense of responsibility. On such a basis are built up the strong and constant friendships of a life-time. This is that healthful state of feeling which the character of Tom Brown illustrates. He fairly represents the spirit of a manly, vigorous, and unselfish student-life. Manliness, and a high sense of honor, must always droop amid the sickly and feverish excitement of imagined friendships.

Now, my friends, thanking you all for all the patience with which you have awaited the present issue of the Lit., and wishing, even in the mazes of an approaching editorial death, to hear your words of consolation, we are willing to close up the somewhat rambling talk, as the best means of keeping all in good humor, and ourselves free from criticism.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVII.

MARCH, 1862.

No. V.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '62.

George W. Beard,  
William Lampson,

Richard Skinner,  
John P. Taylor.

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Recent College Changes.

THE thoughtful student can hardly fail to have observed how thoroughly and continuously the past life of the University, has been moulded by change. Indeed, change may be said to have identified itself with the progress and prosperity of Yale. To this, in no small degree, must we look for the source of the scholarship, as well as the dignity which the College has attained. Thus our changes become august and symptomatic; and while they all are calculated to attract the student-mind, as essential features of Yalensian history, none, perhaps, possess a higher value, exert a wider influence, or claim a deeper interest than those of the last three decades. Our theme, then, broadly stated, is this; "the changes of the past generation at Yale, in social usages, and in academic administration."

A brief survey of the more prominent of these will suffice, we are confident, to establish their practical utility.

With this object in view, we may first notice the *physical* changes, which the last thirty years has effected among us. At the commencement of that period, boating was comparatively unknown. An occasional row in wretched skiffs, or sail across the harbor in leaky boats, which only a sunny sky, and the resolute fondness of a few for an invigorating pastime could ever bring about, was the utmost afforded by the resources of the city, and the utmost demanded by the general tastes of the College. The conception of a Navy, as it exists to-day, was, if ever favored by a moment's thought, passed by as absurd or impracticable. Yet, almost within ten years, upwards of twenty boats, in all varieties of barge and shell, have been obtained by the separate



clubs, and an officered navy, with its rules and races elaborately organized. Nor has such an instrument of physical training been neglected or ignored. Called into being by the felt necessities of our condition, it has subserved, to the largest extent, the purposes for which it originated; and the pale cheeks and sunken eyes of the generic Collegian, under its healthful sway, are rapidly becoming a historic myth. The boating system, and its advantages, sprang from the students themselves; but the next innovation takes a more dignified rise. It is by the Faculty, that the College Gymnasium is now voted and built. Good scholarship, and good health, are no longer incompatible, or antagonistic. The location, commodiousness, equipments, and adjuncts of the Gymnasium, render it, not a mere substitute for the city gymnasium of former years, but an essential and superadded good, superior even to boating in some respects, and giving health and vigor to the College community at large. Boating may be partial; gymnastics are always general. They are possible, at least, when the former is not. In this connection too, ball-playing, cricketing, and similar exercises of recent date, may be mentioned as indications of our progress in physical culture. Better recitation-rooms, with the Library Building and Alumni Hall, point to the same conclusion. Three decades have witnessed, in every aspect, marked physical advances at Yale. Within them, the facilities for exercise, the appliances of comfort, and the physical robustness and discipline of Yalensians, have alike improved.

These changes, however, are small, compared with those of an *academic nature*. Not many years ago, a student could absent himself for weeks at a time, from College duties, and without the formality of a written excuse, or the requirement of "making up," resume his seat, with no loss in grade. Farther than this, the term-examination, as then conducted, was formal and superficial, easily eluded, and in no degree affecting scholarly rank. Of course, a wide field for remissness was here afforded, and instances are not rare of undergraduates cultivating this to the utmost. How different was such a regime from the exacted excuse, always in writing; the subsequent recitation, at a fixed hour, of all omitted lessons, requisite to an undiminished stand on the Tutor's books; and at the end of each term, a searching and elaborate examination of every student, on passages selected, by lot, from the entire range of term study and acquisition. Such tests of scholarship, were a fit prelude to the Biennial Examinations that soon succeeded in our institutions. Ordeals like these, where a whole class at the close of Sophomore and Senior years are

marshaled into Alumni Hall, seated before small tables, with pen, ink, and paper, alone afforded them, besides the freshly-printed examination scheme, and overlooked by Tutors and Professors, who are on the alert to detect the slightest attempts at illegitimate success, require a familiarity with the studies of the two years therein embraced, and a rapidity of reproduction, and a facility and neatness of expression and execution, which are in the highest degree valuable to every student concerned. They constitute one of the most precious contributions to the Collegiate institutions of the century. Then, again, how have the aspect and character of Junior exhibitions and Commencements altered, during the last thirty years. At the opening of that period certainly, if not much later, there were very few speakers on either occasion, while humorous colloquies and dialogues took the place of the earnest and manly disquisitions of the graduate of to-day. In the system of appointments, only three Philosophicals were allowed, and what are now termed "High Orations," were then heterogeneously mingled with several lower grades, under the general head of orations. Add to this the usage of voting for the Valedictorian, on the part of the Senior Class, not, to be sure, as an ultimate appointment to that honor, but subject to the approval and ratification of the Faculty, and we have another prominent difference between the customs of that time and this. Quite recently, also, an innovation which denotes progress, and goes far to disprove all insinuations of our bigoted conservatism from friends or foes, has been triumphantly established among us, and bids fair to perpetuate itself among the future traditions and features of Yale. Evening prayers has been abolished, and what is better yet, and of deeper import, morning matins, which, three years since, to the distaste and discomfort, bodily and intellectual, of five hundred young men, rang out the sleepy student, from his slumbers at the hour of five A. M., have now been transferred to a reasonable time in the forenoon. The influence of this single change, on the health, no less than the culture of the College world, can hardly be overestimated. It has struck the death-blow to dyspepsia and weak eyes, and combines with similar alterations of an academic cast to nurture the industrious scholar in a manlier scholarship and culture.

A passing notice of the distinctively *literary* changes that have marked Yalensian life, may well attract us next. These are, for the most part, closely intertwined with the prize system. Flowing out of this, their benefits are indisputable and positive. Whether we consider prize declamations as stimulating naturalness and force in elocution,

prize compositions, as fostering simplicity and elegance of style, solidity and power of thought, or, yet again, prize debates, as impelling under especial advantages, in audience, judges, and competition, the highest fruits of student endeavor, and the purest development of student reasoning, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion so obvious to a Professor in our ranks. "Every day shows me more and more the improvement in College since I was a student myself."

Indeed, in the nature of things it could not have been otherwise. Such changes could not, in ordinary cases, fail of such progress. This is their normal unfolding, their legitimate result. Within less than three decades, the late lamented Professor Larned, if we mistake not, inaugurated the plan of revising and criticising, not simply the compositions of each Senior Class, but also the pieces written for Junior Exhibition and Commencement. Of how great advantage and value to the student this one excellence of his methodical instruction has proved, many classes of the present day might eloquently tell. We, at least, shall never forget its elevating and refining usefulness. Nor can we overlook here, the Class Oration and Poem, the Yale Literary Medal, the Townsend Premiums, and the DeForest Prize, which are at once student honors and literary educators of every graduating class. The influence of these comparatively recent growths, in correcting faults of taste and style, in generating manly earnestness, and depth of thought, and in expelling the tinsel of bombast by the bullion of ideas, has not been lost on the student-mind. It has prepared Yalensians, as a body, better than the graduates of any other College in America, to argue logically, declaim vigorously, and write significantly.

Again, the *Secret Societies* of Yale, although ante-dating the limits of the present article, demand attention, as an element of change. We think that to these, in no trifling degree, are due the fundamental literary ideas, which we learn to cherish and to advocate in our College course. Starting at the threshold of student life, they impress on the mind, at the outset of the four years curriculum, many of the essential sources of literary success. If they often induce display and superficiality, rather than acquirement and culture, they always enforce labor and thought as their imperative basis. In fact, the whole list of literary alterations (for all these are not simply additions) may be seen to have advanced the literary tone of the University. While, at the beginning of the present generation, none of these present usages were known, or known under different and inferior forms, to-day they all conspire to enhance the elegance, to deepen the thoroughness,

and to develop the power of our literary discipline. As in reading, so in writing, they are directing us to truer ideas, and a higher originality of taste.

Yet, even here, we have only reached the entrance to our subject. For it is, after all, the *social* changes at Yale, that preëminently command the attention of the Alumnus and the Undergraduate alike. These include the growth of certain College institutions and practices, as well as more viewless transformations in the entire spirit and undertone of Yalensian life. Such customs as "Pow-Wow, Biennial Jubilee," and "Wooden-Spoon," have come into being within less than thirty years. How strongly these alone have permeated and consolidated the social element among us, none but those who have carefully watched their influence are competent to judge. Through their institutional vitality, Yalensian fellowship has assumed palpable shape.

While they form the natural unfoldings of an inner social craving, they are also guarantees and props of its perpetuity and satisfaction. To this same result are tending, plainly, the Boarding and Boating Clubs, and the Societies of Junior year. Such changes, while significant in their censure of former social defects, encourage us to predict new social conquests in the brightening future.

A still better confirmation of the same fact manifests itself in the rapidity with which College music has latterly developed. The term itself has grown into our dialect almost within ten years. Now we sing our own songs under the grand old arches, which the elms have built before our weather-stained halls. College singing has intertwined itself into our very life at Yale, and College feeling has received a new impulse from its cherished power. Singing is as recognized a portion of our daily life as recitation. We have made it indispensable to our high social standard.

And now we turn, sadly, to that great social change, which every Class Day, from year to year, now has to witness. Nothing proclaims more unmistakeably than this occasion, the depth to which the transformation of College sympathy has penetrated. With many subordinate exercises, that excite merriment and promote the fellowship of the hour, there are yet a few peculiar to the day, which cause the sacred friendships of four years to culminate, and stamps the sad hour of parting, ineffaceably, upon the student heart. In this most touching event of Yalensian life, appears that wondrous pervasiveness of College memories and College fellowship, which, within a recent date, has impressed itself upon University life.

Changes which thus affect the material, academic, literary, and so-

cial interests of our College world, can hardly fail to command our admiration. By the contemplation of them, it will be seen what marvels a generation has sufficed to work. A more general regard to health, under higher physical advantages, a more systematic, scholarly ardor, and more thorough scholarly research, increased literary possibilities and literary attainments, and, last of all, a more genuine fellowship in our characteristic relations as students, constitute a brief enumeration of the benefits blended with the changes which have caused them.

In them we may discern broad opportunities, which, if improved with diligence, shall make Yale College to all of us, what she is to some,—“a home of learning and a nursery of manliness.” J. P. T. *ay*

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### Edgar I. Poe.

THERE seems to be in all readers a natural tendency to modify their estimate of an author's works, by their knowledge of his private life; and, in many instances, it amounts to a most unfortunate prejudice. In the case of Poe, this prejudice has assumed more unfavorable proportions than in any other, I believe, on record. Perhaps, in a measure, it legitimately arises from the manner in which the one seems to pervade the other. Woven into every tale, and tinging every poem, many of the habitudes of his life have come to be as much the theme of the critic, as his thought, his style, or versification. And, though he oftener suffers from it, in the hands of his calumniators, yet, it is well thus, in the hands of those who would approach his writings with a full appreciation of their beauties, with an ear tuned to the melody, and a heart open to the sad emotion of his verses. To these there must arise a sympathy with his misfortunes and errors, which cannot but soften the harshness, and, oftentimes, the just severity of criticism; a feeling, it seems to me, perfectly natural to any one who has not set up a structure of a cold and heartless morality, hedged around with an equally cold and heartless emotional feeling.

Mr. Longfellow, in his *Hyperion*, finds occasion, in behalf of a German author, very similar, in many respects, to Poe, to expend these words of kindness and charity: “I have not the heart to take him from the crowd of sinful, erring men, and judge him harshly.” But,

unlike Mr. Longfellow's author, Poe has found many with the heart and nerve, not only to single him out from this "crowd of sinful, erring men," not only to "judge him harshly," but, who seem to base the whole structure of their merits and reputation on the ruins of all that was good and noble, as well as bad and infamous in his. Why it is that Poe has thus been treated, his evil doings dragged out from their lurking places, and paraded in high colors before the world, while his better traits and many virtues have been passed by unnoticed, I am at a loss to conceive. Perhaps, some one will say, "because, when alive, he was so severe on his contemporaries, that his mode of treatment is but the payment of a just debt." It *may* be so; but I have known of other debts which *death* canceled. Yet, with all this unfairness, in the wanton recital of his errors, and cruel parading of his infirmities, in which his enemies seem so much to glory, I think I will find few who have studied and dwelt upon his merits, to dispute me in saying, he was the most wonderful genius in our literature—wonderful, within himself, in his high appreciation of the truly beautiful in art, but most wonderful of all, in a certain mystery of mind.

In the sphere of the critic, if we overlook a few personal strictures and revenges, and dwell only on his quick perception of fault, and ready appreciation of beauty, we must deem him to have been skillful, liberal, and just. While, with feelings of bitter prejudice, he pursued Mr. Longfellow, yet, whenever he approached anything beautiful even in his writings, he seemed to forget personal enmity in his worship at the shrine of beauty—upon *that* altar, Poe offered up the noblest emotions of his nature. To those whom, in looking over a list of his critical essays, that one entitled "Mr. Longfellow and other Plagiarists," may shock with what they may deem his presumption and reckless scandal, it may not be improper to give this advice: read the article critically, and with fairness, and you will find the title *too* true. He was one of those few critics who recognized something more in his art, too, than mere fault-finding. Still, he was never prolix in his praise; his theory being, a beauty which, to merit the appreciation of the reader, was dependent upon the discovery and development of the critic, was no beauty at all. He set up a high and correct standard, and to this he conformed with a praiseworthy earnestness, and this defended with a wonderful ability. In analysis, his power was remarkable. Admitting the analysis of his *Raven* to have been an after-thought, a subsequent attempt at effect, it but adds another to the accumulative evidences of his power in that direction. For, *cete-*

*ris paribus*, he who loses himself in a thought-labyrinth of his own weaving, is certainly inferior to him who findeth his way out. The former may be able to weave a beautiful web of thought, but to this power the latter adds the still higher of ability to describe the successive steps of the process.

As the novelist, he stamped this same wonderful capacity of his genius, and acuteness of analytical power, upon every tale. The very minutest-minutiæ are related at length; but, with such consummate skill, and such power of exciting description, that the reader, instead of growing weary, as is usual, finds in it a perfect fascination. But, above all others, the peculiar manner in which he treats the horrible and revolting, (for in this he seems to have had an unearthly delight,) is the remarkable characteristic of his fiction. He paints scenes the most shocking, depicts passions the most devilish, portrays deeds so horrible, that he is obliged to introduce an Orang-outang as the actor—all this he does, and yet, the reader, instead of being disgusted or outraged, as is usual with other authors who attempt this style of fiction, is led on and on by the gradual and graceful advance of the description, until, when he finally reaches the catastrophe, he is almost ready to cry out in the phrenzy excited in him, his blood grows cold with horror—but, it is a very pleasant phrenzy, a very fascinating horror; and he feels that he has been led on by a power which can only be described by the word *genius*. Not that this is the highest, nor even a very high accomplishment of genius, but it is a *peculiar* accomplishment, which nothing else but genius can effect. And, though Poe can by no means be called a successful caricaturist, as Dickens, nor an earnest, enthusiastic Reformer and Philanthropist, as Kingsley, nor a *great* Novelist, as Bulwer, yet we *must* have recourse to his works to find success in that peculiar but acknowledged kind of fiction, in which he developed all his plots, and conceived all his heroes; and in this he discovered the wonderful power of his genius and taste; in that, in what there is so great liability to degenerate into the disgusting and the outrageous, he produced a simple, fascinating, excitement; in that, in what all others have failed, he was wonderfully successful.

Poe wrote, comparatively speaking, but a small amount of poetry; yet it is in this department, perhaps, that he is most widely and most favorably known. If *popularity* be a fair test of merit, we must consider him to have been the greatest poet who has ever appeared in our Literature. I do not hesitate to assert, that of all American productions in meter, no other is so popularly and so favorably known as Poe's Raven. True, the poem is but a short one, but, I believe there

is *enough* in it to give the author a very high, if not the highest seat, among American Bards. The Elegy, too, is but short; yet, upon its merits, to a great extent, rests the enviable reputation of Thomas Gray. A marked excellence in this poem is the wonderful adaptation of rhythm to sentiment. Its music affects us like the chant of some mysterious anthem. Weird and melancholy, it is but a fit accompaniment to his still more melancholy thoughts and weirder fancies. Some have accused him of a lack of soul and emotion in his poems, rendered still more patent by his rigid mechanism. But, that there is a want of emotion, sad, deep, and earnest, in portions of his *Raven*, in the greater part of his *Annabel Lee*, in the whole of his *Lenore*, I confess I fail to discover. And, at least, as a palliation to any appearance of mechanism, we feel that it arises from his striving at perfection in harmony and sympathy of thought and sound. So nearly did he come to this perfection, that we are inclined to overlook, as far as possible, a defect that plainly has its origin in his attempts to reach it. If we measure his poetry by its effects, we give it high praise. I have somewhere or other read of an English lady, who, having a bust of Pallas on the mantle of her chamber, after reading *The Raven*, was so vividly impressed with its weird fancies, that she was obliged to have the bust removed, before she could again, with any peace of mind, occupy her room. And, surely, the melancholy sorrow of his *Annabel Lee*, and *Lenore*, lay a strong hold on our sympathies.

Thus we have Poe, in the three-fold character of critic, novelist and poet; attractive, skillful, successful in each. But we cannot leave him thus; for, as I said at the outset, it is almost impossible to separate his works and his life. In none of his writings, however, and many of them are, in a certain sense, auto-biographical, are to be found any of those coarser and darker qualities of nature, which every reviewer now-a-days seems to feel it his duty to parade, with a semblance of virtuous disgust, over page after page of his article, ignoring, or at least not mentioning the fact, that he possessed a single virtue. Indeed, there has grown up, within the last few years especially, a fashionable kind of abuse of Poe, against which I must protest for at least two reasons. First, it ignores his virtues; and, that he did possess virtues, and they, too, of a most courteous and affectionate kind, we have the testimony of Mrs. Osgood's brief memorial, in which she pays a tribute of admiring respect to him, as her departed friend. Prominent among the better qualities of his nature, we have her testimony to the respect, to the "tender reverence," with which he approached her sex; to his unselfish friendship for her; to



his filial devotion to his mother-in law; to his pure, self-sacrificing love to his wife. Grant that he was as bad a man, away from his family, as his worst calumniators would represent him, no one has yet been found vile enough to belie the virtue of his conduct in his domestic relations. In his home, to his invalid wife and her dependent mother, he was all that the warmest affection and kindest gentility could make husband and son. In speaking of powers and capacities not discoverable in literature, Mrs. Osgood says: "But it was in his conversation and his letters, far more than in his poetry and prose writings, that the genius of Poe was most gloriously revealed. His letters were divinely beautiful, and, for hours, I have listened to him, entranced by strains of such pure and almost celestial eloquence, as I have never read or heard elsewhere."—In speaking of his relations and intercourse with his fellow-men, alluding to his connection with him in the editorial department of the *Mirror*, Willis says: "Throughout all this considerable period, we had seen but one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious, and gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling, by his unvarying deportment and ability." Thus we have the testimony of these two worthy persons, to his virtues and merits, both in private and public relations—of persons who knew whereof they spoke.

Again, this indiscriminate abuse is unfair, because it assigns no reasons for his irregularities and moral defects. Although the self-indulgence of the poet, whether in the grosser form of sensuality, or in the less atrocious one of intemperance, is not to be excused and smiled away, because his passion is strong or his imagination vivid; yet, there *are* circumstances and temptations which fall in his way, by which his offences, in common with the rest of mankind, are, in a measure, palliated. Now it seems to me, that the training of Poe's childhood, the course of his education in that most critical part of his life, while he was passing from his boyhood to his manhood, his associations in his College discipline—*all* are circumstances of this description. He was of good ancestry; yet, we cannot but look with suspicion upon his immediate descent—his father an actor, his mother an actress. He, perhaps, suffered the penalty of the law: The sins of the parents shall be visited on their posterity. It is at least certain that, by their early death, he was deprived of that fond solicitude for his moral and religious culture, which the parent (be that parent good or bad) *alone* can feel. He was at once adopted into the family of Mr. Allan. It really seems that fate had so destined it, that misfortune should follow upon misfortune, in a series, lim-

ited only by his death. *For the time being*, of course, it was for his welfare; it gave him a home; it made him the recipient of kindnesses which he could not have expected at the hands of strangers; it supplied him with the means of educating and cultivating his mind; it secured him a position in the most intelligent and refined society; it did all these things and many more; yet, it must be regarded, in view of his subsequent life, the greatest of his calamities. Not that Mr. and Mrs. Allan were not kind and affectionate enough; not that they were not people of correct deportment of life; but, because they were *too* kind, and *too* affectionate; while they failed, most unfortunately failed, to exercise that control and government over him which should have curbed his follies and tempered his developing tastes, they failed in that which could have turned their kindness and affection to a good account.

Treated with all the indulgence of a pet, and conqueror in every foolish whim, he grew into boyhood, with a disposition unmanageable, because never taught to brook restraint. Thus reared, with no lessons of self-control, with no developed power of self-denial, he left the family circle, and entered the University of Virginia, where he was thrown into company, which even Mr. Griswold (who seems to have considered Poe's life a kind of bad debt, which he, as his literary executor, was obliged to settle at as great a discount as possible) characterizes as "extremely dissolute." While his intellectual powers were such as enabled him, with no apparent effort, to bear away the "very highest honors," he had not had that strength of purpose and moral character developed in him, which could have enabled him to resist his surrounding temptations. The result was, that, thoughtless and impulsive, he soon became as wild and dissolute as the wildest and most dissolute of his companions.

About this time his adopted mother died. Her death was a most painful blow to his sensitive nature. Her he had loved with a filial affection, for her he felt a lasting debt of gratitude, to her he owed much of the little good he had learned at his home-hearth-stone. We are told that he often spent day after day by her grave, and, that on one of these occasions he wrote a poem dedicated to her, in which occurs the following beautiful stanza:

Of all who owe thee most—whose gratitude  
Nearest resemblest worship—oh, remember  
The truest, the most fervently devoted,  
And think that these weak lines are written by him.—  
By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think  
His spirit is communing with an angel's."

His guardian again married. Poe was driven from his home, penniless, with nothing upon which to depend for a livelihood save his genius. To him who had been reared in luxury, who had feasted on the goods of fortune, this was a most cruel event. It is to be remembered, however, to the credit of him and his genius, that, while the immediate object of his *intense* literary labor was nothing more than the means with which to secure a livelihood, unlike most others who write for money, he at the same time earned a fame, which shall live as long as our literature. Among our authors, none did more than Poe to support the dignity and independence of American authorship, against the charges of English critics.

Prevented by the length of my article from tracing his life any further, suffice it to say, in conclusion, that the habits of dissipation he formed in early life, never loosened their hold upon him, but seemed to grow stronger and wilder as his years advanced, until he quitted his painful desk forever in 1847, being then but thirty-eight years old. His life, though short and active, was a most painful tragedy—the sole author of its violence, a reckless, *relentless* passion for drink. We have evidences of how he tried, how he struggled, how he agonized, to emerge into a better and nobler life; we discover, in his early death in a Hospital of Inebriates, his mournful, *utter* failure. He had faults, many and grievous. But, can we see nothing in the circumstances of his early life, which would soften our harsh estimate of them? can we not be sufficiently generous to the defenseless dead to let them rest at peace, at least as far as crimination goes? For the sake of our literature, he died an age too soon; for the sake of his own immortal happiness, I fear, an age too late. Over his career we linger with mingled feelings of reverence and sorrow—reverence for his genius, sorrow for his mournful lapses from the straight path of a true life. Rather be ours the mildness of pity, than the severity of judgment. Charity prompts us to believe, that, under kindlier circumstances, he would have lived a better life, and have died at a more seasonable age, and in a fitter place—that he would have had more faith in men, and they more *love* for him.

J. A. D. *with*  
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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

“The Prettiest Girl I ever Saw,”

BY HER UNKNOWN ADORER.

I've seen pretty things in my day,—  
 Coal-black horses and trotters bay;  
 The first faint tinge on my pipe of spray;  
 The taper waist of a country fay;  
 And eyes—now demure—now never so gay,  
 Flashing about in a dangerous way;—  
 Lips where kisses and dimples play;  
 Shoulders that steal your heart away;  
 Jetty hair, nose retroussé,  
 Beautiful figures in suits of gray;  
 Children frolicking out in the hay,  
 Sunny days in the month of May,  
 Brooks that laugh as they flirt away,  
 Fireside-scenes—where our hearts still stray—  
 Lit as they are by memory's ray;  
 Warriors armed for deadly fray,—  
 And a thousand others;—but I must say  
 The prettiest thing of this many a day  
 Is the foot of that little quail over the way.

Not that it's light, though the trembling fly  
 But kisses the touch that has made it sigh,  
 And the roses, kneeling as she goes by,  
 Rise from her step in honor to vie;—  
 Not that it's little,—though fives wont do,  
 And the sellers despair of fitting a shoe;—  
 Not that it's high in the instep too,  
 Though water would flow, without wetting through.  
 It's not in the gaiter, or stocking of snow,  
 That makes one's heart like a hammer go;  
 Nor the dainty ankle and well-turned limb  
 —Nuns that seek cloister—yet loving a *hymn*;—  
 —No, none of these, nor the beautiful girl  
 Who graces the street like the child of an earl.  
 I can't tell what;—but it must be all,  
 —Face and figure, waist and curl,  
 Snowy neck, and arm and glove,  
 Stocking and gaiter and ankle—the love!  
 Limb's ne'er so molded, foot so petite,  
 Firm, yet elastic, high and fleet;—

—These and more make the reasons why  
That darling foot just fills my eye.

I dare not skate, for that glowing face,  
Balmoral, skirt, and form of grace,  
Crisp-cutting skate and foot so free,  
Would soon prove the end of me.  
I couldn't survive seeing strangers put  
A skate with rude hands on that delicate foot,  
Which I would give worlds to kneel down near  
And tenderly bind with the cumbrous gear.  
I dare not walk, for—where'er it be—  
Those feet peep back 'neath the skirt at me,—  
Those tiny heels seem to fly for joy  
Of the precious burden they proudly convoy.  
Yet when I'm at home, my heart will fail,  
As I think of the foot of that pretty quail.  
Ah! foot entrancing! here below, or I'm wrong,  
Man wants you *little*, nor wants you *long*!  
You are tripping past, now far behind,  
Away from my sight yet near to my mind,  
Good-bye, little foot, I plainly see  
You'd captivate *any one else* but me.

K. F. J.

*Ki...*

### Othello.

It is the prominent characteristic of Shakspeare, that he shows no preference to any particular phase of character; but ranges without reserve over the whole field of human nature. Hence it is that we see him, at one time, soaring to the heights of virtue; at another, descending to the depths of vice. While others have boasted that they have benefited the race by the production of a perfect man, Shakspeare thought it no less his duty to exhibit moral depravity than human perfection. He knew full well that the strength of virtue and the weakness of vice, could only be seen, when man could view them side by side. Such was his object, when, in those golden days of the "Maiden Queen," he bequeathed to mankind his Othello.

Othello received from nature a wonderful aptitude for the field, and inherited all the characteristics of the upright warrior. War, and not

the pleasant scenes of civil life, had been his school. If man he had slain, it had been in open fight; and this is honorable. Manhood found him a warrior, skilled in the ways of war; but a child, untutored in the wiles and deceit of the busy world. In him at once we find the bravery of the chieftain, which decides the contest face to face, and that magnanimity, which noble souls alone possess. Little did this honest warrior think, that in this world villainy and deceit assume such inviting forms. In war, man was his enemy; but all that he desired in peace, was to make him his confidential friend. And this he did, only to work his own destruction. As manhood found him unskilled in the ways of men, so it found him a stranger to woman; except as he had been taught in song, or heard in romantic tale. With this partial and imperfect education, he saw, loved, and married Desdemona—as he thought, and as she really proved to be, his ideal of innocence, chastity, and perfection. Desdemona, in one respect, is the very counterpart of the Moor. I refer to her ideal of man. Othello was even more to her than she to the Moor, although possessed of the rarest order of transient beauty; flattery she scorns, and is insensible to her beauty in devotion to her lord. But a rarer beauty still was her's!—not that defined by graceful proportions, and features of delicate cast, but that beauty which, with the years, acquires more charms—a disposition of sterling worth; and this she retained from marriage till death. For Othello she lived; for him she died.

It is difficult to decide which displays the greater nobility of character. If we are to admire Othello, for not being “easily jealous,” how much more praise is due to her who, in the humble capacity of the loving wife, never for a moment suspected the existence of a doubt in the mind of her Othello! Artless in the extreme, and wholly unsuspecting, she is slow to discover the doubt and unfounded suspicion of her husband. When the demon suspicion is at work, and has taken away Othello's peace of mind, this good and faithful woman attributes the cause to State affairs, and in vain attempts to soothe him with the cheerfulness and affection of the wife.

Some honest inquirer may ask, how came it that two so different in years, tastes, and habits, were united in marriage? Othello was the swarthy son of the desert; Desdemona was as fair as alabaster. He, advanced in years, had all the wisdom and dignity of old age; she, an undeveloped maiden, had all the faults and imperfections of childhood. But Shakspeare dealt with principles, founded on the universal basis of human nature, and not with the unfounded prejudice of a fleeting age. He looked across the centuries, and saw man's nature, ever

the same. He knew that generations might come and go, but what human nature once was, it would be again. He saw the green ivy of a season's growth cling all the more firmly to the sturdy oak, whose arms contained the pith of centuries, and inferred that man and wife were united by a principle independent of age or taste. Happily, the union of Desdemona and the Moor is no vain fabrication of the poet's brain. It is not the speculation of the past, but the reality of the present and the future. This theory goes not back into the years to find its advocates, but beholds them to-day, crowding the high places of the nations. Well has the present Poet Laureate expressed it in his "Princess:"

"Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this  
*Not like to like, but like in difference.*"

Although Shakspeare would have done himself justice by either a Desdemona or an Othello, he has made Iago his crowning success. To say that he is a villain, would be doing injustice to the great dramatist, and to Iago himself. He was more than this. Not simply the villain that every community produces, but one of an exterior so inviting, that honesty and fidelity have covered up the blackness of his wicked heart. He is neither a Richard nor a Uriah Heep, with nature's deformity, to set the world on guard; but one who, being conscious of the great inconsistency between his outer and inner man, utters the significant warning, "I am not what I am." Only a Shakspeare was equal to the task of conceiving such a character. Had later dramatists made the attempt, some good would have been found amid his wickedness, and human sympathy would have shielded him from universal detestation. As he began this life he ended it, consistent throughout; a villain whose name is synonymous with hate and deceit.

Nor is he less coward than villain. Yet all villains are cowards, it may be said. This is only partially true. The ordinary villain may tremble in the sight of justice and the right, but still can strike home the fatal blow without a shudder. The mere fact that he stabbed his wife, does not shield him from the stigma of cowardice. A rat will fight when cornered; but not till then. Iago had the villain's bravery, only when he could not run away, and had a woman unarmed as an antagonist.

Yet Iago is not a "two-faced" villain, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He is "two-faced" in action, but not in words. This

man of Italian intrigue was too wise to suppose that a secret is a mutual contract between two. Iago has taught the world this lesson : friendship, among men, is of such a nature, that it should be used as wine with moderation, or not at all.

The consistency of the arch-villain's plot, and its successive steps, are peculiarly worthy of notice. He has not only conceived of a plan, with its probabilities for success, but has adapted it to accident or failure. No place of attack has been left unguarded. If failure attend him at one time, it is only an incentive to a more stringent execution at another. His plot, and the skill with which he executes it, were it not impious, I would call divine. As workmen may be engaged in the manufacture of articles, which contribute to the formation of some final object, without their knowledge of the existence of such object ; as the Creator carries out his divine plan, through agents who do their duty, and look not beyond this, so Iago uses his workmen : each attends to a particular part of the ingenious scheme, without knowing why he or she labors. Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, Emilia, and Bianca, really execute a plot, without being aware of any fraud or stratagem.

The most prominent feature of the play, however, is Iago's bearing toward the Moor. To Othello he appears the very personification of love and duty, while, in reality, he is his most bitter enemy. A man of ordinary deceptive powers, would have proceeded at once to the confirmation of suspicion. But Iago pursues a different course. From an honest interview between Desdemona and Cassio, he lays the foundation of a wicked accusation ; and, as might have been expected, Othello doubts. Yet, Iago's course is not uniform ; but, like the apparent motion of the planets, is at one time forward, now at rest, and now again retrograde. For this he has good cause. He would not prove Desdemona's guilt so soon ; for this might lead to pardon, and then all were lost. He knows that suspicion, of a gradual growth, like habits contracted by degrees, is permanent ; that suspicion thus formed, like those islands of the seas—the deposits of successive ages—has too deep a foundation to disappear with time.

At length suspicion is confirmed, love is discarded, and jealousy has done its work. Iago sees Desdemona and Othello glide down the troubled stream of life, and, through his instrumentality, plunge into the abyss of death. Iago has conquered ! Yet who can call this the triumph of vice and wrong ? It is rather a defeat. Many are the reformers who have died for principles which posterity might enjoy : many the champions who have died in the moment of victory ; many



the martyrs who have consecrated themselves, by a noble death, to the right. And yet, each sacrifice has imparted new strength to the good cause. Othello and Desdemona are martyrs to virtue and the right. Vice, in triumph, has been defeated; and virtue, in apparent defeat, is triumphant.

J. P. B.

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### About New Haven Climate.

"COLLEGE subjects are played out." This remark was made in my hearing, a few days since, by a friend, while speaking of subjects of articles for the Lit. There may be something of truth in the remark, for we all know that the changes have been rung on "electioneering," "societies," "boating," "biennials," and the like, until scarcely any department of student effort and activity is left unexplored. All matters of dispute in regard to them have been decided satisfactorily, so that there need be no longer any room for doubt. But yet, local topics are always interesting to us, though often treated of. We like to compare the opinions of our fellow-travelers, concerning the beauties of the scenery, the length of the journey, and the trials and dangers that beset us all alike on our course. It is natural that it should be so. When we take our seats at the social board, our enjoyment of the viands is not at all diminished, by the consideration that millions throughout the world are, at the very moment, partaking of the same. So in College, we can read, think, converse, and write on subjects of individual interest to each one of us, with an enthusiasm in no way weakened by the fact, that thousands of ambitious youth like ourselves, have been and still are engaged on the same questions, each one with his own thoughts, doubts, hopes and beliefs. Who of us has not observed, that the word "College," has a magic power in it? Let but just the word come into a title of the Lit. article, or occur at random among the pages, and we are unconsciously led to examine a little further, at least to see what the author has to say, and how he says it. And why should it not be so? We can always talk best, think best, and write best, on subjects with which we are most familiar. Why, then, discourse in a pseudo-metaphysical style, of "civilization," "progress,"

and "literature," when our ideas are, at best, but crude and imperfectly formed upon them? Professor Stuart, of Andover, used to say, that the crying sin of America was laziness; but in College it is, I think, the rage for writing on heavy, literary, and philosophical subjects.

I had thought of preparing an essay on the "Influence of Carlyle;" in fact, I have been thinking of it for many months, but have abandoned it, simply for the reasons above mentioned. Probably very few tears will be shed, by the readers of this Magazine, on account of the decision, though, undoubtedly, Carlyle himself will be greatly disappointed. I had also jotted down a few hints and maxims on "Professional Life," which I should have published, had not the Faculty formally requested me to read it aloud before one of their number; nay, even, they threatened to deduct materially from my stand, unless I accepted the invitation. More than that, they required the first half of our class to be present, and partake of the intellectual entertainment, under a penalty of two black marks on the Monitor's book. I am, therefore, driven to select some other topic for my essay for this Number. I have selected the one at the head of this Article, because it is one with which we are all familiar; on which we are all more or less interested, every day of our lives. It will be of interest to the permanent residents of New Haven, who will be able to judge of the accuracy of the descriptions; of interest to the transient dwellers, who have just tasted the sweets of this favored clime; of interest to all meteorological Professors and men of science, for I shall aim at mathematical care and exactness; of interest to all Academy graduates and sub-Freshmen generally, who intend to honor this city with their presence, for I shall be to them a kind of John the Baptist, proclaiming the joys that are before them. The subject has one merit at least; it is perfectly original. I am positive that no one ever wrote on it before, either for this Magazine, or for the New Englander. I should never have thought of it myself, had I not once overheard sundry individuals remarking upon it in private conversation. A great many sneers will be cast on the title. It will be stigmatized as unworthy of the Lit., as inconsistent with its dignity. It will be said, that this should be a literary and not a scientific Magazine, and that no one has a right to fill these pages with a record of mathematical investigations. But these criticisms must be expected.

Having, by these rambling personal remarks, laid myself open to the charge of superficiality and egotism, I now invite your attention to these carefully digested and arranged thoughts.

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*About New Haven Climate.*

I shall treat of this under *three* heads, and, if space allows, shall close with a few moral inferences and reflections. The Divisions are as follows:

- I. Variety.
- II. Uniformity.
- III. Periodicity.

First, I will speak of the *variety* observable in New Haven climate. There is little need of argument here. Now we all know that variety is just as much the spice of climate as it is of existence. It is always regarded as a great desideratum, especially for those of a weak and consumptive habit. We all know that sudden and violent changes, brilliant alternations of heat and cold, are agreeable and salutary. Nowhere in the world are weather-changes so entire, or alternations of temperature so brilliant, as under the Elm City skies. I am in the habit of keeping a daily Journal, in which I record the various phases of the weather, and I now propose to give a kind of panorama of one days experience, during last January. Let it be understood, by the way, that the instance given here, is merely a fair average, selected from scores of others, some of which would be far more striking. I give the record just it stands in the Journal.

*Jan. 8th 1862.* Yesterday morning I rose—sun had done the same four hours previous—shone clear and brilliant—soon a lovely fog rested gracefully over the landscape—the fog quietly thickened—clouds, dark as shining coals, looked smilingly down upon us—floods of soft and warm rain-water impetuously wended their way to the ground, and congealed in glassy lakes—the cold North wind swayed Southward, and the extempore ice-ponds were unlocked—put on with joy my rubber boots, and skipped gaily along the side-walks—purchased some creepers down town, and, as the ice had formed again, found them useful in returning—soon the rain clouds careened away before the breeze, and a reserve *corps* of dark snow-clouds came to the rescue—the saintly snow fell lightly on the bosom of mother earth—snow changed to hail and hail to snow—they joined in loving wedlock, and came down in blissful embrace—up blew the wind, harder, harder, harder—an affectionate hurricane strode briskly across the Green—the blinds of South College beat time to the march of the storm, and scores of divorced window-panes clattered on the pavements like the commingled music of many tamborines—the wind lulled—I went off on a sleigh-ride, with a wagon attached behind, in which we returned

after the melting of the snow—cold as Greenland in the evening—went to Hamilton Park, (as the ball was not up, concluded there must be skating,)—found ten thousand people and some ice—broke in—wet my feet—did not get cold, as the temperature had become so mild—retired at bed-time, having first secured fast the doors, to prevent the entrance of Jack Frost, who, I saw, would soon knock for admittance—rose this morning—fanned myself by the open windows, while the grateful trees were budding forth in thankfulness and praise.

Thus stands the record. Every one will notice the peculiar attention and care paid to punctuation. It is best for all to take some pains in this respect, even with their own private compositions.

The experiences of that day are not overdrawn. We have, this very Winter, enjoyed many such agreeable varieties, and, from present appearances, more yet are in store for us. What other city can present so brilliant a diary? Lovely Spring, gentle Summer, luscious Autumn, and heroic Winter—Liberia and Sahara; New England and Peru; Italy and Kamtschatka—all are epitomized in twenty-four hours! This *variety* is the great distinguishing feature of our weather, that gives it so great notoriety. The citizens and visitors here are proud of this, and give frequent expression to their feelings of satisfaction.

I pass on to the second head—*Uniformity*. There is no paradox here. This climate is as uniformly various as variously uniform. During the past Winter, we have had abundant opportunity to observe this striking peculiarity. I need but allude to the month of January, when, for the space of three weeks, we were entirely free from the hated sight of that detestable luminary, the Sun. In most places, that heavenly body will persist in introducing its impudent visage, almost every day; sending its rays, uninvited, on the evil and the good, on the just and the unjust; but New Haven is, comparatively, exempt from its unwelcome visitations. Not that it does not, sometimes, shine here; for several old inhabitants state, that they remember instances when it has dodged out from behind the clouds, and sailed on in full view for two consecutive hours. But those instances are so rare, that there is very little danger of their occurring more than once, at least during a four years course. I suppose there is no doubt, according to the theories of Astronomy, that *Old Sol* does rise and set every day in this latitude, but still we are very little incommoded by it, for the kindly clouds of fog are generous enough to form a perpetual bulwark from its scorching beams. This uniformity is, I believe, peculiar to the Elm City and the Gulf Stream.

I pass on to the third division—*Periodicity*. I do not certainly

know that this word is to be found in the dictionary. But that is a matter of little importance—the subject is an original one, and it is perfectly legitimate to coin words in treating of it. Periodicity simply means a tendency to storm at regular intervals and at stated times. During the past season, the time that nature has appointed, in this place, has been at 5 P. M., every other day. No one can fail to have noticed this fact, and no one can be sufficiently grateful to nature for this wise regulation.

We can always calculate, to a moment, the time when the snow will begin to descend, the rain to pour, the ice to melt, the wind to blow—and knowing beforehand just what will take place, we can make calculations accordingly. This Periodicity also appears on the days given to recreation—that is, Sundays—I believe there has not been a stormy Saturday afternoon this year. Whatever the weather may be during the week, it is always sure to clear up by Friday night, so as to give a cloudless sky on the succeeding day. Some persons have kept statistics of these phenomena, and they all agree in stating, that for the past six months, there has been rarely an exception to this rule. But still, this provision is quite unfortunate, in one respect, for the students in College. Saturday afternoon is usually devoted to recreation, and if the sky is clear and pleasant, there is a very strong temptation to dissipate the energies and destroy the constitution by long walks into the country, or by skating at the Park, instead of laying up health and vigor by smoking, and lounging in the quiet of our warm and comfortable rooms.

Thus far I have spoken only of the desirable feature of our climate. But there is another and a darker side to the picture. This essay I am now writing is to be a storehouse for future reference—it must be truthful—it must not be partial or one-sided.

Candor compels me to say, that New Haven is troubled with *Drought*. Why, this very season, there was a whole week in which it did not rain more than three times a day, Sunday included; and instances are recorded, when an entire day passed, in which pedestrians were not compelled to wear rubber-boots or carry umbrellas. These are terrible facts, but honesty forbids me to omit them. But after all, this Drought is very beneficial to consumptives. Probably in no place in the country are colds so rare as in New Haven. At the morning prayers in College Chapel, we scarcely ever hear a hack, or a cough, even among five hundred students, and in the most terrible July weather. It is really pleasing to notice the enthusiasm with which once despairing consumptives, restored by a few months resi-

dence here, speak of the city of their Alma Mater, of its society, and above all, of its *Climate*.

There are many more things to be said on the subject, but ye cannot bear them now. A few moral reflections, and this talk is ended.

1. New Haven has a Climate.

2. The peculiar beauties of this have been finely set forth in this essay.

3. Inasmuch as this is the first treatise on this subject ever published, it may be safely asserted, that thus far, at least, it stands unrivaled.

4. No attempt will ever be made by any other philosopher to write on this topic, for I have nearly exhausted it.

5. The citizens of New Haven, in general, and the students of Yale in particular, should be exceedingly grateful to the gifted writer, to whose genius they are indebted for this beautiful essay, on this so important, so fruitful, and so practical a theme.

This is my last article for the Lit., and now comes the serious question—*cui bono*? Looking over the old numbers of our volume, I find that I have not written one literary piece during the entire year.

Some one asked me, the other day, why I chose the subjects I did, instead of taking heavier themes, that would improve me more. The reply I made to him, I make to all.—Tiresome literary essays, in College Mazazines, are useful only in *two* ways. First, they are convenient panoramas in which to display the learning and reading of the persons who write them. Secondly, they slightly increase the notoriety of the books or authors of whom they treat.

In regard to the first, if any one desires to know how extensively I have dipped into general literature, if he will call at my room, I will give him a list of the authors I have read, and indicate the relative degree of estimation in which I hold them.

In regard to the second, I will simply say, that I prefer to wait until I can blow my own trumpet, before attempting to blow for other people—in other words, I prefer not to write on a subject, until I know something about it. Very many seem to think, that if a book or essay is readable, it must necessarily be ephemeral; but if it is dull and intolerable to look at, it must therefore receive the admiration of posterity. If it is not divulging a secret, I will state, that the old Lits are piled up in a corner of the College Library, and will lie mouldering there through the eternal ages—in a kind of perennial hibernation. If that is “posthumous fame,” we ought to pray to be delivered from it. When we attend a gymnastic exhibition, we do not wish to

see the performers struggle with heavy weights, and practice before us to increase their muscle. If there are any feats of agility or of strength even, that they can perform readily, we are delighted to see them go through them. So in this Magazine, which is the intellectual gymnasium of College, we do not care to see the authors staggering under mountains of thought—it pains us, rather—but if any are able to exhibit themselves with ease under lighter burdens, we are glad to see them, and rejoice at their success. Still, it is well sometimes—and I almost wish I had attempted it for once—to select some purely metaphysical theme, borrow a few ideas from some of the authors who have written on the same subject, and quote the names of the rest, and thus one will gain the reputation of being very solid and profound, especially with those who never read the production.

If in any one respect the Yale Literary Magazine can claim superiority over others of its class, it is in the practical, specific, and unpretentious character of its subjects.

May these land-marks, which our predecessors have set up, never be removed.

G. M. B.



### "Navalia."

A hundred and fifty men, with a dozen stout and beautiful boats—a house to keep them, and water enough to float them in—a spirit to race, nerve to pull, and heart to brave—laurels to win, health to get, strength to get—all this, the parts that make up the life and pleasure of our boating system, the enthusiastic oarsman likes to talk of most. But while he finds the fullest enjoyment in its excitements, he is not indifferent to the duller side, but finds an interest also in the enterprise itself, and likes to know, equally well, who began it; how it succeeded; what it is now; in a word, the history of this source of our Summer recreation, which goes by the dignified title of the Yale Navy.

It happens, fortunately, that the origin of our Navy, unlike most of particular institutions, is not a mystery. Not only is this owing to its being a comparatively new project, but there have appeared, from *time to time*, articles in this Magazine, devoted to descriptions of the

boats which have been owned by students from the very first, and giving accounts of various races between them; so that a record of our naval matters might be made out, with nearly complete accuracy, and even to the last particular. The more important features, however, are all one wishes to know; a brief sketch of which is here presented.

The honor of having originated the idea, that a boat of moderate size might possibly float in New Haven harbor, and, more than all, that much fun might be had in rowing one when once afloat, and still more, that the satisfaction in the pleasure would be increased many times if the boat should be the personal property of the one rowing it, seems to be accorded to Wm. J. Weeks, of the Class of '44. We find him the first one to purchase a boat for the simple purpose which has now created quite a fleet in our midst. It was a small thing, nineteen feet long, four-oared, and arrived here from New York, May 24th, 1843. A Club was formed of seven, with Mr. Weeks as captain, and they called it "Pioneer, Yale, No. 1.," and from the novelty of the thing their trips must have been many and fine.

This was the beginning of the interest in boats in Yale, and probably it increased quite rapidly, for soon the "Pioneer" was sold, to be replaced by three others, a short while after, named respectively the Nautilus, Iris, and Centiped. Of these not much has been recorded, but enough to show, that at that early period a spirit of rivalry had sprung up. The latter was a canoe from the Susquehannah, bought by some members of the Class of '45, and is thus described: "This boat was of a decidedly primitive style of naval architecture—forty-two feet long and twenty-four inches beam, rather crank! pulled eight oars, and cost about \$45. She was a 'dug-out,' made, of course, from a single tree, and from the number of her creepers soon received the undignified name of 'Centiped.'"

Could the object in buying this have been anything less than to win with it? If such was the case, the longing of its crew seems soon to have been satisfied; for it raced with the Nautilus, which was but nineteen feet long, and four-oared, for a bet or prize, and beat it. "The Nautilus crew labored under a disadvantage, certainly, inasmuch as the Centipeds had strapped a huge rock to the keel of the Nautilus the night before; but they would have won the more honor thus had they beaten. Evidently, students were trickish *then*."—These boats, before long, were disposed of, and in buying new ones, more care and better taste seems to have been exercised.

A Club in the Class of '47 ordered Brooks and Thatcher to make them a boat thirty feet long, six-oared, named "Excelsior," which



probably did not want the qualities of weight and strength; yet it was much superior to its predecessors, as it is represented as giving the "first impetus to racing and good boat-building at Yale." It had a crew which must have been composed mainly of *back-woodsmen*, if "more than once they pulled on a race, at a steady pull, from Sachem's Head to the Wharf at New Haven." This boat was handed down to successive classes for several years, and was the type of the boats purchased for quite a period of time subsequently. The Shawmut, Osceola, Augusta, and Phantom, appeared in their order, had their day, and in turn made room for others. They were all eight-oared, except the Phantom, which had only five oars, making it rather an odd-looking craft, though it had the honor of being the first Commodore's gig. To describe these separately is unnecessary. One or two of them were finished off in handsome style, could carry ladies, and stand scraping indefinitely on the sandy beach, whenever a party went ashore. The end of each of them was unhappy, though not unnatural. One drifted to Long Island, and there went through a gradual dissolution; the second was condemned; the third met a storm and was wrecked on one of the shoals near Fort Hale; and the fourth was sold to a vessel.

By the year 1850, there were but two or three boats belonging to students, in our harbor. The next three years witnessed several new additions to this number; the Atalanta, six-oared; the Halcyon, eight-oared; the Undine, eight-oared; the Ariel, four-oared; the Thulia, six-oared; and the Neptune, four-oared. Meanwhile, the two or three old ones had met their fate, as before described, leaving, by 1853, the above six boats in the Navy.

Thus, during the ten years which followed the commencement of the enterprise, fifteen different boats were bought for the purpose of pleasure and racing by the students here. Up to this time, the Clubs acted independently of each other, and had their own rules for themselves. We have styled them the Navy, as a convenient term for them as a whole; but, as yet, there had been no *regular organization*, which the word might imply.

In 1853, Richard Waite, of the Senior Class, conceived the plan of bringing the Clubs existing at that time, and all which thereafter might be formed, under some system which would give a definite form to the enterprise, and produce a more harmonious working. A Constitution was drawn up; Richard Waite became the first Commodore; and the six boats then at their moorings constituted the beginning of an organized Yale Navy.

A new interest was thus created. The Navy had become an institution; and, in the course of three years, the following boats were bought by new Clubs: The Alida, six-oared; the Nautilus, six-oared; the Transit, six-oared; the Rowena, four-oared; and the Nereid, six-oared. All of these, except the Alida, were race-boats, and according to records, the races which came off between them were highly exciting.

But changes were continually occurring, and as old boats were sold, others, better and costlier, appeared. A growing rivalry caused each boat that came to be superior to its predecessor, and likewise caused additions to be much more frequent.

The next two years of '57 and '58, while they saw the departure of several of the older boats from the Navy, nevertheless brought with them nine first-class new ones: The Wenona, six-oared; the Olympia, eight-oared; the Varuna, shell and barge, both six-oared; the Cymothoe and Lorelei, both six-oared; the Olympia shell, four-oared; the Yale shell, six-oared, (now the Atalanta shell;) and the Volante shell, four-oared.

We are thus, by this brief summary, brought to that period in the history of our Navy which is within the memory of many of us, and also to a circumstance in it which gave a still greater impetus to the boating-spirit—the building of the Boat-House.

For a long time, perhaps from the commencement, the boats used to be kept at "Riker's," just this side of the toll-bridge, where the water was usually still, being protected from the winds and waves of the outer harbor by the wharf and buildings on it. Here they were anchored to buoys, a few rods from the house, where the oars were kept, and an old leaky punt acted like a "Charon's ferry," to get to them.

In addition to the uncomfortable distance of this place, its disadvantages were many and serious. All the "things" had to be stowed away in a loft, which it took nearly all the afternoon to find and get out. It was too inconvenient to have any order, and just convenient enough to find all the oars one wanted, if a set was not complete, much to the discomfiture of the crews which came after.

Boat-hooks, rudders, cushions, sponges, oars, broken and unbroken, in promiscuous confusion, sometimes greeted the vision of the men, as they came down to have a jolly row. There was occasionally a corresponding confusion of tempers, but more generally, the hope of getting off in an hour or two kept their spirits in good and joking tune. Neither was it the best place for the boats. Not only were they always floating in the water, but, in consequence of rain and spray, a

larger part of the time, water was floating in them. This added the pleasant task of bailing and cleaning. Again, although moored in a comparatively smooth spot, it was not impossible that, at least once in a season, the fury of a storm should reach them. Whenever this happened, it sometimes happened also, that one or more of the Clubs would find their boats high and dry on the opposite beach, or sunk at anchor, or in the possession of some daring oyster-man, who vowed he had picked the frail thing off the rocks at the light-house, and demanded a round sum of money for his trouble before he would give it up.

In spite of all this, however, the Navy prospered; and although the necessity of a better place for keeping the boats had been felt for a long time, nothing was done until the year 1859.

At this time, the Navy voted to have a boat-house, and several of its enterprising members set to work to have the thing done. By hard labor, the best situation that could be had was secured, and a man found to build them a house on certain agreed conditions. In the beginning of the Summer of that year, the various Clubs had the satisfaction of seeing their boats safe under shelter, at the foot of Grand street. The Navy, now, in view of its success in this respect, began to collect also a more attractive class of boats. Hitherto the object had been, pleasure and safety, in a great degree. Speed was thought, it would seem, to be impracticable with security. This delusion was gradually done away, and, in the three succeeding years of '59, '60, and '61, eight beautiful shells have been purchased, besides three barges. And with these, we come to the Navy as it is—consisting of the Clubs whose names have been handed down from previous years—the Thulia, Nautilus, Olympia, Varuna, and the new Clubs, Glyuna, and Nixie, owning twelve boats. Besides these, the Navy has two cedar shells, belonging to the whole, and some others remain as representatives of former enterprise.

In review now of what has preceded, this statement is furnished:

To the present time there have been forty different boats owned by students of Yale. Of these, twenty-two are not in the Navy now. The eighteen which remain, are divided into ten shell boats, five common race-boats, and three barges.

There is one more fact to mention in this connection—the change in the system of Clubs. This is the third important feature in the history of the Navy. It was organized, then located; now the attempt is to introduce a closer relation of its parts.

Hitherto the plan has been for each Class to form Clubs of its own, generally not more than three, consisting of about twenty members

each, possessing one or two boats. The distinction of classes was observed here, as in most of our customs. Although this fact was of no importance, as far as the general welfare of the Navy was concerned, it had been thought, for some time, that the more united action of its members would have a still better effect on its interests. Accordingly it was proposed, within the last year, that as a new Class entered College, the Clubs in the Class above should elect from it all who chose to belong to the Navy, and so on, until the four classes should be represented in all the Clubs. In this plan, there will be, in the course of another year, three regular Clubs in the Navy, composed of members from all Classes—the Varuna, Glyuna, and Nixie. The advantages of this system are obvious; the disadvantages are yet to be experienced, though many might be conceived of. The danger is, that independence will be lessened—responsibility divided—and interest be diminished. Time, however, will determine this.

Such, then, in brief, has been the growth of our boating-system, through nearly twenty years. And it would appear that nothing is wanting to make its working complete for those who now belong to it. One thing only requires to be guarded against—and that is, lest the causes which have made the Navy what it is—the boating *spirit* should, for some reason, tend to decrease.

And in closing this short sketch, we cannot but notice, that something yet remains to be done, to prevent even the possibility of such a result, and to insure a continual healthy enthusiasm among our boatmen.

No one will deny the value of boating to us students, if kept within proper bounds. It forms one of the most satisfactory summer recreations that can be engaged in. It can be enjoyed also without the least interference in our ordinary duties. Certainly this is the case, where the exercise is confined to mere pleasure trips. But this would be monotonous to most, and would not be sufficient, in itself, to keep up a large Navy. Something more exciting is needed. It is thus that at a very early period, we find mention of races in our harbor between the boats. It was racing that kept up the "animus" in the Navy, and has made it worthy of our pride.

The records tell of many of those exciting occasions, not only here, but in various other places, where our crews took part. This fever gradually increased among the Navy-men, until it reached that pitch which, eighteen months ago, we witnessed at Worcester. But it was carried to excess; so much so that it was overdone, and the following year, scarcely a single race on our harbor occurred. Should this be

so again, the Navy might suffer from want of interest. In view of all this, therefore, a single reflection is ventured.

Before the regattas were instituted between "Yale" and "Harvard," and other Colleges, there used to be what were called "Commencement races," on our harbor, which were held for six successive years. The "Union races" interfered with these, and we hear no more of them. But they were, unquestionably, interesting occasions, and many boats would enter into them. They were the center of interest, and crews would train all Summer to prove themselves worthy then. They were moderate, because they were races among ourselves.

In turning now to our present condition, we find that we have neither "Union" nor "Commencement" races to look forward to. The latter gave way to the former, the former to a decree of the Faculties of the Colleges. We have, it is true, the "championship," which can be at any time contested for; but this is uncertain, and dependent on the inclination of single Clubs.

We are thus without any fixed object on which to fasten our interest, either with a hope to win laurels, or to show the Navy to advantage.

What, then, we should like to see is, those old "Commencement races" revived again. Let them occur, too, on Presentation week, when friends are here, and the water is smooth. Let many prizes be awarded for all classes of boats; let crews feel the grand opportunity; let the Navy know that it can furnish occasions of pleasure and excitement to others, and we may rest assured that the boating *spirit* will not fail. All that is needed is, to create a *permanent* source of interest to animate our oarsmen; and in whatever way this may be done, those who will do it the Navy will ever hold in grateful remembrance.

H. P. J. *Am...*

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### "Bitter-Sweet."

SOME poems charm us by an exquisite beauty, by a delicate touch on the sweeter and holier harpstrings of nature, awakening soft cadences that, dying away on the ear, leave only the charm of the beautiful. Others bear us aloft, "on wings as eagles," away from ourselves and

the trifles that make up our life, wrapped in pure admiration and sympathy with the grand and majestic. The former we love, as we do a beautiful summer landscape, because they charm us: the latter we admire; we are impressed by them as we are by the grandeur of Niagara, or the sublimity of lofty mountains whose summits are lost in the clouds. But there is another kind of poetry of which the charm is not beauty nor grandeur, especially; these may exist as side influences to deepen and vivify the whole, but they are scarcely noticed in the more absorbing interest which they are introduced to serve. Just as it is with the human face divine; here is one that is sweet and winning, there another that dazzles with a queenly beauty, but in a third we see such soul-light in the clear depths of the eye, that we cannot choose but love it more than the rest. So it is with these poems; their power is the soul that lives and glows in them, and our verdict is not on the poem, nor on the author, so much as on the truth, the sentiment, which in some unaccountable way has penetrated to strange depths in our inner nature. We feel that the author has experienced what we have experienced, only he has gone deeper, and achieved greater triumphs. We have been confused and uncertain in our groping after light; he has passed on beyond us through the shadows into the clear sunlight, and *now* we can follow him and he satisfied. And so, when we close the book, it is not beauty, it is not sublime strength that enchains us; but the inner fountains of the soul are stirred, and there comes welling-up therefrom a tide of strong emotion that makes us better men. We have found truth; truth that is dear to us; we have listened, and been ennobled and satisfied, while a skillful hand has touched one of those great sympathetic harmonies that unite all humanity in common joy and sorrow.

In some such way Bitter-Sweet impressed us, and it is as suggesting some thoughts concerning this class of writing, that we have chosen it as our text. Sweetness, beauty, grandeur there are in some of its passages, but these do not constitute its power. We see in a poem like Bitter-Sweet less of the *poet* than the *man*. Viewing it in the clear cold light of literary criticism, it cannot, perhaps, be called remarkable; but as a poem that will reach the great heart of humanity, kindle its sympathies, rouse the higher life that may be slumbering, and send a new and vigorous blood coursing through its veins, it is one of a thousand. Read it critically, for the sake of its poetry, and you may be disappointed. Read it honestly, with no attempt to crush back the sentiments and feelings it awakens, and you will love it; love it for its manliness; love it for the kindling thought it awakens; love

it because it is food to a part of your nature whose vigorous life elevates and ennobles the soul.

The author has made a bold stroke in this poem, success in which demanded a masterly hand. He has introduced poetry into the sphere of daily life *as it is*; common, unpoetic,—usually considered—everyday life. It is not love in a cottage, fancifully decked out, and beclouded with romance; it is not a dilute mixture of shepherds and shepherdesses, bucolically treated, and resembling nature as little as possible; but an old red farm-house, such as everybody has seen, and a great many have lived in; a place where they have Thanksgiving Day, when everybody comes home to brighten the memories of early days, and everybody's children have a glorious romp in the old kitchen around the big fireplace. The characters are homely, everyday people, who rarely gain a place in poetry, unless dressed for the occasion so that we fail to recognize them as "people we have met." The occasion, too, and the quiet, prosaic method of celebrating it, are suggestive rather of comfort than of poetry. With such a scene and such actors, one of two results must have ensued; either the true spirit of poetry would be degraded and lost, or the homely, practical life would be ennobled, elevated to a new dignity, and stamped with a new beauty. An ordinary writer would have blundered into the former alternative, and his book would have been simply disgusting. But our author has a bold spirit and a manliness about him that does not part with its dignity the instant it comes to deal with the actual, and it has made him successful. To some it may possibly seem otherwise; but one born among New England hills, familiar with such scenes and such actors, will see in Bitter-Sweet his own life ennobled, glorified, by the golden veil of poetry so skillfully cast about it. One *realizes* in reading it, what may long have been a cherished theory, that the inner life of no man is dull or uninteresting; that the soul-life of the plainest and most common-place individual may be a sad and touching, or a grand and heroic poem. And to such a one, reading such a book, his own daily life is exalted from its drudgery, and takes a new and more hopeful meaning. He realizes that his inner life is all his own, to make or mar. Such a poem makes even his outer life more rich, more dignified, by drawing from it similes and illustrations of the grander life of the soul. It is Shakspeare's

"Tongues in trees, sermons in stones,  
Books in the running brooks,  
And God in everything."

But if the scenes and characters are in some sense local, the main theme is open to no such charge. Principles as broad as the earth; feelings and impulses that live wherever a human heart is groping its way between temptations on the one hand, and noble longings on the other; struggles that have been raging, unseen and unrecorded, in every human breast ever since the world began—these are subjects that have a significance and a personality wherever they go. In exterior circumstances men differ so greatly that but few can sympathize together. No common, universal chord is touched when the outward life of the great hurrying world is the theme. But in the inward experience the brotherhood of the human race is seen. "As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man." The music of human hearts that goes up from the four corners of the great world, unheard save by the Father of Spirits, is ever the old familiar refrain, unbroken by discord of strange notes.

The chief power of the book seems to us, then, to lie in these two facts; that it has dignified the humdrum everyday life, and that too under a theme that strikes home to every individual experience and consciousness. There are plenty of books that treat of heroic life and great actions. But while such life is only occasional and peculiar, we all know what everyday living and struggling is, and there are particular struggles and experiences which are more universal than the rest; when, therefore, some masterly mind, with a far richer experience than ourselves, throws new worth and dignity around this daily life, and glorifies these common longings and strivings, it is but natural that he should command our interest and thought. To ennoble daily life would not effect this if it were not *our* daily life, nor would it gain our lively interest to portray our occasional and heroic promptings as it does to deal with thoughts that live within us and bear fruit every day. Combining these two powerful forces, the poem at once awakens a personal interest; it rouses memory, it kindles thought, and thought makes us stronger men.

The question suggests itself—what rank in the world of letters such a poem should occupy. It cannot be said to possess in an eminent degree those qualities which render poets immortal. It does not read like a book written for immortality. But as a book to elevate men, to kindle the generous fires of manliness and christian magnanimity, it has a power which greater works might covet. It has an honest and manly tone that goes far to give it influence with beings that are made to love what is manly and true. We limit the sphere of poetry unjustly when we think of it only as administering to our



finer tastes, and our love of the beautiful. It has a higher mission—to inspire men with nobler impulses, to lead them to a higher life, to teach them to be forgetful of self and to strive after great ideas and comprehensive motives. And if in doing this it fail to impress us with its own beauty or loftiness, is it altogether a fault? Whately will have it that some of the greatest orators that have ever lived were never imagined to be such by those who heard them. And why? Because they made their subjects every thing and themselves nothing. And so if a poem produce its most important effect, what matter if it does it silently and without display? Let the poem with all its beauties be forgotten; let the author fail of immortality; yet if he gained his cause, and elevated and strengthened the minds he reached, is he not a true poet? And there is the silent influence still working, after its direct source is forgotten. It is a great work to have helped to raise one's fellow-men to worthier life. Doubtless it is not unpleasant to be *admired* in one's works. It is no small boon to be allowed to write grand harmonies, that shall be music in the ears of many generations, but even that music is less grand than that of human hearts and lives, tuned to a higher symphony by *unselfish* labor in the great fields of literature.

H. P. DE FERE  
'62

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### The Heroic in Common Life.

Deem not him only brave, who rides the ocean,  
And triumphs o'er its waves by tempests driven;  
Nor him who bides some time of fierce commotion,  
Or some dread hour to mortal conflict given.

To breast the raging storm, in strong assurance  
Of coming calm,—when all but hope is gone,  
To bear and struggle still, in firm endurance,—  
Oh, these are manful!—but not these alone.

Oh, true and brave is he, that hath forsaken  
The banners of the many and the strong,  
And, through contempt and hate, his portion taken  
Among the few that battle with the wrong.

Strong is the soul, that in its season sharing  
The sweet with brother hearts, hath faithful proved

To taste the bitter ; gladly, proudly bearing  
Scorn for the honored, hatred for the loved.

'Tis noble, when, in twilight's calm unbroken,  
Sad memory comes to claim her thoughtful away,  
To mourn the burning words in anger spoken,  
Nor proudly dash the trembling tear away.

For though 'tis brave, with hearts that never fail us,  
To bear, to strive, to conquer in the field,  
Yet still, when only Right and Truth assail us,  
May heaven, in mercy, grant us but to *yield*.

He is a hero, who mid toil unending,  
The dizzy whirl of care, the eager strife  
For bread, and gold, and fame, with soul unbending,  
Hath struggled for a purer, fuller life.

I pray not, when the black storm bursts before me,  
To face its lightnings with untrembling frame ;  
I long not, with my flag high waving o'er me,  
For strength to die amid the battle flame.

But be it mine to bide the long and weary,  
The heat and labor of the dusty day ;  
And marching on the desert vast and dreary,  
With strong unfailing heart to keep my way.

So, when the hoarse alarm, on midnight breaking,  
Shall rouse the host to fierce and sudden fight,  
I know I can abide such fearful waking,  
Nor quail amid the cannon's horrid light.

Then, soldiers, wait not for the coming morrow,  
The trumpet call of duty to obey ;  
From idle hope no vigor shall ye borrow ;  
*To-day* be heroes,—bear your parts *to-day* !

J. B. M. *1862*

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### Theodore Winthrop.

It is now nearly a year since Theodore Winthrop fell, on the threshold of his life. Young, brave, stout-hearted, rich in gifts of nature, which had ripened under a careful culture, he had turned aside from old

associations and fond dreams, and, mindful of the terrible possibilities of war, had laid his life cheerfully on the altar of his country. The darkest chances to which he looked forward are to us historic facts. Amongst the first, at the call of his country, to throw himself into her ranks, he fell at his post, in the first battle, with his face toward the foe. Events have thickened since that disastrous day at Great Bethel, but in a war so novel to our peaceful nation, and whose duration is thus far measured only by months, the slightest incidents are not readily forgotten. We remember still how the graceful, athletic form, the refined, thoughtful face, the scholarly mind and the proud heart, whose march down Broadway on that bright afternoon in April, some of us saw and he has recorded, only as one of a thousand, was borne back in June, amidst sad hearts and solemn music, covered and cold. But we should do injustice to his memory if, either in the severity of our analysis of his character, or in the excess of our sympathy for his death, we who are moving amidst the scenes of his early life should overlook the peculiar debt which we owe him. To his country he has left a valuable legacy in the writings which amused his idle hours. For us he stands on higher ground, since, in his example of courage and self-renunciation, he seems to represent the relations and the duties of educated men to this War of the Rebellion. Let us notice it constantly and notice it thoughtfully, as we go on in the study of his character and his writings, that to the cause which we deem worthy of our sympathies, he brought all the wealth of his endowments and acquisitions, and rounded the gift with the sacrifice of his life.

It was a life fitly closed amidst the adventure and romance of war, for it was full of romance and adventure. Winthrop was by nature a campaigner. To his restless mind the unexciting routine of business, and even the delights of a literary leisure, failed to afford the stimulus which he pined for, and which he sought in the bustle and exhilaration of travel. To such a life he seems to have been well adapted, both by nature and by training. The long rambles which he took with his father in childhood, enabled him to take with comparative ease his fifty or sixty miles a day in later years. Nature had given him a frame light and slender, but sinewy and athletic, sustaining fatigue and privation, under the tropics or on the plains, with an inherent elasticity which refused to be overborne. The secret of his endurance lay rather in his intense vitality than in any inordinate muscular power. In his apparently aimless wanderings he shunned rather than followed the paths of civilization, yet he caught no tinge of coarseness or vulgarity from the roughest society into which he was

thrown. Scrupulous, even to a fault, in his dress and his manners, he never lost the habits and the bearing of a gentleman. Such he was in College. Those who remember him as they knew him here, think of him as studied in his personal appearance, and polished in his address, but giving no promise of his future eminence as a writer, and winning no distinctions in the doubtful field of College oratory. On the appointment list he stood low, but by taking the Clark Scholarship with ease over the Salutatorian of his Class, he at once asserted his position as a scholar.

His life of stirring adventure after leaving College, the dangers he encountered, and the hardships he endured in his wayward wandering over two continents—all these have been eagerly gathered up by the readers of his books, and are familiar to the public. They were scenes through which no person could pass, however scantily gifted by nature, without acquiring a positive character. This Theodore Winthrop seems now to have wanted. It only remained, therefore, that it should be strengthened and confirmed by his singular experience. Yet when we come to analyze and estimate it, we find ourselves encompassed by peculiar difficulties. Our natural feelings attest the propriety of the old motto of the Romans, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" and the extraordinary circumstances of Winthrop's life and death, seem to make it, for his critics, a binding rule. And yet strong characters are marked always by strong faults, and the blemishes, which were quite obscured by the sudden blaze of military glory in which he passed away, come out with unmistakable distinctness under a calmer study of his life and his writings. We think we shall only do justice to his virtues, if we recognize, without flinching, the points where he erred, and however closely and candidly we may study him, we shall be mistaken if we do not find very much in him to admire, and not a little to love. We have said that he was a scholar, nor do we need the record of the Townsend Premiums and the Berkleian Scholarships, to convince us of this. For however heretical the doctrine may appear, we venture the opinion that it is not on prize lists that the test or the degree of genuine scholarship is to be sought. It writes its own indelible record on character and life. It envelops like an atmosphere; is felt rather than read. The charm which it imparts is not in accumulated stores of facts or principles; it is not in a memory piled with the wealth of years of labor in historic mines. It is manifested rather as an essence pervading manners, conversation, and modes of thought, refining the intercourse of social life, moulding opinions, shaping character. It was in this rarest and highest sense that Winthrop was a scholar.

Such he was, if the expression may be admitted, by his nature. His keen, sensitive mind, responded with involuntary sympathy to the touch of the old masters of eloquence and poetry. His quick appreciation of the highest forms of art, led him, as by instinct, to the old classic models. There is scarcely an impression left on our minds by the study of his books or the story of his life, more vivid and distinct than that in all his tastes and pursuits he was, throughout his life, an appreciative and sympathetic scholar.

To metaphysical studies he devoted himself, with all his native enthusiasm, and it will not be deemed strange if we think that to these we can trace back the origin of many of his expressed opinions, and of many of his habits of mind. If it be true, as we have sometimes conjectured, that in one of the characters which his imagination has created, he has sketched, at least in outline, his own experience, his psychological studies gave rise to, and explain many features of his religious life. At all events, it is beyond question that in these studies he found peculiar attractions, and that amongst the eminent thinkers of the old world, Sir Wm. Hamilton was one whom he visited with especial respect and interest.

We have already alluded to his taste. It was, like his scholarship, natural to him, though the best art of the old world and the new, the best society of the metropolis, and deep study and wide reading united to refine it.

There are minds which blend with the manliest strength a feminine delicacy, and a sensitiveness so keen, that they instantly detect and instinctively shrink from those violations of harmony and fitness in literature, in art, in actual life, which others, less finely organized, do not observe or regard. It is to these minds, which sometimes seem almost spiritual in their texture, that we owe our highest conceptions of beauty, our most refined and elevated strains of music, our sweetest and tenderest poetry, our purest and loftiest types of character. Such a mind, high, though not highest in this rare order, was Theodore Winthrop's. He felt, as such natures only feel, the magical power and charm of music to thrill the soul with high aspirations and noble sentiments, or "to steep the being in soft, luxurious languors." He was welcomed to the society of the first artists of the day for his enthusiastic love of art; and his sympathy with the products of the chisel and the pencil, made him an appreciative critic and a congenial associate. His life was filled, as his writings are pervaded, by the influence of his refined æsthetic tastes, of this delicate and sensitive organization of his mind.

We are now prepared to pass from these more evident and superficial qualities, which are at best only the shell of character, and look at Winthrop, not as a gentleman, a scholar, or an artist, but as a *man*. As such he was, it is true, full of generous impulses and quiet sympathy with certain forms of suffering and distress. Yet these emotions of his better nature were never powerful enough to overcome his intense aristocratic *hauteur*, or inspire him with any emotion higher than contempt for the vulgar multitude whom he fancied at his feet. Receiving from them no sympathy in his tastes and pursuits, he gave them no sympathy in their interests and wrongs. It was necessary, we are inclined to think, that a social evil should assume magnificent proportions, that charity should widen into humanity, before it could become worthy of his attention or of his exertions. Then, however, when the wrongs to be righted were the wrongs of a race, when a great crime was embodied in a government and backed by an army, and when the champions of liberty were summoned to splendid exploits and heroic sacrifices, he was fearless and prompt on the side of justice and freedom. Winthrop was an Abolitionist, and it was in the cause of the Slave that he entered the army. He was the soldier, not of a constitution, but of an idea; an idea which, unfortunately, concentrated upon a single cause the sympathy to which others, if they deserved it no more, had at least an equal claim. He was in pursuit of lofty ends. He was dazzled by splendid schemes. The ordinary charities of common life did not appeal to his sympathies. The ordinary occupations in which the greatest and the smallest of men may labor side by side, did not gratify his aristocratic exclusiveness. He was amiable and kind in his private intercourse; best loved by those who knew him best. But, in spite of the courage of the soldier and the accomplishments of the scholar, two grand defects marked his character and disfigured his life; the want of moral earnestness, and the want of religious principle. Into the place which these only can fill, he exalted eminent natural virtues, and the refinements of education. If he had not committed this capital error, an error doubtless of theory as well as of practice, we cannot think that a want of persistency and purpose would have left the last years of his life so nearly blank. If he had possessed these, his charity would have been wider, his sympathies less constrained. But, in the army at last, he seemed to have found his place and his work, and the heroism of his brief career as a soldier, has more than redeemed the aimless inactivity of his previous life. If he had not fallen thus, at the outset of his career, we cannot but believe that the promise of that first battle

would have been fulfilled. And while in his early death his country lost a man of genius, taste and culture, a finished scholar, and an accomplished gentleman, we cannot doubt that she lost also a skillful officer and a useful man. As a writer, Theodore Winthrop sprang at once into notice and into fame. If we are correct, only two of his publications, the sketch of the march of the Seventh Regiment to Washington and the paper on "Washington as a Camp," were issued before his death. These two, therefore, alone were subjected to his revision, and received the finishing touches of his hand. The others, written for his own amusement at previous periods, are given to the public precisely as he left them. We must pardon, then, a few tokens of carelessness in the management of the plots, a few errors of taste and infelicities of expression, which we cannot doubt his quick eye would have seen, and his ready pen have corrected, before they had been stereotyped by the press, and repeated through successive editions. The two articles just referred to do not demand from us any special attention, for they are marked by the same general features which characterize his other writings. While full of "the brilliant bustle" of march or review, and serving to convey to the reader the martial ardor of the soldier, they have frequent traces of the artist in the officer, in their more peaceful pictures of sunsets or landscapes. In their intense individuality, they remind us of a series of sketches by Darley, catching, as under his swift but steady pencil, the strong outlines and salient points of the scenes they represent, and then grouping the whole with a unity and strength which leaves them stamped upon the memory.

But it is not upon these papers, admirable as they are, that Winthrop's reputation is based. They served only to bring him before the public as a writer of singular fascination and artistic skill, when, shortly after his death, his first, and as we think, his best novel, was issued from the press.

"Cecil Dreeme" is a novel of New York society. But while we confess its power and its charm, we cannot but think that its author has overstepped the proper boundaries which define the sphere and scope of the novel. The distinction which separates the novel from the romance, is in theory familiar, though in fact it seems to be often disregarded. The *romance* deals wholly with ideal life and character. It occupies the border land between fact and fancy, between the real world in which we move, and the spiritual world which lies invisible around us. The romancer, therefore, is not limited in his choice, either of characters or of incidents, to the experience and observation of real

life. His incidents may be the widest in their conception, the most crowded in their succession. His imagination may revel amidst the most fantastic scenes. His characters may be the most whimsical creations of his fancy, or the simple embodiment of impersonal qualities. Thus Mr. Hawthorne, who seems to have first appreciated the proper scope and design of the romance, has clearly and purposely, in the "Marble Faun," drawn out the workings of four separate qualities, embodied in four distinct figures on his pages. Donatello is the name he gives to the impersonation of the animal nature; Kenyon is intellect; Miriam, evil; Hilda, conscience. The only condition under which the romancer writes is, that however unreal the beings he creates, however impossible the scenes through which he may conduct them, he shall still preserve the logical relation of incidents and persons, and draw out the legitimate effect of action or suffering, of good or evil, on the character which is placed under their influence.

Into this wide realm of fancy, however, the *novelist* has no permission to enter. His field is different. He deals with the men and the events of the realm, not of imagination, but of experience. Writing under the same obligation of logical sequence, he is, at the same time, bound to describe the world of events and of men, as he sees, not conceives them. It seems to be a growing fashion of our times to override this plain and important distinction. The admirers of Charles Dickens, for example, confess that his men and women are not characters, but caricatures,—the creatures of his exhaustless fancy; that Uriah Heep and "the young man by the name of Guppy," are the incarnations of different ideas, not actual or possible existences in society. Yet, in spite of so eminent a model, and in spite of the arguments of his admirers, we are forced to consider his practice indefensible, and his example pernicious. With better readers, Sir Walter Scott, and Sir Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Dana, and Mrs. Stowe, have adhered to the legitimate office of the novel, as the mirror of real life. The position and genius of Mr. Dickens may enable him with safety to violate the rules of his art, but we cannot justify Winthrop in following in his steps. Yet this is the fault of all his stories. Robert Byng, and Richard Wade, seem to embody the author's conception of manly strength, of blunt, practical, sturdy self-reliance; cultivated enough, and sufficiently open-hearted, but faultless only in the toughness of their bodies, and the courage and gentleness of their hearts. As such, we confess that they are finely drawn. The author has succeeded in stamping upon them his own ideas; they are, at once, strikingly similar to each other, and we recognize immediately his design in their



conception. As creatures of romance, we may confess them beyond criticism, but they are idealizations, not characters. Densdeth is a being for which the novel has no place. His position is by the side of Milton's Satan, or the Mephistopheles of Goethe; for he is not human. Under "the guise of a man of fashion and fortune," he unites the most intense selfishness, the most insatiable ambition, the most heartless infidelity, the most loathsome sensuality. Virtue, generosity, self-respect, faith, wither under his poisonous touch. With an intellect which drags better natures to his feet, and makes them the slaves of his basest desires; with an elegance of manner which opens to him the highest circles of society, and thus widens the sphere of his reckless machinations; with a will that pursues its victim through years and across oceans, and acts as a willing minister of his passions, he moves steadily forward to the accomplishment of his schemes, over shattered fortunes, broken hearts, ruined virtue, and torture worse than death. He is all of evil that words can paint. He loves it, he lives for it, he seeks to instil it into others whom his fascinations have ensnared; in a word, he is the incarnation of evil—a devil in a man. In the language of a critic, who has pronounced him the central character of the book, "Persons who have been guarded against the usual contrivances by which the conventional Devil works his wonders, find themselves impotent before the fascinations of Densdeth. They follow, while they detest him, and are at once his victims and accomplices." Need we say that such a being as this belongs to the world of poetry or romance, rather than to that of which the novelist writes. We cannot conceive of such a monster, moving unrebuked and unresisted, at once the evil genius and the tyrant of the upper circles of society in New York. Nay, it would shake one's faith in human nature itself, to believe in the presence of such a creature anywhere in its guise.

But Winthrop does not need thus to transgress the proper limits of the novel. In painting characters which we all at once recognize, he has shown the hand of an artist and a genius. John Churm, at least, is a genuine man, honest, generous, brave, true, blunt and practical, yet sensitive and affectionate, with a quick sympathy and a ready help for every form of sorrow and suffering. Clara Denman too, though masked through the greater part of the novel, appears through it all a character of singular purity and beauty, uniting a rare sensitiveness and womanly delicacy, with a courage and fortitude which mount into heroism. The minor characters, Lockesley, Towner and Raleigh, have each a personality, as distinct in our minds, as if we

ourselves had been favored visitors in the kitchen of the Janitor, or had followed Churm and Byng, in their strange visit to the alley and the tenement, or had dined with the fascinating *roné* of the Min-edurt, or lounged with him at the Club.

In the management of his plot, the author has shown a skill worthy of a more experienced writer. If we condemn a few particular scenes as over-colored and melo-dramatic, we must confess, that in the main the story is both finely conceived and well told. It is simple in outline, its leading characters are few, yet it is unraveled with a progress so gradual and continuous, that though it closes in dim hints and intimations, the reader finds himself invested so fully with the spirit and meaning of the writer, that the mysteries of revenge and ruin are felt though not expressed, and the tragedy of two lives ends in death and in peace. It has given, to the well known localities which it covers, Chuzzlewit-House and Chrysalis College, Mannering Place and Quatorze street, a new and peculiar interest, as the scenes of events more startling, yet scarcely less real than life.

It is difficult to analyze the evident power of this fascinating book. Its greatest charm, however, we are inclined to attribute to its manner and its style. It is a relief, at last, to meet with a writer of acknowledged genius, who avoids at once the rose-colored sentiment of Miss Prescott and Miss Putnam, and the sickly exaggerations of Rutledge and Beulah.

Theodore Winthrop's style is essentially original. Terse, Saxon, blunt almost to ruggedness, it is still never coarse, scarcely ever strained. With the power of sketching in bare but strong and vivid outline, he unites the power, which he not seldom employs, of pouring over his pictures the richest lights and the softest shadows. Yet there is nothing in his language eccentric or affected. More than anything else, it shows him a genius, and more than anything else, it gives power and charm to his books. With wonderful clearness, they bear, in every page and line the stamp and impress of the author's personality. It is a consequence of this, and it is possibly a fault, that the conversation of all his characters is, in manner and style, the same. Densdeth talking poison and Brent talking love; Byng at Chrysalis and Wade on the Plains; one sister in her drawing-room and the other in her retreat,—all express the different sentiments which they utter in a style which is the same. Two characters only, which we recall, Jake Shamberlain and the Janitor, Lockesly, have, at once, ideas and vocabulary of their own. Yet, though thus distinguished, they are not more individual than those others, whose personality is

dependent on the exhibition of their characters, and stands out distinct through the common coloring they receive from the personality of their author.

Of John Brent, as a novel, we have left ourselves little space to speak, and to its two leading characters we have already referred. To say that it is inferior to Cecil Dreeme, is only to say, that a simple magazine story is inferior to an elaborate and masterly novel of society. John Brent is a highly colored narrative of a somewhat remarkable ride from San Francisco to St. Louis,—dependent, for much of its interest, upon a horse which, like Densdeth in the former work, may be pronounced the central character of the story. Less elaborate than the other in its plot, less keen and searching in the delineation of character, less skillful in the management of its few and barren incidents, it is strikingly similar in its manner, but strikingly inferior in its power to Cecil Dreeme.

The works which have already been given to the public from the pen of Theodore Winthrop, are enough to justify no little curiosity and impatience in regard to those which still await publication. We shall expect to find them piquant, racy, witty and keen, skillful in the analysis of character, brilliant and pointed in style. But we shall expect to find them also restricted in the range of their characters deficient in variety of incident, and so thoroughly impressed with the individuality of the writer, that they will bear an air of similarity, so marked and unmistakable, that they will not live, perhaps, as long as they deserve, in the good will of the public. But, however the future may read, Winthrop has done much already to win our admiration and our love. He lived amongst us, a Philip Sidney in all that adorns a scholar, gentleman, and man of letters. He died, a Philip Sydney in all that makes a brave, devoted, patriotic soldier. He has left us a book of no ordinary power, and no common genius. He has left a memory, which is mingled in our hearts with the sacredness of the cause in which he fell.

E. B. C. C.

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## Memorabilia Yalensia.

At the last regular election of the Brothers and Linonia, the following officers were chosen:

BROTHERS.		LINONIA.
	<i>President,</i>	
RICHARD MORSE.		JOHN P. TAYLOR.
	<i>Vice-President,</i>	
CHARLES B. SUMNER.		WILLIAM LAMPSON.
<i>Censor,</i>		<i>Orator,</i>
SHERBURNE B. EATON.		GEORGE W. ALLEN.
	<i>Secretary,</i>	
G. C. S. SOUTHWORTH.		JAMES S. MILLARD.
	<i>Vice-Secretary,</i>	
M. C. D. BORDEN.		SAMUEL C. DARLING.

The following prizes have been awarded to the Sophomore Class for excellence in English Composition:

FIRST DIVISION.		SECOND DIVISION.
	1st Prize,	
H. P. BOYDEN.		T. HIGGINS,
	2d Prize,	
S. C. DARLING.		T. HOOKER,
	3d Prize,	
W. P. BELLAMY.		L. GREGORY.
THIRD DIVISION.		FOURTH DIVISION.
	1st Prize,	
G. S. MERRIAM.		G. H. WYNKOOP.
	2d Prize,	
A. D. MILLER.		L. F. WHITIN.
	3d Prize,	
J. P. PUGSLEY, }		M. H. WILLIAMS.
C. G. ROCKWOOD. }		

The death of Mr. Ward, as a Linonian and first President of Linonia, was appropriately recognized by the Society by adjourning their meeting for the evening after the sad event, and adopting a list of resolutions in commemoration of their lost friend. Our narrow limits, however, prevent us from publishing what we should otherwise have been pleased to insert here.

## OBITUARY.

Died at Palmer, Mass., 4th inst., of consumption, JOHN ABBOTT WARD, a member of the Senior Class, in Yale College. The death of our classmate, though not immediately unexpected to his family or to himself, has fallen with a sad suddenness on most of the College Community. The insidious and relentless disease which has now terminated his life, had doubtless obtained a strong hold upon his

constitution before he commenced his course in College; yet so firm was his purpose and so strong his spirit, that few of his friends here knew by how slender a physical tie he was held to life. He left us early in the present term, compelled by failing strength to suspend his labors, but with the same brave assurance that he should join us again in a few weeks. From this time his decline was certain and rapid, and neither medical skill nor family affection and care could avail to stay the shaft of death.

It is an unspeakable consolation to know that our friend in his last days was fully aware of his approaching end, and was permitted to express his calm and peaceful assurance that death was for him but the entrance to a better and happier existence. His closing hours were marked by all the tenderness of heart and peace of mind which soften the sternness of death and console the hearts of afflicted friends. The esteem in which he was held by his Class and by College, will be best known from the resolutions of the Linonian Society and the Senior Class.

In this, our *first* bereavement as a Class, death has chosen a shining mark, and removed one whom ability, energy and manliness has made conspicuous in all our College life. Let us cherish his friendship, and imitate his worthy traits until we go to join him again in the better life into which we trust he has now entered.

The funeral was attended at his home by a large number of his College Classmates and friends, on Friday, 7th inst. IN PACE.

At a meeting of the Senior Class on Thursday, the 6th inst., the following expression of respect for their deceased Classmate, was unanimously adopted:

The Senior Class of Yale College, having been informed of the death of their Classmate, JOHN ABBOTT WARD, desire to give this public expression of their sorrow at his loss, their sympathy with those whose affliction is even heavier than their own, and their appreciation of the deceased as a man of original talent, a kind friend and an honorable gentleman.

They express their reverent submission to the mysterious wisdom which has so heavily afflicted them, and their hope that the stern teachings of this, their first bereavement, may not be lost upon them.

As a token of their individual regard, the members of the Class have assumed the customary badge of mourning.

IN BEHALF OF THE CLASS.

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Died at Tybee Island, S. C., March 5th, GROSVENOR STARR, Adjutant of the Seventh Regiment, C. V.

The deceased was for three years a member of the Class of '62. He entered upon the duties of College with a diligence which bore the promise of unusual success; this diligence never for a moment flagged, and his name appeared among the first in the Junior appointments of his Class. But he was more than a scholar; there was nothing noble and manly in College life which failed to enlist his enthusiasm, while his subsequent career showed that his mind was alive to other and wider interests. His frankness and generosity won the affection of his Class and all College, and the warmth of his heart bound his more intimate friends to him by ties as lasting as life. The stirring events of the past year made a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Starr. A burning zeal to devote himself to the service of his country matured into a calm conviction of duty. Early in the summer vacation of Junior Year, he determined to join the army, and commenced the enlistment of

a company at Meriden, Conn. This project, however, he relinquished in order to accept the Adjutancy of the Seventh Conn. Regiment, which was tendered him. In September last the Seventh was attached to Gen. Sherman's division, and after the capture of Port Royal, was stationed at Tybee Island. In his new sphere Mr. Starr was eminently successful, and all things seemed to predict for him a brilliant military career. In February he was attacked with typhoid fever, from which he was slowly recovering, when exposure, from an over eagerness to be at his post of duty on the occasion of a midnight alarm, brought on the fatal relapse. On the reception of the sad intelligence, the Senior Class assembled and gave expression of their sorrow and sympathy with the afflicted family of the deceased. A large number of the Class attended the funeral in New York City, and accompanied the remains to their resting place in Greenwood Cemetery. In the circumstances of the death of our friend all is sad, and we turn from the present for consolation. We see in the past a life of faith and duty, giving us the confident assurance of future fulfillment and happiness.

" We trust he lives in Thee, and there  
We find him worthier to be loved."

#### DEATH OF GROSVENOR STARR.

On Saturday, March 15th, the sad news was most unexpectedly received, of the death of GROSVENOR STARR, Adjutant of the Seventh Regiment, C. V., who, for three years, was a member of the Class of '62, but whose pure patriotism led him to sacrifice the remaining year of his College course to his country's cause.

He was a man honored for his eminent abilities as a scholar, being one of the first in his Class; respected for his uniform gentlemanly demeanor; loved as a friend for his social qualities, his warm-heartedness and devotion. We, his Class-mates, who have been thus afflicted, would give this public expression of our sympathy with those whose loss is still greater, and acknowledge with christian faith and trust in "Him who doeth all things well," this second lesson, that "we know not what a day may bring forth," bowing with submission to His will, and praying that to us the lesson may not be lost. As a token of their individual sorrow, the members of the Class have assumed the usual badge of mourning.

IN BEHALF OF THE CLASS.

*Yale College, March 17, 1862.*

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### Editors Table.

Since our last issue great events have transpired. Manassas has been evacuated, the army of the Potomac has commenced its grand and we hope victorious advance, the "Monitor" has quenched the new-born genius of rebel inventions by successfully repelling the monster Merrimac, Fremont has received an "important command" in the neighborhood of the Blue Ridge or Rocky Mountains, and last but not least, an article has been written for the "Litt." on New Haven climate, which bids fair to inaugurate Spring and melt the snows of winter with unparalleled promptitude.

In the outer world of city life Gottschalk has electrified the music loving natives and artistic Collegians. He has played in Music Hall, and better yet, in the New Haven House, for his old friend and rival, Thalberg. Nor has such urbanity gone unrecognized. A serenade more exquisite than Brignoli with all his wondrous capabilities ever dreamed of achieving, has been conceived by a few scholarly musicians and executed in such delicious harmony as to thrill the far famed ears of the operatic Grau and the still more operatic Hinckley herself. Henceforth we may safely predict in the fair artiste who was its enraptured object, a new devotion to song and a sweeter melody of voice.

Nor have the attractions of the Drama been wanting. Besides the moral play of Uncle Tom, performed to crowded houses, we have had the talents of the finest troupe the country can furnish (if we may credit the bills) in the "Stranger" and the "Honeymoon." New Haven seems, doubtless through the influence of Yale, to have developed for the first time the fashionable gaieties of modern city life. It may ere long, through the same stimulating power, eclipse its rival sister so long depreciated as the "village of Hartford"

All College has been amusing itself till within a fortnight in sleighing over rare roads of compact ice and snow. Perhaps it may be of interest to some Yalensians to hear what happened to one of their number while recreating himself one Saturday afternoon.—All unconscious of his impending misfortune, the luckless youth rides to Savin Rock in fine style, passing everything on the road, and soon starts for home, but on turning out for a load of wood, is gently deposited in an adjacent snow-drift and, sad to relate, overtopped by whip, robes and companion. The startled steed runs, the Collegian yells "whoa" in tremulous tones; the small boys near, as always when mishaps occur, deride his horsemanship, and the student, cold and ashamed, tramps homeward in disgusted dignity, his arms loaded down with buffaloes and cushions, and his mind harassed with dismal apprehensions of disaster, disgrace and penury. On his way he meets much sympathy from old and young. He is comforted by the grateful assurance on the one hand that his horse would not have run had he not shouted for it to stop, and on the other that horse and sleigh are certain to be smashed together before they reach the city. But as he toils on, his anxious gaze at length descries the quadruped covered with foam and driven by his owner now humanely seeking his lost robes, and by consequence their carrier. Of course he politely asks the victim to ride into the city, and of course after accepting this forced politeness the victim meets numerous classmates and lady friends, all of whom smile knowingly and provokingly at the elegantly unconscious air which in his desperation he attempts to assume. The *bill* ends this veritable history. We should not have violated the confidence of an unfortunate Student but for his absence from College ever since the disaster, and the belief that his wounded sensibility can be healed only as his fate enlists a wider commiseration than silence could have procured it.

The "Townsenda" in prospect have been given out; that is to say, the themes on which all competitors are to write have been announced. We cordially hope that all who enter the lists may get at least one of these attractive premiums, and at the contest which caps the climax bear off the great DeForest in admired though figurative approximation to Demosthenes and Burke.

Junior Exhibition rapidly draws near. With its celebration another College anniversary will have been witnessed by us for the last time as a College Class.

It really makes us sad to think how little of student life we Seniors have left us. A short two weeks of the present term, a last vacation seven days longer than usual and full of enjoyment, a hard dreary Biennial, a rude suspension of cherished friendships by the breaking up of the class circle and the formality of graduation, and we enter on other than Yalensian duties.

It may be thought strange by many of our readers that the present issue has been deferred to a time so much beyond its regular publication. The ground of this postponement is to be found partly in the late appearance of the February number, which of course crowded us some distance into the present month, and partly in the recent alterations in our printing rooms, which have unavoidably impeded our best endeavors at haste. The present Board, after due deliberation, have concluded to make the present Magazine the last number under their management. The reasons for this step are substantially these: In the first place, the April number is hard to edit, seldom read, and of little value to the College world except as completing the traditional completeness of the annual volume.

2nd. The loss of one of our most efficient and valued coadjutors while our connection with the "LIT" had scarce begun, has imposed on your editors larger labors than they had anticipated and than at times they have felt themselves competent or called upon to perform.

3rd. The present crisis in the finances of the country has not left us untouched. While other Magazines have suspended, we have gone to the limit and beyond the limit of our subscription list till now we feel justified, by the stringency of the times and the failure of many of our debtors to discharge their dues, in refusing to incur the burden of farther personal and private expenditure.

In this brief explanation we think are embraced sufficient reasons for our course. We trust it may not meet with disfavor or misinterpretation at the hands of our Fellow-Students. It has been resolved upon after careful weighing of the merits of the case, and as careful consultation with strong friends of the Magazine.

May we not hope that this necessity on our part may incite the College world to a prompter and more general support of the "LIT." during the year to come. We certainly hope that our successors may have the pleasures without the drawbacks of the present board.

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#### EXCHANGES.

The following exchanges have come to hand during the present month. Harpers' Weekly and Harpers' Magazine, for March, Atlantic Monthly, Amherst Monthly, Nassau Magazine, and Knickerbocker. All have been read with interest.

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#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The poetry signed A. F. J., was unaccompanied by a responsible name, and hence, according to our rules, rejected. Also the piece on "College Etiquette," is respectfully declined from lack of room. This will be placed at the disposal of our successors. The present number, it may be said to all, at this point, exceeds the ordinary issue in size nearly one-third.



## Editors' Farewell.

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To-day, a relation, which time has endeared to all of us, is sadly dissolved forever. It has involved duties, which, while often burdensome, were never profitless; interests largely local indeed, but essential to the truest meaning of our common intercourse; sympathies with Student life and character which each day had intensified; and lasting friendships with many, whom, as we depart from Yale we tenderly leave behind us. Our reputation we rest with you. If faithful aims rather than brilliant execution be considered, we are confident of a favoring verdict.

To those who by their kindness, contributions, and literary aid, have generously promoted our success, we tender our heartiest thanks, and to OLD YALE and the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, we wish uninterrupted prosperity for the the future as the past.

To all our readers and friends we cheerfully bid our most cordial good-bye.

GEORGE M. BEARD,  
WILLIAM LAMPSON,  
RICHARD SKINNER,  
JOHN P. TAYLOR.

about but no gap in  
pageing.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

JUNE, 1862.

No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

*Machine Prose.*

O, he's as tedious

As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer-house in Christendom.

It is said of the slovenly, though brilliant Christopher North, that his finest literary efforts were the product of night-labor. It was his custom to divest himself of his coat, collar, and cravat, and with arms bared to his work, to write all night. He composed at first slowly, but as his giant mind warmed with his subject, and the "furor" came upon him, he seemed like one inspired; his pen moved with dashing rapidity, and in the small hours of the morning the spattering of ink on the paper before him was as distinct and continuous as the patter of rain drops. He was a man who could do nothing in accordance with stiff and cramping rules. His habits, both of body and mind, were peculiar and irregular. Even in public his manner of dress was at the farthest remove from care and neatness. He could write only when then spell was on him, but at such times his efforts were Herculean. His mind, so far from resembling in its action some uniform force in nature, was rather volcanic—now slumberous, and anon break-

ing forth into wonderful exhibitions of power. He was, in brief, a man who, in anything he did or said, could never be charged with being mechanical.

As another instance of a writer who possessed this same characteristic, may be mentioned Washington Irving. Irving was very unlike North in general mental cast, but like the great English author, he also was accustomed to wait for the moments of inspiration to aid him in the labors of composition. His writings are charming beyond description, and their charm depends very much on their naturalness. In reading them we feel sure they were not called forth in response to the demands of the printer, of poverty, or of habit. Irving always wrote at the dictation of that within himself which told him he *must* write. He would often rise at dead of night, seat himself at his secretary, and fill page after page with his beautiful and inimitable periods, well aware that at the moment the treasure was within his reach, and that with the morning's light it would have fled away.

We speak thus in the outset of these two writers, because in these days of books and book-makers, and speeches and speech-makers, when everybody writes and orates in order to be in fashion, it is refreshing to turn the attention from lifeless, or, on the other hand, overstrained productions, to the works of the true author, whose pages glow with the unmistakable fire of genius. Besides, we thought that the contrast, so strong and at the same time so pleasing, might assist us in the conception and definition of our subject.

Machine prose, or prosing, is indeed difficult of definition. Every person who is of a disposition at all sensitive, knows, or rather feels, what prosing is, and abhors it as he does a plague; but to dissect the monster, and show the nature of the several parts, and their relations to each other, is by no means an easy process. A certain "proser" has suggested, that as machine poetry is rhyme without reason, shadow without substance, so machine prose may be best defined by a combination of negatives. It is *un*-pleasing, *un*-profitable, *un*-satisfactory, and *un*-endurable. He would term it the "*monstrum horrendum*" of Virgil, and consider its character to be most accurately set forth in the phrase, "*cui lumen ademptum*."

It can of course be nothing but the want of light and life, which renders composition dark, and dull, and dead. And it is true that all utterance, whether by word of mouth or by word of pen, whether in verse or otherwise, unless it partake in some degree at least of the spirit of true *poetry*, will be in general prosy and unbearable. Language itself is, so to speak, the translation of nature, and nature is

full of poetry. All the varied sights and sounds that gladden earth, have in them an element of beauty, or of sublimity, which may be called poetic. This element we are or may be capable of appreciating and enjoying. The sense of the beautiful is as much a part of our nature as the sense of the true, or of the right. We should expect, then, that there would be many poets and but few prosers. Wordsworth has finely expressed the thought, that the true poet is not necessarily a versifier. He says,—

“ Oh, many are the Poets that are sown  
By nature ; men endowed with highest gifts,  
The vision and the faculty divine:  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.”

But, although there are more poets than the world dreams of, there are yet more prosers than there should be. We meet with them in books, in business, and in conversation. The conversational prosier is probably one of the worst types, because he has access to most victims. It is this genus which the ingenious writer to whom we have already referred, divides into several species. He enumerates fierce, gentle, dull, lively, sensible and born prosers. To these may be added yet another class, prosers of the melancholy sort. The eyes of a man in the jaundice, says Watts, make yellow observations of things. So there are many people to whom all things appear not yellow, but black. For them life has no sunshine, no flowers. They are like dead trees in the forest, deriving no sustenance from the invigorating influences which nourish and strengthen their fellows. They are, we must believe, among the most terribly prosy people in existence. Their work is mechanical, and, what is worse, it is endlessly so. They never tire of relating their physical complaints, their heart-ails and soul-struggles. To be cornered by one of them is worse than being caught in a rain-storm. Think of such persons betaking themselves to book making! If a man passes his whole life in the midst of the dreariest and most melancholy prose, can we hope that he will manifest in his writings (if he attempt to write,) anything of the “divine afflatus?”

It was not, however, our intention to notice particularly the different classes of prosers, since this has already been done by others; but we would like to inquire into some of the causes that lead to the perpetration of machine prose.

First, then, prosing is often due partly to habit. It is always easier to form bad habits than good ones. Drowsiness, laziness, and stupidity, after long indulgence, become, as it were, normal conditions of

the mind. Similarly the mental powers can be exercised in a strained, unnatural way, until the practice becomes habitual, and may seem even natural. For example, some persons delight in oddity. They possess qualities common to other men, but they can be satisfied only with what is unusual and distorted. Hence they are full of queer thoughts and still queerer expressions. If they converse, their manner is abrupt and disagreeable. In writing they aim at quaintness—at Carlyle-isms and barbarisms. All this comes at length to be second nature, so that eventually, even if they make an honest endeavor to think and act like other people, they find the thing impossible. The confirmed oddity is therefore a bore from habit. Just so the veritable proser, of whatever species. Take a prosy sermonizer. Who is more the slave of habit than he? He imagines that his hearers *expect* him to be wearisome, and takes his cue accordingly. He usually succeeds admirably—*so* admirably that his sermons acquire gradually a soporific character, and in the end he is able to write none other.

Byron says there are millions of men who have never written any book, but very few who have written only one. This sentence contains a lamentable truth. Many men, doubtless, with sufficient care and thought, and condensation, might write *one* readable book, and yet they never do it. They prefer, we may suppose, that their only positive quality should be diffuseness. Their choice is an unenviable one. A remorseless determination to compose, indiscriminately, on all sorts of subjects, treatises which nobody will ever read, cannot be esteemed a valuable possession. Endlessness is anything but human. It is a principal ingredient, however, in every variety of machine prose. We met, during vacation, a very old gentleman, who told us a story,—he called it a saddle story,—which was positively six hours long by the clock. We learned, on inquiry, that story-telling was a habit he had formed in early life. It had “strengthened with his strength,” and had not left him in his old age. Assuredly, if any one has acquired or is acquiring the habit of prosing, and has reason to presume that by opium-eating, or any like indulgence, he can catch even the faintest glimpses of the glorious visions of De Quincey, and thus be enabled to forsake his tediousness and platitudes, he is warranted in making the experiment.

But another cause for prosiness, particularly in writing, is want of truth. We have the right to demand of an author, or essayist, grace, perspicuity, force, and above all, entire truthfulness. The three former are the dress, the latter is the soul of literature. History without truth is but a corrupt mass: poetry cannot live without it. The same

rule applies in literature which obtains in art. The sculptor or painter must copy nature with unerring nicety, or his work will be condemned. An author, through fear of incurring the charge of simplicity or bluntness, may lay aside honesty of purpose and directness of expression, and adopting puerile sentiments, and an inflated, pompous style, may hope in this way to succeed; but his fame, if he achieve any, will be ephemeral. Forced productions, whether by the pen or the pencil, are like exotic plants; their life is precarious, and is often only a passing breath. The songs of Homer and Virgil, written thousands of years ago, when nature furnished the only inspiration and the only standards of taste for the poet, are yet the admiration of the world. Their immortality is owing simply to their conformity to the real and the true. Among modern authors there is one who is universally beloved on account of his straight-forward truthfulness, and whom we cannot forbear mentioning. We refer to Dr. Goldsmith. Goldsmith never prosed. His beautiful pictures of rural life and scenes never weary the patience, and rarely offend the taste. True, he speaks sometimes in a homely, but never in an uninteresting manner. All he says seems the spontaneous outflowing of a rare, genial, truthful spirit. As has been well said, Goldsmith himself gave the key to his peculiar genius, when he penned the lines.

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One *native* charm than all the gloss of art."

While we are admiring this prominent excellence in Goldsmith's life and writings, let it not be imagined that his is an exceptional case. Truth is very generally a characteristic of genius. The really great man is above chicanery and low cunning. False colors, artifices, and cheating tricks, betray the littleness of their author. Nor is there to be found a more prosy or disagreeable character than the man who is constantly essaying to conceal the defects of his head and heart by pretending to be what he is not. We are disgusted at seeing him, always wearing borrowed plumes.

A third reason for the use of "artificial enginery" in composition, we have already hinted at. It is to be found in the mania for authorship which is now-a-days so prevalent. What is the origin of this mania we are unable satisfactorily to determine. An author is often a much-abused individual, who experiences hard work and rough fare. The homage he receives from men is rarely such as to recompense him for his toil. Indeed, driving the quill is not of necessity a more honorable or honored employment than driving the plough, or follow-

ing any other respectable avocation. It is hard, however, for us to recognize this fact, and so many a good farmer, or first-class mechanic, is undoubtedly spoiled by dabbling in literature.

Now, these pseudo-authors, i. e. book makers, can be no great comfort to themselves or anybody else. What an eternity of misery it would involve to be condemned to read everything that everybody writes! We have often wondered what the world is coming to, for it will soon be incapable of containing all the "books that shall be written." But suppose every aspirant for literary honors were allowed to put in print no thought which was not exclusively his own, what a decretion our rapidly growing libraries would suffer in their contents. Must we not, then, consider all this superfluous lumber an infliction? If it is indispensable that the thousand and one obscure authors of each succeeding generation should scribble for the sake of personal improvement, it is still reasonable to require that their productions shall never see the light. They will thus themselves escape the imputation of prosiness, and save society at large a deal of trouble.

It may, to be sure, be argued that the desire for posthumous fame is a strong incentive toward one's making an attempt to embalm himself in a book, but it must not be forgotten that the very existence of such a desire may and frequently does imply the lack of ability to gratify it. The born writer is not chiefly and unbecomingly eager to gain a name and reputation among men. He forgets self in the midst of the grand thoughts that stir and pervade his whole being. He, therefore, unlike the ambitious proser, can no more become tedious and stupid, than the torrent can become a streamlet, while the source of its power is yet in no degree exhausted.

We have thus spoken of prosing, and some of its causes. If we were to make practical application of the subject, we should say that "we students" are much exposed to the danger of becoming too mechanical. We are a part of the great college-machine, which is wound up regularly three times a day. The length and character of our lessons is fixed by an unvarying standard, and too often, as a consequence, we prepare the lessons themselves *solely* for the purpose of recitation. To illustrate our manner of writing, notice the system of prize compositions. What can be more unnatural than the arbitrary preparation of a given number of pages, on a given subject, within a specified time? Of one thing we may be certain; such a process, when applied, must extinguish all poetic yearnings. If there were no other proofs of this, the recent experience of the "Committee on National Songs," would be sufficient evidence. Among twelve hundred effu-

sions, conceived under the stimulus of a five hundred dollar prize, scarcely one was found worthy the name of poetry. Now is it surprising that young writers in college, following this same method in which even the experienced fail of success, should become artificial and prosy? We wonder whether the Rhadamanthus who decides on these prize efforts of ours, does not expect to find prosiness a leading quality in the essays submitted to his inspection. And we wonder, too, whether he does not often become "weary in well doing."

But it is time to close our prosy *mélange*. As an apology for the weakness of this and future efforts, we request our readers to remember that an editor is often compelled to write, whether the "fit is on him" or not. In our conduct of the LIT. for the ensuing year, the present Board do not propose to do anything new or startling. We only promise right intentions and earnest endeavors. We are but few among many, and without support and sympathy success is of course impossible. We trust, therefore, that all those who feel that they have *something to say* which will be of interest to the reader, and aid in making the Magazine what it should be, will send us an occasional contribution. Any such favor will always be gladly and gratefully received.

E. B. B.

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### Confidence.

Most young people are bashful. On this account, we say, they appear awkward, do what they ought not to do, and leave undone what they ought to do. Perhaps one reason why they are bashful is, that they feel that they are awkward and ignorant of social observances. The multifarious requirements which society makes upon its members appall the child. They are very far from the promptings of his simple nature, and he finds it a tedious task to learn them. New vexations beset him daily. Habits and customs as old as Adam intrude upon him like sour schoolmasters. With little confidence in himself, and with the shadow of a theology hanging over him, which taught that a man's self was his own worst enemy, and that the only way to



grow in grace was to utterly renounce self, how can a child help being bashful? In whatever way a man escapes from this thralldom, if he escape at all, there still clings to him a portion of the old uneasy feeling, the idea that he is in some way inferior to everybody else. That feeling must be utterly put aside. No matter what may be our intellect, we are *men*, and, so long as we do our duty, inferior to none.

After all the terrible show the world makes at first, it is a bug-bear. We that are born to-day have just as much brains, just as good bodies, as those born yesterday, or a hundred years ago. If this be so, and it is, surely we can learn what they learnt, do what they did. Living for an object is the best way of living. Certain fashions conducive to that end are handed down to us. These we take, look over besides the shrewd guesses of thinkers, and go to work for ourselves. We can do all this if we trust our own power. But many will say that they have unbounded confidence in the race at large, but in their individual selves, alas! none. They don't see what the Lord made them for. As for that, there are very few who feel certain what the Lord made them for, or what he made the human race for. This fashion of self-depreciation is a poor relic of the past, when men thought they magnified God by abasing themselves. No epithets made them low enough. They were worms of the dust. They were unworthy to walk God's footstool. A sufficient answer to this is, to ask if God sent man into the world erect on legs without intending him to walk; and if he would have given to a worm of the dust a body and faculties which the Son of God was not ashamed to share with man. For every man there is a place; and each is invaluable in his place.

We think too much of great men. The most of us are average sort of people, and it is none of our business whether we are to become great men or not. We are to be simply ourselves, and the result will be what it should be. This faith in ourselves is not a pert feeling of consequence which some have, because they have made themselves of so little consequence; but it is faith in the universe, a thorough belief that men were not made for an idle end. This is first; yet many a man believes this and is no better for it. There is much more; a judicious self-estimate, industry, bravery.

The hard thing is to form an estimate of one's self. That grows easier as we go farther. Every act brings us out; and if we silence vanity, and strive to make ourselves no worse than we really are, we shall at last see pretty clearly where we stand. If we have judged of ourselves rightly, we shall feel no vain elation nor despondency, no matter what we find to be our value. It will seem that we have found *our place*, and we shall be satisfied and eager to work in it.

And we must have faith in our power to labor. The spirit of the age lets no man rest. Even our tailors are infected. Our garments change with the seasons. No everlasting toga comes down from the generations. The Spaniard wears the same style of hat and cloak that his ancestors wore before him, and he is voted behind the times. The rule is, "move." We are bound to learn all things our fathers knew before us, and invent new. To-day, to be an average citizen, a man must know more than the barons of England four hundred years ago. To be a great man in Rome, one needed only to know a right line from a curve, and a little philosophy, and be able to speak fluently on any side of any question. Whatever we may think about the morals of this age, we cannot deny its intelligence. Never before has there been a period in the world's history that can compare with this in universal knowledge and activity. To keep pace with its lightning spirit, a man must have confidence in his ability to move with it. Many have an idea that their natural abilities are good enough, but somehow or other they have not the practical tact to apply them. That only comes by application. You may not achieve a success the first trial, nor the second, but keep at it, and by and by the stiff fashions of business and manners will become plastic as the sculptor's clay. We grow in confidence every day we work in earnest, for we had no idea, till we made trial, that difficulties were so easily overcome.

But at the root of confidence lies courage. First, courage to believe in ourselves, then, courage to press on to higher selves. We must not let our soldiers be braver than we. A minister needs courage as much as a captain. So does every man. As the world grows older, the weight of tradition and authority grows heavier. Our spirits must be elastic to rise. I have often thought what a fine thing it is that our life is so short. If we lived now eight or nine hundred years, like the patriarchs we read of, all natural feeling and impulse would be extinguished. We live fast, and our hearts are soon hardened. Like forced fruit we are early ripe. Were it not that the world is depopulated and repopulated every half century, men would get too wise to live. But we need have few fears. Human nature comes new and fresh into the world at every birth, just as it did thousands of years ago; and as sweet as now will its glad youth be a thousand years hence.

There seems to be abroad, at present, a spirit of emancipation never before heard of. A great emperor has set free his serfs, and to-day we are hoping to liberate our bondmen. All over the world men

are emancipating themselves from evil habits, idle superstitions, worn out creeds. The state of the poor man is considered. We can hardly believe, that in the best times of Athens free citizens were to slaves as three to thirty; that predial servitude existed in England as late as the reign of Elizabeth, and we congratulate ourselves upon the superior freedom of our time. But, perhaps, three hundred years hence our descendants may wonder at our intolerance of free thought, and tolerance of oppression. Amidst other emancipations, young people have been freed. In the early times of the Roman republic, children were slaves; the father had absolute power over them. In France something of this survives in the ordinance that a man must be twenty-five years old to marry without the consent of his father. In the early laws of the colony of Massachusetts, filial disobedience was made a capital crime. Now we have our own way,—too much, perhaps,—but whether or no, we must act for ourselves. But notwithstanding we do as we please, we are apt to think our thought is not worth much, and so run straightway to compare it with that of somebody else. Our lives are too brief to give us time for this. We must throw aside our leading strings, even if it is hard to walk alone. Our eyes are open, and we must look sharp for ourselves. Nature is as yet almost a sealed book. Our life is infinite. New combinations of civilization rise every day, which the thought of the past cannot fit. Our elders cannot tend to them all, and we must grapple them. Whether we wish it or not, the burden of the day will soon rest on our shoulders. What a fix we should be in with no confidence in our ability to bear it! Ours is not simply to learn history, but to thrust in our arms and mould the present, and to fashion it so well that it shall be worthy to stand at the head of all the past. With the clamorous demands of this importunate To-Day in our ears, we can have little leisure for dear delights and hours of golden languor. If we spend our days in soft reverie and hours of careless ease, we shall lose confidence in ourselves and in the world. Least of all can we afford to put by the plain duty of the hour from idleness, making excuse that it is cold, or hot, or difficult, or inconvenient. A lazy man can have no confidence in himself. The reservoir of confidence is achievement. For those who halt between the notion that they are worth nothing and the consciousness that they are worth something, the only deciding power is labor. Do something that you can look upon, and though it be poor, yet it will be the promise of something better to come.

Some one may say I have left the frailties of human nature out of my reckoning. Not so. Perchance some things we call frailties may

be powers not rightly used; and we know that our weaknesses and faults are not immortal, but shall be left in the grave, like the black hulls of the seeds we sow in spring. They moulder in the earth, but the new plant shoots upwards in the summer sunshine.

So let us push off into life with confidence in our better selves; else it were like going to sea in a steamer without any steam. We drift upon the coast of indifference. The winds of circumstance blow us upon the rocks of despair, and there we must lie till the tidal wave of some strong soul uplifts us, and for the moment bears us on. But great men are not always by, and when they go down we sink on some shoal, and there must lie, to be beaten by the waves and warped by the sun, till some flood of feeling floats us off again. We must be like an ocean steamer, strongly holding straight on. Thus we shall not be disturbed by the eddies of temptation, and if we have sailed for a good harbor we shall make no wreck in our voyage of life. E.

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### The Cypress and the Laurel.

[The following Poem was delivered at the Junior Exhibition of last term, and was received with marked favor by the audience. Many have since expressed a desire that it should appear in print. This feeling has been warmly seconded by the friends of the author, and at their earnest request he has been induced to consent to its publication.—Eps.]

We pass through the shadowy portal,  
 'Neath ponderous arches of stone,  
 Where the mortal of those now immortal  
 Repose in the stillness alone.

We tread down the mazes, where Sorrow,  
 With quiet, insensible power,  
 Aids our hearts from the tombstones to borrow  
 Thoughts meet for the place and the hour.

For here, 'mid the proud and the lowly,  
 'Mid the children of care and renown,  
 'Mid the humble, the loved, and the holy,  
 We too must in slumber lie down.

Then stilled be the clamors of passion,  
 Forgotten the fetters of care,  
 For we know not when others may fashion  
 The house whither we must repair.

Let us think of the honored and saintly,  
We mourned when they passed to their rest,  
And list to the voices that faintly  
Call us to the throng of the blest.

---

A quiet old Cathedral,  
This palace of the dead,  
With willows arching proudly,  
The vaulted heaven o'erhead.

The snow-white marbles pointing  
Above each grassy grave,  
Seem a still congregation  
Adown the spacious nave.

And when the gentle breezes  
Sweep o'er each leafy lyre,  
The swelling gush resembles  
The chanting of the choir.

---

Who are the silent sleepers,  
That rest in darkness here?  
Their slumber seems unbroken,  
Their quiet knows no fear.

Some of the tombs are ancient:  
The ivy and the moss  
Have blotted the inscription,  
And climbed the marble cross.

While others scarcely verdant,  
'Mid wreaths and flowers revealed,  
Tell us of tears still falling,  
And heart wounds not yet healed.

There proudly-peerless rises  
A shaft of granite tall,  
Silent, yet ever speaking  
A warning unto all.

It tells of the child of fortune,  
Whose path was ever strown  
With flowers of joy and pleasure,  
'Till Death had claimed his own.

No longer boasts he splendor,  
Nor power, nor noble birth,  
Born of the earth and earthy,  
He has returned to earth.

But here the hands of loved ones  
Have raised an humble stone,  
Over a sainted infant,  
Whose gentle soul had flown.

And loving tears have watered  
The sacred little mound,  
'Till violets have opened  
And sweetly decked the ground.

And faith looks calmly upward,  
Through toils, and doubts, and fears,  
And the hand of Him who pities,  
Wipes from their eyes the tears.

Here rests the weary spirit,  
Whose life was one dark dream;  
Whose only sad ambition,—  
To taste oblivion's stream.

His daily prayer is answered,—  
His lonely soul is free,—  
And his bark, with its burden of sorrow,  
Has tempted the boundless sea.

Yes!—Here in the realm of Sorrow,  
'Mid narrow, clustering graves,  
O'er the ruins of hope and ambition,  
The gloomy Cypress waves.

---

A Soldier has fought in his country's cause,—  
Has won in his country's name;  
And a grateful people welcome him home,—  
His valor and triumph proclaim.

He stood in the tempest of battle,  
When war-clouds thickened to night,  
That the arms on his country's escutcheon  
Might never be sullied in fight.

And when the dire conflict is over,  
And sheathed is the conquering blade,  
Then the patriot's guerdon of glory  
To the nation's defender is paid.

Fair hands weave a chaplet of myrtle,—  
Stern hearts pay their tribute of praise;  
All hail him as Hero! Preserver!  
And pæans of victory raise.

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A Statesman battles for the right,  
In a nation's council halls,

And gives his will, and gives his might,  
When the voice of Duty calls.

He ever wars with fraud and crime,—  
Connives at never a wrong,—  
But stands, a barrier sublime,  
To the base and venal throng.

He lifts his voice for the nation's weal,—  
For the honor of the State ;  
Fired with an ardent, holy zeal,—  
Firm in his purpose great.

His brow is bound with fadeless bay,—  
The people bless his name ;  
Their grateful hearts his worth repay ;  
History writes his fame.

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Yes!—On the brow of the fearless one,  
The patriot and brave,—  
When the fight is done, and the meed is won,  
And Victory's banners wave,—

Yes!—On the brow of the Statesman true  
To a holy charge and high,—  
A tribute due to the faithful few,  
Whose names can never die,—

The leaves of the fadeless Laurel twine,—  
Emblem of peerless worth,—  
For souls that shine with light divine,  
'Mid tinsel shows of earth.

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Death is strangely wed with glory  
In this brief terrestrial scheme ;  
'Tis the old, the oft-told story,—  
'Tis the frequent, solemn dream.

Death must crown the Patriot's mission,  
Death must quench the Soldier's fire,  
End the Statesman's proud ambition,  
Break the Poet's tuneful lyre ;

Death must weave some mournful token  
With the proudest earthly bay ;—  
Soon the golden bowl is broken,  
And the spirit—is away,

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Wreath the Cypress *with* the Laurel !  
Better, far, a heavenly crown,

When life's poor rewards are over,  
Than ephemeral renown.

Wreath the Cypress *with* the Laurel!  
Better wear that radiant bay  
Of the Hero of life's battle,  
Than the crowns that must decay.

Plant the Cypress by the proudest  
Monuments of earthly pride;  
Plant the Laurel by the courses  
Of Death's gloomy, silent tide.

*some the ...*  
'63

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### “Spare Hours.”

“I also delight in reading the epistles to Atticus; not only because they contain a great deal of history and the affairs of his time: but much more because I therein discern much of his own private humor; for I have a singular curiosity (as I have said elsewhere) to pry into the souls, and the natural and true judgments, of the authors with whom I converse.”—*Montaigne's Essays*.

THE old authors, whatever we may think to the contrary, are still our instructors in wisdom. Theirs are the fine fancies, the quaint ideas, the pleasant lines of thought which later writers scruple not to follow. Their words, far better than Charles of Sweden, have served to “point a moral or adorn a tale.” Back into the past we go gathering from Grecian and Roman Mythology such legends as those of Cupid and Psyche, of Pallas Athene, of the grand labor of Hercules, of Epimetheus and Pandora and the long enduring Prometheus, of the selfishness of Midas and the egotism of Marsyas, till they have become known and read of all men. We borrow from Norseland its Thor and Odin, its valiant men of the strong hand and its honest chivalric spirit. India gives us of its gods and Egypt of its richness of priestly rites. All the earth is at our bidding and we use it all. But these are not our only preceptors. We cast them all aside, for we have their best in the works of those who wrote in the middle ages. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is rich with classic lore and



Montaigne too, had read wisely and well of the same old authors. Mark how rightly he strikes at the root of the true science of reading, and gives in a sentence what books have been spent to teach.

And therefore he heads this article, for to none of our recent writers can the test he employed be so well applied as to Dr. Brown. "Spare Hours" is a rare book; one which few men know how, and fewer dare to write. The great fault is that he who attempts this style of composition brings the irrepressible "I's" into such frequent use that each page seems one great blur of them, and by its very looks effectually deters others from the same rash venture. But this volume fortunately has not that blemish. You feel the continual presence of the author it is true, but he is the friend, the adviser, the constant companion and not the would be model, of his readers. You have as much sympathy with all he does as if you were personally concerned, and this (the perfection of art) is the secret of his success. Of course it is attained by a combination of several things, but most of all by his perfect simplicity and honesty of heart. Frankness always begets confidence, and Dr. Brown is frank.

Proud as we are of our language, there are few among us who can really use it well. No wonder poor Pope, at Twickenham, was so dreadfully disturbed by the poetasters. No wonder that editors are often curt and savage to contributors. It pains a cultivated ear to listen to discordant notes. It troubles an educated eye to see a bad combination of colors. Then why should not good thoughts in bad words be equally ill?

But Dr. Brown is no beginner. He is fitter to teach than to learn, and every page of his writing shows that he understands the force of words. The grandest union of strength in words, with grace in arrangement, is that of the Saxon with the Greek, the Greek of Plato. This our author has to a great degree attained. He does not care, however, for the family from which he gets his word, provided it gives his full meaning, and in this the Saxon more often than any other is his aid.

But no matter what he chooses, the three great essentials to a good style, Simplicity, Strength and Grace, are his always. Clear-headed and sound as he ever is, he rebukes severely the lack of the first in "Festus." In regard to that strange drama, he says what others, stunned and bewildered, have feared to say. No man can claim the right to mystify his readers, and least of all in that which should be poetry. That is where Robert Browning, (aye and sometimes his excellent wife,) has failed. "Parcelsus" bothered poor Douglas Jerrold and he

printed the record of his perplexity for the good of mankind. Dr. Brown has done exactly as did the witty editor, and has left us his candid opinion in testimony.

This free spoken sentiment is very characteristic indeed. It is so much a part of the talk you are having, that you would think yourself slighted should he withhold his confidential opinion on such topics. And thus this curious sympathy runs, twining in with your feelings all the time. When the *Sine Qua Non*, the Dutchess, the Maid of Lorn, and "Ego" set out on their excursion, you insensibly make a fifth in the party, are shown the scenery as you ride along and finally discover yourself gazing at that mystical dog—the earth-born "Black and Tan." And at the sad story of Toby's tragical fate, you fully justify "William" in his act of extemporaneous justice, and in his stoical indifference to the resulting "palmies." You are really bound up in that wonderful memoir of the author's father,—a sketch which none but a master hand could have drawn, and which has a power complete and indescribable. You feel the same strength in "Rab and his Friends"—that it is useless to eulogize any part of it for that the whole is far above eulogy. But saddest and most touching of all, is that simple story of "The Last Half Crown," so shortly, so plainly told, and yet told so that none may resist its force. A great artist once said that it "was not every man who could paint weeds." There is many a human "weed" but there have been but few who could paint them well. Dickens has, Scott has, and shall we say that Dr. Brown has not?

Nor is it merely in tales like these, that his ability is seen. The article on "Paul's Thorn in the Flesh," that mysterious ailment concerning which every commentator has had his own opinion and his own especial say, has been declared to be the most plausible hypothesis yet advanced. It seems strange that men should blunder over the statements which he in his plain way takes to mean just what they would imply at the present time. His quotations and arguments are very apt and well put; so much so, that if we should refuse them credence, many points, long since settled in the same way of reasoning, would rise from their graves to demand a new investigation.

We form an idea of a man such as this, very soon indeed, from his works. There is needed no aid of likeness or personal description, for we have his mind very soon in familiar acquaintance, and by prying into the "natural and true judgments" which he exhibits, we reach the result right speedily. We find him to be a man of sound views, great reading, (what Bacon would call a "full man") much

practical experience, and best of all, solid substantial common sense. He loves nature with a love not mawkish nor affected, but simple, honest and true. Even a dog becomes in his hands a hero, for his love for nature is love for animals also. It is strange that he should have been so long before he laid pen to paper in the line of authorship. But it is better as it is. He waited, and like a goodly ship well laden with a precious freight, has at last gained the harbor, whence, let us hope, he shall go no more out until the summons for the last long voyage shall come.

To conclude such an article as this without a word on his critical ability and discernment, would be to leave it unfinished indeed. The turn of his mind seems always to have been towards a quick appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and from that to the same grace in art and poetry. Of the last he is a true critic, kindly yet strict; well stored with the best works of the best men, and fit to give an opinion in any case. There is a subtle aroma about all real poetry which it requires a certain amount of appreciative power to perceive. So too it needs a careful taste to separate the good from the poor—to give credit for excellences and discredit for defects. This discerning sense the author of "Spare Hours" undoubtedly has. The single critique on Vaughan's Poems would show that at once.

And there is yet another thing. He has called his book "Spare Hours"—a suggestive title when we consider that he is and has been for many years, an Edinburgh physician in active practice. At the sound of the title there rises before us the restless round of such a man's daily duties; how, possibly on his way from patient to patient, he has had many of the thoughts whose record we have read. And how when at last he is home in the evening, he has sat down with a dread of interruption, Parvula in the cradle, the Sutchard on the hearth-rug and the S. Q. N. in her chair in the corner. It lends additional interest to the book when we know that most, if not all of it, has been thus written. So we can apprehend better his joy at a country ride or walk, his childlike pleasure at hill and forest and glancing stream, and it knits us closer to him than before.

Very fortunate are we when we can be escorted through this pleasant world by one who has the secret of fern-seed—who walks invisible—whom elves and fairies do not fear, and who disturbs by his presence, no thing, however timid. Under his guidance we can see Nature, the true Queen of the Beautiful, surrounded by her train. As did the Eleusinian mysteries, he opens to us the hidden things of the great earth and makes us free of our craft, and free of our *guild for ever after.*

S. W. D.

### Did You ever Write Poetry?

THIS inquiry, whether growled out by a plain, matter-of-fact friend, yawned out by a careless friend, or more fondly spoken by a romantic friend, invariably claims and receives an affirmative answer. No man (this broad statement is made boldly, without fear of contradiction,) ever passed through life without at some time courting the capricious muse; although few, indeed, receive the least encouragement. Whether the attempt is made in a Valentine, in the Poet's Corner of the New York Ledger, or in a sonnet to the "Prettiest Girl I ever saw," makes but little difference; the attempt *is* made, and it is, almost invariably, a failure.

This writing of Poetry (?) has become so common that poets must grant pardon if, for a moment, it is regarded as a disease. It is true that, with some, it has become by far the most beautiful of intellectual accomplishments; but it is equally true that, in the multitude of would-be poets, the number of those that attain even to mediocrity is almost nothing. At times, the most violent disease passes away and leaves the body, which it has so lately tortured, more beautiful than before; but such cases are of comparatively rare occurrence, and it would be a poor policy to seek the curse, trusting to the slim chance of the blessing which *may* follow. With the foregoing explanation, it can hardly be considered disrespectful to regard Poetry as an intellectual disease; and, viewing it in this light, the great similarity between the mental and physical is most strikingly evident. Poetry, in the true sense of the word, is excluded from this essay, and objection is made only to the making of one's head a mill to grind out doggerel. With a mere change of name, a disquisition on the croup would answer equally well for an essay on Poetry. Omitting names, then, let us take a brief resume of the subject, looking at it in a light purely medical.

The young are especially subject to attacks from this disease, and, with a few exceptions, childhood may be considered its proper sphere. At a very early age it seizes its victim, while the young intellect is too weak to resist the blighting malaria, but, fortunately, while the soil is too thin to allow it a permanent hold. In a few cases the patient's very nature seems to assimilate with the disorder, and after its first violence has passed away, the seed planted in the child grows up and

prosper in the man—a disease no longer, but rather the light and life of intellectual accomplishment. Such is the Poet, and with him, it must be remembered, we do not intend to deal. The young mind soon throws off the withering influence, and regains its lost power.—Harmless in itself, the malady becomes a very mountain when opposed, for the strains of the martyr-poet are as endless as the Nile. The strictest scrutiny has ever failed to discover its cause—even quacks have not yet pretended to the discovery of its preventive or cure. Not only does it seem infectious and contagious, but self-creative; medical skill is entirely at fault, and nature must take its course. Thus we can regard the disease, in common with the thousand other ills that assail children, as disagreeable, retarding general good health for a season, but as entirely free from danger. It is, however, a startling fact, that all these minor ills increase at Compound Interest, so that the *lucky* child who passes safely through the time proper for sickness, is laying by a heavy settlement for the man—a child's disease taken in manhood is almost certain to prove fatal. So with the mind and its troubles. Years passing over a man's head *may* not bring to his mind strength and power of self-government, but they invariably develop obstinacy and self-conceit. Into a soil thus prepared for its reception, the seed is thrown. Obstinacy clings to the new dogma, from mere unwillingness to give up that which has once been undertaken; self-conceit easily persuades even the very prosiest man that his nature is poetical—that the power, so long dormant in him, must, from that very fact, be just about to burst forth with multiplied strength. When a man, with a mind thus prepared, is stricken with the mania for writing poetry, it is evident that the disease will be, with him, permanent, and it surely does not demand even example to show its debilitating, ruinous effect. Frequent usage has almost banished "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," from the list of allowable quotations, but in this connection its triteness is more than equalled by its argumentative force. This wholesale destruction of intellect should be, and, in most cases is, frowned down by every one. Yet everywhere men are toiling away in the wrong direction, bending every energy to the wrong work, and wondering that success does not at last crown their efforts. While every one is ready and willing to advise his erring neighbor, hardly a single wanderer has ever discovered that he himself is on the wrong road. Such is the curse of misdirected literary labor, that this essay was to portray; and for what purpose was it written? When a great epidemic has broken out in a city, straightway the papers appear with an elaborate history thereof. The cause, the advance, and the power

of the evil, are all represented at large. In short, its entire history, from its birth up to the date of publication, is in print, and for what purpose? Not for warning and instruction, for the articles are never read; not for renown, for the same objection still holds good. Whatever may be their purpose, such is mine.

This epidemic is most common in the College world. The Poet's reputation stands preëminently above every other; therefore many enter for the prize, merely on account of its value, without giving a single thought to their ability as contestants in the struggle.

Nature *must* make the Poet, and those destitute of natural ability to shine in that sphere, should retire, with the best grace possible, to plainer prose. But above all, no man should ever confer the back-handed compliment of signing to his own poetical effusions the initials of another, in inverted order.

J. F. K. *er* *u* *o* *u* *l* *h*  
'62

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### Mrs. Stowe's New Works.

THE democratic element in our social system is so powerful that the existence of one prominent family cannot be permanent. Aristocracy of birth is discountenanced. New names are continually appearing in the list of leading men, and familiar characters soon depart. The wealth obtained by the father is squandered by the son. Talent cannot be transmitted as a legacy. Public position depends upon the ever changing will of the masses. Under such influences, few families can preserve a marked position for many years. The Beecher family is one of this small number. It has long represented the most influential body of Christians in New England. The Beechers have done much to lead their sect above its rugged but illiberal and superstitious theology. The father was a deep thinker, searching for truth with boldness and energy. The son is faithful to his memory. He works earnestly that there may remain no intolerance in the church, and no dishonor in our national existence.

Mrs. Stowe's connection with such an influential family undoubtedly gave a favorable audience to her earlier efforts. This debt her later works have amply repaid; and now the family gains as great a repu-

tation from the Novelist as from the Preacher. The religious culture which she received in youth gave her sound theological opinions and a lively sympathy for the unfortunate. It was natural that, when she began to think for the public, she should become interested in the religious controversies and reformatory movements of the times. She selected a style of writing which has created for her a high literary reputation, and an extensive circulation for her peculiar ideas. The public mind, already ripening to a genuine sympathy for the slave, had not reached such maturity as to adopt the views of extremists. The victim, and not the institution, excited attention. The Radicals needed a strong representation of society at the South to arouse support for their political movements. "Uncle Tom" was an engine of great power, and was welcomed by all classes. Highly dramatic, it pleased the common people, while the cultivated were entertained by its literary value. It satisfied a popular demand, and was successful. It was not merely a novel, but a novelty.

Mrs. Stowe's next effort, although possessing the beauties and excellencies of its predecessor, has not been received with much enthusiasm. The characters are similar to those of "Uncle Tom," but are not grouped with such dramatic force. Mrs. Stowe turned to a new field for scenery and actions. The early years, the domestic life and characteristics of New England, were before her. No master hand had plucked the choicest fruit, and the faithful account of the manner in which our fathers lived and toiled could not fail of interest and favor. This was a subject with which she was familiar. She knew well the religious history and the customs of our early society. Taking the stern Puritan as her hero, she exalted his sublime faith by an honest portrayal, and described his errors with patient delicacy. The customs of society have not changed, entirely, during the last century. There are relics of ancestral customs still lingering among us; and we love the "Minister's Wooing," because it seems so home-like, and we can appreciate it so readily.

The two last works of the gifted authoress were in course of preparation for nearly a year, and published simultaneously. It is not my intention to criticise them, but to trace out the similarity which exists between their characters. I shall endeavor to show that this likeness was intentional, and that the teachings of the one require the contrast of the other to make them prominent.

The "Pearl of Orr's Island" is a story of New England life. It bears the same relation to the "Minister's Wooing," as "Dred" to "Uncle Tom." The characters and their history are entirely differ-

ent, yet the scenery and customs associated with them are the same. We recognize in each the hardy, wholesome nature peculiar to the inhabitants of the towns along the North-Atlantic coast. Both picture the same busy society, gossiping habits, and rough yet sincere neighborly love. Similar religious precepts pointed the path of duty to Mary, which brightened the faith of Mara. The later work will, however, be known better from its connection with "Agnes of Sorrento," than for any inherent excellence.

The prominent feature of the story is the character of little Mara, too tender a plant for so rough a soil. A strange visitor among an uncultivated people, she is the wonder as well as the beloved of all who know her. It may be well to note the influence of the religious principles prevalent among all the people of New England, upon a nature like Mara.

The stern Puritan faith is practical and not imaginative. It prohibits dreamy musings, and leads its supporters away from the pleasant wanderings, which fancy loves, to the rough realities of existence. It is well suited to the people who live on our hardy soil. Here all is prose, and it is unfortunate that a gentle spirit, full of the poetry of life, should be born and live amid such uncongenial influences, unless kind hearts are ever guiding ready hands to comfort and sustain it. Among the varied experiences of humanity, I can conceive of none sadder than a nature full of fancy, sensitively nervous, and possessing a precocious perception, compelled to drudgery with dull, unappreciating folk, who misconstrue all its actions and thwart all its desires. But Mara had kind friends. Those who understood her least, were won by her simple grace, and indulged every queer fancy which occupied her mind. The strong arm of Puritanism had a salutary check upon her spiritual ideas, and preserved her intellect in perfect health. It gave her a calm patience, an earnest and beautiful faith, in the weary trial with Moses' selfish, impetuous disposition. She was sustained by it in the long illness which prefaced her death. From its healthy teachings, she learned the lessons by which she led her lover from the path of ruin to the straight course towards honor and principle. It seems to be the principal aim of the story to illustrate, by the life of its heroine, the influence of our religion upon delicate and sensitive organizations.

Let us leave, for the present, the remaining characters of the book, and turn to "Agnes of Sorrento." The purpose of this work is to discover the power of the Catholic Church upon a nature identical with that of Mara. It presents the picture of life among the humble clas-



ses during a portion of the mediæval age. Secular and Religious history has defined the exterior of Catholicism, and exposed the corruption of its servants. The world thoroughly understands the men who have stood behind the screen and worked the machinery. They are, in a great measure, answerable for a thousand years of barbarism and superstition, which would have continued to this day if the brain could have been shackled with the body. The prejudice created by the atrocities which the Church has sanctioned, the hatred aroused by its blasphemous use of Divine gifts, have caused men to overlook its good qualities. The beauty of the peasant's faith is forgotten amid the heartless ceremonials of the rich. Yet at the simple household shrine, and not in the gorgeous Cathedral, are found sincerity and truthful worship. This is true now; how much truer nine hundred years ago, when a few received universal homage, and claimed irresponsibility in action!

Mrs. Stowe, realizing this fact, has chosen as the scene of her story a lowly village in the heart of Italy. Sorrento was so far from Rome that its inhabitants were ignorant of the follies which disgraced that city, and so near that no heretical influence could easily reach it. Here was the home of Agnes. She had no companions except her grandmother, whose harsh, worldly views contrasted with the gentle, saintly ideas of Agnes, like the gnarled oak with the delicate violet beneath its branches. Her acquaintance extended only to the inmates of a neighboring convent, and this, instead of drawing her away from her own thoughts, only increased the habit of self-communion. The grandmother, hardened by her life's experience, regarded the observancies of religion as a duty; but she never looked beyond the outward show, and could not comprehend the quiet, devotional temperament of her charge. Agnes, whose rare beauty represented her pure soul, lived out of the world among thoughts and fancies. She performed the ceremonies which the Church commanded, but looked beyond material assistants to the spiritual life of which they were the emblems. Love, which had stolen unbidden into her heart, could not turn her from the fancied duty to religious rites. Yet, firm as her faith seemed, it was soon destroyed. It was the luxuriant growth of the tropics, and not the rugged produce of a Northern climate. One brief glance at the corruptions of Rome, and the lessons of a life were undone. Under such influences, this lovely character was formed. Physically and mentally Mara and Agnes are alike, but they were trained and nurtured by different teachers. Each gazed with longing eyes towards an unseen world. Mara met God face to face, and wor-

shipped him with a fresh and natural piety. Agnes saw the Father afar off, and approached him through others. She placed her trust in the vast machinery which she was taught could alone lead her to him. Mara learned the practical with her religion, and gained strength in faith from daily communion at the natural shrines which God has scattered all over the earth, as images of his power and goodness. When Love came to her, she did not attempt to crush it because her lover was a skeptic, but applied the teachings of her instinct and reason to the purpose of turning him from darkness to the Light. Agnes, driving away each natural affection and desire by self-torture, had a faith of unnatural intensity, yet of the greatest outward beauty. She spurned her love as a sin, and tried by prayers, and not by deeds—for Catholicism had never taught their utility—to turn to the fold her wandering lover. How holy the trust and hope which sustained Mara through sickness and death! How sad the sight of Agnes, trying to banish affection by physical pain! Our hearts swell with a just pride for the creed of our fathers, which rejected so many yokes and freed man from religious servitude.

My suggestions in respect to the remaining characters must be brief. Moses and the Cavalier were both skeptical concerning the established theology of their countries. Moses, doubting the extreme and unreasonable portions of the Puritan's creed, overlooked its truths, and rejected all. The Cavalier was too honest to be a Christian, if only Christians could sin with impunity. He was willing to renounce God, if he could approach him only through the foul pathway of the Roman Court. Aunt Roxy and Jocunda represent a class with which no society could dispense. Sally Kittridge and Giulietta were alike by nature, but their surroundings caused a difference of taste and ideas.—The other actors in the dramas, like those which I have mentioned, aid, in connection with Mara and Agnes, to show the power of the two great sects of Christendom upon individuals the same both by nature and in worldly circumstances.

Catholicism and Puritanism! The two extremes of the Christian Church. Mrs. Stowe has silently taught their differences by the delineation of her characters, more than the Historian—more than the Preacher. One rears its children artificially, and, though evincing a sincere faith, they are not trained to bear the rough storms of life;—the other, after pointing out the way, leaves the soul to find the Father through its own impulses and by its own natural instinct. J. H. B., *the*

### Thoughts on a Midnight Music.

I heard a strain of music far and sweet  
Through the hushed darkness of the calm midnight,  
Stealthily dropping on my sense as pearls  
Drop from a necklace one by one and fall  
With pleasant sound into a casket lid.

I listened for the voices as eagerly  
As ever lover for his lady's voice;  
And when they came so softly intertoned,  
By the low sighing of the winter wind,  
A pleasant fancy took abode with me.

I wandered back in vision to the days  
Of Grecian glory when the earth was new;  
I heard the cheerful strains in Tempe's vale,  
And Pan soft piping by the river's brink,  
Waist-deep among the rushes.

Then again,

I saw the Persian myriads turn in fear,  
And fly before their foemen's paeon shout,  
While through the carnage gleamed the bloody brass,  
And o'er it all still rang that fearful hymn  
Striking dismay. And when the Spartans rise  
To combat with Messenae, I espied  
That lame schoolmaster of the battle songs,  
Weakest in body but in mind the first,  
And whose strong lyrics purchased victory.  
Into the East I passed and listened there  
To dreamy music, heard barbaric chants,  
And at the sunrise by the river Nile,  
Stood near old Memnon's statue.

On the strand

Of Palestine I paused and by my side  
Came armed crusaders with a clash of steel,  
Singing in joy a strong-voiced monkish hymn  
As on they journeyed to Jerusalem.  
I was with those who found this Western world,  
And when the grand Te Deum rose and swelled,  
It broke upon the silence like the voice  
Which, after weary watching, speaks and tells  
The fever crisis over.

Wheresoe'er

I went in distant or in nearer lands,  
Whether I listened to the Troubadour,

Or heard the Norsemen's war song, there I found  
The same old passions answer to the strain.  
And even now in days as stern and proud  
As any days of pride in elder times,  
I found it still as then, the one sweet voice  
Which never fails to speak to all the heart.

D.

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### How will the War affect our Literature?

MOST nations at some time in their history pass through great transition periods. Influences which have been long in operation, seem suddenly to develop into a harvest of results, and the work of centuries is swept away or greatly modified in as many months or days. The American nation is now passing through such a transition period. The spirit of change has come over us and extends its influence to all departments of life. Our public policy, our social life, our habits of thought, speech and action, our language and literature, are all being more or less modified. It would be a most interesting problem, did we possess sufficient material for its solution, to determine what will probably be some of these changes in our literature.

There are a few facts which it seems to me will naturally and inevitably exert a powerful influence in this direction.

And first; the great increase of intelligence among the masses of the people. This increased intelligence does not consist entirely or chiefly in a more extended knowledge of physical facts. Along with our new information of a geographical and kindred character, and our familiar acquaintance with the art of war and its auxiliaries, we are acquiring a better knowledge of history, a deeper insight into principles, into the causes which control human action, and into those hidden moral forces which lie behind all social and political changes.

Thought is further quickened by the great problems which the crisis forces upon public attention. The theory of our government, the principles upon which it has been, and should be administered, and the gravest questions of civil polity are freely discussed.

Admitting that many of the ideas promulgated in these discussions are crude and visionary, and that no new truths of political science

are likely to be evolved, and still the essential fact remains, that the great mass of the American people are securing from these debates and speculations a considerable amount of intellectual discipline. This will be one of the permanent effects of the great events through which we are passing. To appreciate the manner in which this fact may affect our literature, we have but to glance at the relation our literature sustains to the public.

Being destitute of aristocratic or governmental encouragement, and dependent upon the direct support of the people, it adapts itself to their feelings and wants, and so supply comes to bear a close relation to demand. If, therefore, a better appreciation of what is true and beautiful can by any means be created among the people, the way is open for a great and permanent improvement in literature. Again; increased information and culture remove old superstitions and fallacies and bring us nearer to the realization of political and moral truth.

To take a particular illustration of our meaning; our increased knowledge of the heinous system of slavery will prevent any demand for a new edition of the "South Side View," or any new volumes of pro-slavery sermons, or any expurgated editions of the old authors, and will unshackle many a press, will give a more free and rapid motion to many a pen, and will set at liberty the imagination of not a few of our authors and poets.

A second consideration closely connected with the one just alluded to, is the fact that an intense desire, I might almost say, a morbid passion for exciting news has seized upon the community. The fact is easily accounted for, indeed, is a most natural result of the circumstances attending the passage of events. Never were the interests of humanity in greater peril and never did twelve months before witness such a rapid succession of great and startling occurrences. It would have argued badly for our appreciation of the importance of the conflict and the dignity of our position, had we been less enthusiastic. But it seems to me certain that this long continued tension of feeling, this all absorbing anxiety for news, fanned by the daily and almost hourly issues of the eager press, are working a most important change in our mental habits, and will have a very perceptible effect upon our literature. The excitable American temperament affected by climate and situation, and still further aroused by these peculiar circumstances, is driving us on to nervous activity in every department of labor.

We are more and more zealous in seeking for the most direct and positive means to our ends, and more and more impatient for successful and speedy results. Our periodical literature has already felt the

increased pressure of the popular demand. We have now become, even if we were not before, a reading nation. We shall continue to read, and to demand exciting, thrilling matter.

The first productions intended to meet this demand will undoubtedly be of an inferior character. As the bad is easier of production than the good, so it will have the advantage of precedence in the field. We may except that the country will be flooded with "Personal Narratives" "Histories of the Great Rebellion," and an unmeasured quantity of those inevitable small novels, each with two titles connected by the disjunctive, and full of blood and thunder, fire and love. But not all of these works will be destitute of merit, for Brownlow will certainly favor us with plainness of statement, and vigor if not elegance of style, while Abbott will be reliable for facts, and will tell us all about them in the prettiest way imaginable. Still, for the sake of our literature, we hope most of these productions will be ephemeral.

The only question is, whether our best authors will seize upon the opportunity and with untiring energy supply us with truly timely and valuable works, which shall speedily induce a healthy reaction in the popular taste, from vitiation it may have suffered during the bustle of the conflict, and the unsettled period which followed it. May we not hope that neither the authors nor the people will be wanting to each other, and that while we continue to read as eagerly as ever, all will be able to appreciate and to be provided with as choice productions as have ever graced the English tongue.

A third consideration lies in the fact that a great number of new and interesting *subjects* are placed at the disposal of authors and forced upon public attention. All great revolutions are fruitful in such themes, this one is peculiarly so. Its origin and purpose have been so extraordinary, its career so brilliant in some respects, and so disgraceful as a whole, the complications it has introduced are so intricate, its expense so vast, its sacrifice so great, its results so sad in the present and so glorious in the future, that it surpasses all similar movements which the world has yet seen. It promises a rich harvest to the careful gleaner, in every department of literature.

As we have already said, the gravest questions of governmental policy, of political economy, of international law, of private and public right, are awaiting adjudication. The people are deeply interested in their consideration, and will pay most respectful attention to any who can promise them reliable instruction. The occasion requires and invites a series of political writings as sound and brilliant as those

which in our early constitutional history reflected such honor upon Hamilton, Jefferson and their associates.

In the department of history the demand for immediate productions is not so urgent. Still the occasion is one most favorable for rare success in certain fields and styles of history. For poetry and romance a broad and most inviting region is thrown open.

It is true that our border war has not so *much* of individual daring and wild personal adventure as those which furnished Walter Scott with his choicest themes, yet it is by no means wanting in such elements of romantic interest. War has become so much a matter of profound science and organized effort, that it cannot have the same romantic character as in the olden time; yet where shall we find brighter examples of single-handed heroism, of noble courage, of patient suffering, or scenes of more touching interest than the daily occurrences of this war afford us?

We are in a much better situation to make use of such material than we were after the war of the Revolution. Then we were poor and weak, we had no commanding position in the world, we had few authors and but little culture; but now all is changed; and though the same old question of "To be or not to be," is forced upon us, it now seems of far easier solution. The people then were compelled to be intensely practical, since their existence depended upon it; now that harsh spirit is greatly modified and is susceptible of still greater change. Whatever present use shall be made of the materials thus provided for our authors, the sublime exhibitions of patriotism so often witnessed in our own section of the country, the suffering and devotion of the persecuted unionists of the South, both white and black, their simple faith, their reverential affection for the old flag, contrasted with the implacable hate and fiendish cruelty of their persecutors, will be the wonder of the generation following us, and handed down in long tradition, *may* furnish the web for that great American epic which shall be the world's fourth and best—Time's noblest product and the last.

We have just glanced at a few of the considerations which lie upon the surface of the subject, and suggested some of the influences which the great events we are now passing through, *may* have upon the future of our literature.

We must believe that the grand result will be a purifying and ennobling effect. Our increased knowledge and intellectual culture will demand a higher and better style of productions, our zest for intelligence and mental food, if wisely controlled and directed, will be met

in works of real point and power, the new and varied topics pressing upon our attention will give ample scope, and we trust *inspiration* to our best statesmen, historians, novelists and poets.

American liberty, baptized in the flood and fire of war, is just entering upon a career of glorious promise. Why may not American literature, twin sister of American liberty, rejuvenated, enter upon an equally brilliant career in the hopeful future?

C. W. F. *et al.*

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### Book Notices.

*Fort Lafayette; or, Love and Secession.* A Novel. By BENJAMIN WOOD. Pp. 300. New York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway.

AN appeal to the feelings on behalf of a wrong cause, is always dangerous. By using particular to represent general truths, by slurring the evil and exalting the good, a skilful writer can, in almost every case, carry his audience along with him. Hon. Ben. Wood, of "Daily News" celebrity, has been trying to do just this, and, unfortunately, has more than half succeeded. In the novel which he has written, Beverly Weems is taken as a type of the South, ready in defence of State rights to oppose the power and authority of the Central Government. Harold Hare, the representative Yankee, is made the author's man of straw, overcome in every case by his opponent's specious though apparently honest arguments. He again differs from Arthur Wayne, the "peace man," in whom all the graces which could belong to a possible person are united. Cast into Fort Lafayette by the machinations of a cunning enemy, he leaves it broken in health, and closes the volume with his death. It would be tedious to speak of the plot of the story. That is a mere canvas, in which the deadly shot are contained, which is of no use save to bind them together.

Now and then there are hits, just hits, at certain people, whom every one recognizes. The characters of Philip Searle and Seth Rawbon are not exaggerated from the life. But through and through the book, runs the feeling of hatred to the North. It can be seen in the sneering



tone, and the readiness to find any possible fault. "Peace! peace!" is the burden of the song. He would have peace, even the most disgraceful, so it was but a cessation of this "patricidal war."

It was well that "Love and Secession" was not published a year ago, and that before it saw the light, Ben. Wood had appeared in his true colors. Otherwise, under the guise of frankness and honesty, he might have stolen from us many a waverer ere we were aware.

*Leisure Hours in Town.* Essays by A. H. BOYD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These pleasant Essays, familiar to the readers of the "Atlantic," have been published in a very neat volume. They are on delicately tinted paper, and uniform with the "Recreations of a Country Parson." We have derived much pleasure from the perusal of these Essays. They are full of thought about every-day life, and teach us many a good lesson. Although they are the representations of Scottish life and characteristics, yet our own habits, both good and bad, are painted there in truthful colors. The criticisms are novel, but mostly correct. They are not commonplace errors, which their author detects; nevertheless, they are so clearly traced out that we are surprised because we have never thought of them ourselves. The article "Concerning Veal," should be studied by every man who wishes to cultivate a good style. But it is difficult to point to one article as possessing peculiar excellence, when all are such masterly efforts. Every person, whatever his position in life may be, should read them, for they teach lessons which apply to all.

*Oration by George Bancroft; Three Unlike Speeches, by Garrison, Garrett Davis, Alex. H. Stevens; The War: A Slave Union, or a Free—a Speech by M. F. Conway.*—New York: E. D. Barker.

These speeches are published in a convenient little serial called the "Pulpit and Rostrum." There is nothing which will aid one so much, in his pursuits hereafter, as to treasure up the ideas and opinions of the great men of the times, upon the struggle which is now going on in this country. Newspapers are liable to be destroyed or lost; Pamphlets are convenient, can be bound into any shape, and preserved. The "Pulpit and Rostrum" can be obtained at the College Bookstore, No. 34 S. M.

*The Old Curiosity Shop.* CHARLES DICKENS. New York: Jas. L. Gregory & Co.

Every year there appears some new edition of the standard English authors. A man fears to purchase one, lest in a short time a more

satisfactory style will come out. But the last edition of Dickens' works cannot be surpassed for neatness in text, cheapness, and convenience in form and size. We recommend this edition, then, fully convinced that it will please every one who purchases it. The paper cannot be easily soiled, and the books are bound in a durable manner.

#### EXCHANGES.

We have received Harper's Weekly, for May 17th, 24th and 31st; The Harvard Magazine, for April; and the American Publishers' Circular and Atlantic Monthly, for May. They are all well filled, and have been read with pleasure and profit.

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## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

THE Junior Exhibition of the Class of '63, took place on Wednesday, April 3. The New York Seventh Regiment Band was in attendance, and discoursed very acceptable music. The exercises were varied and interesting, and on the whole everything passed off satisfactorily to all concerned. It may be mentioned that the places of the speakers in the Order of Exercises, contrary to the usual custom, were assigned by lot. The following gentlemen acted as Managers:

E. B. Bingham,	L. T. Chamberlain,	J. F. Kernochan,
C. W. Bull,	H. F. Dimock,	W. H. Smyth,
H. Bumstead,	T. A. Emerson,	W. S. Sumner,
	C. M. Gilman.	

The "Order of Exercises," on the occasion, was as follows:

#### AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC: Overture, (William Tell).—*Rossini.*
2. Latin Oration, "De Cicerone Patrono," by WILLABE HASKELL, *Bucksport, Me.*
3. Oration, "Citizenship," by CYRUS WEST FRANCIS, *Newington.*
4. Poem, "Day-Dreams," by HENRY ELY COOLEY, *Newton, Mass.*
5. MUSIC: *Te sol quest' anima*, (Attila).—*Verdi.*
6. Dissertation, "A Life without Ambition," by JOSEPH FREDERICK KERNOCHAN, *New York City.*
7. Dissertation, "The Proper Object of Study," by JOHN BIRGE DOOLITTLE,\* *Winsted.*
8. Dissertation, "Palmyra and her Queen," by CHARLES STUART SHELDON, *Brockport, N. Y.*

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\* Excused from speaking.

9. Dissertation, "Sir Walter Raleigh," by SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, *Hartford*.
10. MUSIC: Galop Militaire.—*Grafulla*.
11. Dissertation, "Theodore Koerner," by HENRY MITCHELL WHITNEY, *Northampton, Mass.*
12. Dissertation, "Manin," by LEWIS ATTERBURY STIMSON, *Paterson, N. J.*
13. Dissertation, "The Marble Faun," by HOWARD KINGSBURY, *New York City*.
14. MUSIC: *Di tanti regi*, (Semiramide).—*Rossini*
15. Oration, "Christianity the Basis of Genuine Republicanism," by JOSEPH FITCH GAYLORD, *Norfolk*.
16. Oration, "Accident of Birth," by HORACE BUMSTEAD, *Boston, Mass.*
17. Dissertation, "Unwritten History," by WILLIAM CHURCHILL REED, *Hampden, Me.*
18. Oration, "The Permanence of Democracy, as affected by International Relations," by GEORGE WASHINGTON BIDDLE,\* *Philadelphia, Pa.*
19. MUSIC: *Come poteva un angelo*, (I Lombardi).—*Verdi*.
20. Dissertation, "National Adversity as developing Great Characters," by THORNTON MILLS HINKLE, *Cincinnati, O.*
21. Dissertation, "Motley, the Historian," by JOHN HASKELL BUTLER, *Groton, Mass.*
22. Philosophical Oration, "Individual Development in its Relation to the State," by DAVID BRAINERD PERRY, *Worcester, Mass.*
23. MUSIC: Potpourri, (Martha).—*Flotow*.

## EVENING.

- MUSIC: Overture, (Zampa).—*Herold*.
2. Oration, "Faith in Democratic Principles," by GEORGE WILLIAM BAIRD, *Milford*.
  3. Dissertation, "Algernon Sydney," by JOSEPH NAPHTALY, *San Francisco, Cal.*
  4. Oration, "The Stability of Government promoted by Long Terms of Office," by HENRY FARNAM DIMOCK, *South Coventry*.
  5. MUSIC: Seventh Regiment Quickstep.—*Grafulla*.
  6. Dissertation, "Legendary Fiction," by EDWARD LAWRENCE KEYES, *New York City*.
  7. Oration, "The Trial of Aaron Burr," by EDWARD BRODIE GLASGOW, *Warminster, Pa.*
  8. Oration, "War in its Favorable Influences on National Character," by GEORGE SCOVILL HAMLIN, *Sharon*.
  9. MUSIC: Aria et Bolero, (Vêpres Siciliennes).—*Verdi*.
  10. Oration, "The Patriotism of Cicero," by EGBERT BYRON BINGHAM, *Scotland*.
  11. Oration, "Count Cavour," by MOSES HUBBARD TUTTLE, *Sheffield, Mass.*
  12. Oration, "The Progress of the World in Civilization," by HENRY SELDER PRATT, *Meriden*.
  13. MUSIC: Trab Trab Galopp.—*Sommerlatt*.
  14. Dissertation, "The Power of One Man," by GEORGE WALLACE BANKS, *Greenfield Hill*.
  15. Poem, "The Cypress and the Laurel," by GEORGE CHAMPLIN SHEPARD SOUTHWORTH, *Springfield, Mass.*

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\* Excused from speaking.

16. Dissertation, "Drudgery," by **FREDERICK JONES BARNARD**, *Worcester, Mass.*  
 17. MUSIC: Vailliance.—*Ascher.*  
 18. Oration, "The Trial of John Hampden," by **WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER**,  
*Hartford.*  
 19. Philosophical Oration, "The Greek Character," by **LEANDER TROWBRIDGE**  
**CHAMBERLAIN**, *West Brookfield, Mass.*  
 20. MUSIC: Finale, (Trovatore).—*Verdi.*

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### SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

On Wednesday evening, April 2d, the Literary Societies made the following elections:—

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	<i>President,</i>	
<b>WILLIAM LAMPSON.</b>		<b>CHARLES B. SUMNER.</b>
	<i>Vice-President,</i>	
<b>MELVILLE C. DAY.</b>		<b>HENRY HOLT.</b>
	<i>Secretary,</i>	
<b>JOSEPH NAPHTHALY.</b>		<b>EDWARD B. GLASGOW.</b>
	<i>Vice-Secretary,</i>	
<b>CHARLES M. WHITTLESEY.</b>		<b>HORACE D. PAINE.</b>

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### PRIZE DEBATES.

The customary Prize Debates have been recently held by the Freshmen in the Literary Societies. Of course, there was in each Society—among the Freshmen particularly—the usual amount of jubilant enthusiasm, and of interest in the result of the debates. The "favored few" who were victors in the contest, retired from the lists, we may suppose, rejoicing; while many others, including, doubtless, not only the speakers, but interested friends, were disappointed.

The Bishop Prize Debate, in Linonia, occurred on Wednesday evening, May 21. The programme was as follows:—

<i>Committee of Award :</i>	
<b>Hon. H. K. W. Welch,</b>	<b>William L. Kingsley, Esq..</b>
<b>Addison Van Name, M. A.</b>	

#### *Question :*

Would it be good policy for the United States to undertake to control the political movements of this continent?

#### *Speakers :*

<b>S. S. Martyn,</b>	<b>Geo. U. Wenner,</b>	<b>J. A. Bent,</b>
<b>F. E. Alling,</b>	<b>James Brand,</b>	<b>J. W. Hicks,</b>
<b>Arthur Robinson,</b>	<b>J. F. Dryden,</b>	<b>M. G. Hyde,</b>
<b>M. M. Budlong,</b>	<b>W. H. Drury,</b>	<b>C. N. Taintor.</b>

The first prize was awarded to J. A. BENT, the second to JAMES BRAND and J. F. DRYDEN, and the third to S. S. MARTYN and W. H. DRURY.

The Freshman Prize Debate, in the Brothers, took place on Thursday evening, May 22:—

*Committee of Award:*

Hon. Thomas B. Osborne, LL. D.      Rev. E. L. Cleveland, D. D.,  
Hon. Henry B. Harrison.

*Question:*

Is the course which England has pursued toward the United States, during our present war, justifiable?

*Speakers:*

J. H. Thompson,	E. B. Adams,	C. E. Smith,
Tuzar Bulkley,	Allen McLean,	E. M. Wright,
W. G. Bassett,	E. M. Betts,	J. L. Ewell,
H. C. McCreary,	F. W. Kittredge.	

ALLEN McLEAN received the first prize, TUZAR BULKLEY the second, and F. W. KITTREDGE the third.

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### BOAT-RACE FOR THE CHAMPION FLAG.

Saturday afternoon, the 31st of May, was as fine a time for a boat race as we have almost ever seen. The water was quite smooth, and the crews, for a wonder, both prepared and in good spirits. At the word, the Varuna, which had drawn the outside bulkley, took the lead, and made fine work for the turn. But the long, steady pull of the Nixie, gradually told, till about the tenth or twelfth stroke, when, most unaccountably to all spectators, she began slowly to fall off, and at the buoy was evidently behind. Pretty soon the red caps of the Varuna appeared past the Wharf, and she shot in alone, by the wrong end of the judges' boat, in 20.5. After rectifying her mistake, and passing on the other side, her time was 21.45. Then came the news that the Nixie, having broken her tiller-wire early in the race, had pluckily kept on, and had fouled the buoy in attempting to turn. As usual with the luck in boat-races, the fairest promises had failed, and the little tug for the champion flag was unsatisfactory. It is understood that the Nixie will challenge again, and endeavor to have better fortune next time.

After the race there were several amusing little scrubs, sharply contested by the various crews, in one of which the red collars of Glyuna were quite conspicuous. As for the Editorial Board, they were cruising all around the harbor in sundry craft, and if they have made any mistakes in their report, they respectfully submit that it was because they had not the pleasure of a seat in the judges' barge.

## Editor's Table.

AND here we are in the "sanctum," ready to present our acknowledgments. This we do, most profoundly, at the outset. But we must confess to you, candid reader that we feel our present position to be somewhat of a "separable accident," which, did the fates permit, we would fain detach from our "identity." Probably this is just a remnant of the old, natural feeling, which makes everybody wish to be slightly different from what he really is. We wish we could describe to you our sensations when we first crossed the editorial threshold. We thought we had entered an odd looking place certainly; such piles of manuscripts—such a literary atmosphere—we couldn't breathe it. And then the indiscriminate arrangement of pictures round the walls. There were the faces of scores of former editors—some of them dear and familiar to most of us—all looking at us with an inquiring expression, as much as to say, "What do you here?" We imagined we could recognize among the group, the scholar, the philosopher, the humorist, the punster. These last two had a merry twinkle in their eyes, which we are sure was meant for us. From the pictures we turned our attention to *the* "table." Dear structure, how many eulogies thou hast received to be sure! We sat down at the "table," and actually took in our trembling fingers the veritable well-worn editorial quill. We looked at the editorial *ink*. Now, thought we, can it be possible that a drop of this can "speak all languages?" What would we not give, could we call up the "grey spirits and white" which it has at its control. Alas, to us it seems black and speechless. Where's our inspiration? Here are the hallowed memories and old associations; here is the pervading editorial *Spirit*, (if there be such an one;) and here, too, is the lingering presence of the witty, the thoughtful, and the profound, who have preceded us; and yet we are not thrilled thereby. Thus we pondered, and such were our feelings. But let that pass. Time accomplishes all things. Who knows, then, but it may enliven even the most matter-of-fact brain.

If we were predisposed to fault-finding, we should complain of the location of our *sanctum sanctissimum*. It is situated on the "first floor," and we are liable to be interrupted in our meditations, even at the midnight hour. For example, our friends the Seniors entertained us only a few evenings since with an alarming and unprecedented amount of cheering and singing. Nobody can object to singing in the abstract, but this particular singing was executed in a fearfully emphatic manner. The windows were shaken, and the very fur on our "Hat," (a new Amidon, as we live,) which at nightfall we had brushed to a glossy brightness, was disturbed. What was the burden of the songs will be perfectly understood, when it is remembered that the Seniors have recently entered upon Biennial. By the way, the phrase "Biennials are a bore," seems to possess peculiar embalming qualities. It bids fair to hand down through the future all the good old psalm-tunes now extant,—especially those in the minor key. Poe probably could explain this philosophically. He tells us that he selected the vowel *o* on account of its beautiful resonance as the basis of the refrain in his "Raven."

Well, the Seniors are singing their last songs among our College elms. Surely

now, if ever, we should listen reverently. It may be pleasant to receive their "mantle," (provided we can wear it becomingly,) but it is sad to lose sight of those who lay it off.

But now as our elder brothers are about leaving us, will it be esteemed presumption in us to require that they set us good examples? Do they not—we ask it in all candor—do they not furnish for a certain corner of the College fence that terrible battery of "knees," which has been recently declared, on high authority, to be the special horror of the ladies in general, and of the Faculty in particular? They should bear in mind that at best modesty is a rare quality among students. Doubtless we all need to pray,

"That we may waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,  
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus."

Junior year may be considered a favorable time for the cultivation of modest, retiring manners. It is the year of moderate study, of quiet pleasure, of civility, good fellowship, and comfort. Everything is suited to the acquirement of the milder graces. We don't know but the present Junior Class are acquiring these graces. Take, for instance, politeness. The Juniors, some of them, at least, are eminently polite. To prove this we need only refer to a single incident. An "educated Irishman" came in to the recitation in logic the other day, and his entrance was immediately acknowledged in a marked and proper manner by two members of the division rising gracefully and easily from their seats. Who will deny that these two men ought to be called the *polite* men of the class. And it is to be noticed that they only represent a prevailing sentiment. The son of Erin, whom we have just mentioned, is an erratic individual. He goes about the country distributing tracts and singing psalms. He is a monomaniac, or at least an enthusiast on the subject of religion. He reminds one forcibly of "Old Mortality," and the Scotch Covenanters. He has a huge memory, and the tongue of an auctioneer. We saw him at evening of the same day on which he visited Prof. Porter's recitation room, seated under one of the elms in the College yard, entertaining a group of admiring listeners, who had gathered round him. He repeated texts from all parts of the Bible, and quoted, we are told, entire chapters of St. Paul's Epistles. He closed the exhibition by singing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." On the next day (Sunday,) we passed him on the street. He was engaged in earnest conversation with an Irish woman, endeavoring to persuade her that he was the Christ, and had come to the world just at this juncture for the purpose of putting an end to the reign of the Pope. The woman told him "she presumed he might be a worthy man, but she didn't think he was *that* good that she must give up the Holy Religion and follow him." He has now, we believe, left the city, dissatisfied no doubt, with the poor success of his regenerating efforts.

We were about to speak of the Juniors. There is another noticeable thing besides politeness, in which, says report, they do somewhat indulge; i. e. fast and fancy teams. One member of the class, to our knowledge, sports a turn-out, which is, or ought to be, the pride of College and envy of the town. We would like to remind him, in a quiet way, that editors need a snuff at the fresh air occasionally,

and that to that end a dashing team is a valuable auxiliary. What with our spasmodic literary labors, our German and French, (gymnastics for the jaws,) our star-gazing—the study of an exact science under a more exact Professor,—we are in imminent danger of injuring our health. All this for the Board collectively.

The Freshmen are pluming themselves for their Sophomoric dignity—"tiles," canes and large pants abound. This is, of course, the height of propriety. When we were—no, *nominally* we never were Freshmen, but *if* we *had* been, we would have adopted some similar method of manifesting our appreciation of the "gude time coming." But are not Freshmen, just at present, unnecessarily uproarious? One would suppose that the late Prize Debates had induced a superfluous amount of hilarity, judging from the shouts and yells which, for a week or two past, have repeatedly made night hideous. Perhaps this is reactionary to last Term, when both Sophomores and Freshmen, in their days of "shaved heads" and revolvers, preserved the ominous stillness that precedes a storm. There were some then, in the upper classes—it may be hard to believe it—who looked forward to blood and slaughter with a keen appetite. Their hopes, however, were disappointed. To the timid man, the change now manifest is an agreeable one. A ratan cane is always a pleasanter weapon than a pistol. And just here—isn't barbarism dying out at Yale? It would astonish the generally peaceful, respectable students of to-day, if any one should point to the harsh code of fifty years ago and exclaim, "That is the way—walk ye in it." Burials of Euclid are probably obsolete—"rushes" are unusual, and generally unpopular—Freshmen, if they do not court danger, are unmolested. That will be a golden period in the annals of College life, when brute force shall be ignored, when false distinctions shall be set aside, and the only question shall be, whether the man *be* a man. Sound hearts and clear heads should be the only passports to honor and position.

Reader, are you fond of good suppers? Then seek them at the Tremont House. We know whereof we speak, for we—this means our Chairman and the rest of us—have lately had the honor of furnishing a feast at said "Tremont" for the retiring Board of Editors. We cannot enter into particulars. We notice, in an old number of the Lit., an immensely long, jaw-breaking, and, as we suspect, imaginary bill of fare of an Editorial Supper at Eli's. There is scant room for our bill, but it included "all things," from "breasts of squabs" to brandy. Our memory is not distinct in the matter, but we think we got home from the supper on the verge of Sunday, *with* our hat, and *without* our cane—a double achievement worthy of record. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that the Editorial Deacon was the most jolly and jubilant, and "indulged" the ~~most~~ *most* freely, of any member of the party.

These suppers are among the valuable perquisites of Editorships. What are the advantages of being an Editor? First, an Editorship *pays*. Second, it is an *honorable* position—(N. B. The word "honorable" here is not used as Antony used it in his speech over the dead body of Caesar.) Third, an Editorship is a privilege and *protection*. This last division was suggested by the lady-loving member of the Board. He declares that he met, during vacation, a satirical, and, withal, witty young lady, who decried and defamed male "specimens" generally. Among other things, she assured him "she had known some *ministers* who ought to have been cracker-pedlars—some Brig. Generals who ought to have been *old women*, and some College *boys* who ought to have been set up in the leather-trade." He immediately replied, "But suppose one of those College "boys" should happen to have been an



*Editor?*" This was sufficient; *la dame* was suddenly silent, and our Representative L. L. Member was relieved.

And now the creaking of the venerable table tells us that even Editors are not privileged to talk forever. There are many things we meant to have spoken of, but must let them pass. Our chit-chat has made us feel good-natured and friendly, and there, at least, is a fine point gained. Here's our hand, dear reader, and as we would like to say as good a thing as possible in closing, we beg leave to present the following sonnet, which our "Devil" has just placed upon the table:

It was a pleasant custom and an old,  
 In feudal times, beside the castled Rhine,  
 To pledge the new-born heir in choicest wine,  
 Poured in a beaker formed of massy gold;  
 And ever, as the seasons onward rolled,  
 With days of gloom or pleasant days of shine,  
 Throughout the summer warmth and winter cold,  
 For him was kept that vintage of the vine.  
 So we would pledge in wine of our good will,  
 This new companion whom the moments lend,  
 And whom we hope to cherish as a friend:  
 To guide and warn from every coming ill—  
 For whom we pray that vintage may be still  
 Kept for his greeting, even to the end.

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NOTE.—The March number of the Lit. was, in reality, a double issue, since it was published in lieu of the fifth and sixth numbers. The present is, therefore, regularly the seventh number.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—"The Age of Ease in Literature" is accepted, and will appear in our next number.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVII.

JULY, 1862.

No. VIII.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

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*Day Dreams.*

How little will make a kingdom ! Even if men do claim private rights on certain portions of this earth of ours, they leave behind them many a noble domain owned by every one, and yet possessed in peculiar claim by each. Why, just to-night, as the sun went down, I had completed a great castle out in the West. It was just such an one as Reginald Front de Boeuf defended against the most worshipful knight Le Noir Faneant ; and while I was doubting whether to fashion a certain golden line of clouds into a gallant cavalcade of full-armed nobles passing from its moated walls, behold a breath of envious wind scattered my castle, turret over battlement, into space. What became of the procession of knights I could not discover, except that he whom I had made the leader went careering off to the northward, accompanied by another form, which I at once discovered to be the 'fayre ladye' of the pageant, on a white palfrey. And when all were gone, I leaned back from the window and wondered if the next evening would bring them again to rebuild the shattered towers, and to hold high festival in the golden West.

Aye,—the *golden* West. And then what visions of those old adventurers, who passed full of hope into the broad ocean, steering through weedy sea and by dreaded sandbars, to the land over which hangs Hesperus, calm and pale, as in the days of olden time. Their dreams

were of the wealth of the Incas, of the untold richness of Manoa, "the golden city," and of the hoards of the captive Montezumas. And then came the English, under such men as Hawkins and Drake, and the covetous Spaniard had many a hard fight for his darling gold. Those were the days when Las Casas, in order to lighten the Indians' toil, brought into employment the stronger arms of the negroes, and introduced that slavery the curse of which has hung on our footsteps like an insatiable Nemesis ever since.

And yet in the very thickest of all this grasping for gain, there is one spark at least of the truest and most romantic daring. When Ponce de Leon set forth from Jamaica in his two caravels, for that new island of flowers, 'the Florida,' he sought not for gold, nor slaves, nor conquest. All his hope was centered in the discovery of the Fountain of Youth, whose waters he longed to drink and be young again. Hardy old soldier that he was, skilled in a thousand battles, and well aware of all Indian wiles, he left his bones in the green savannas, happily ignorant that his fabled stream was to be found only in a land which is not of the earth. And as I sit here and look out on the fast fading tints of the sky, I cannot but think that it was better to die as he did, than to fall with Cortes' bravest on the broken causeway in the Mexican lake.

Such stories have always been the fittest themes for song and legend. Chivalrous devotion to a cause never fails of throwing around and over all imperfections the veil of poetry. And any noble nature, if rightly portrayed, moves us up to higher things, happy if the impression be strong enough to outlast the wear of years. We learn best by example, and therein consists the true strength of the novelist. No one can read such books as 'Adam Bede,' Kingsley's 'Amyas Leigh,' or De la Motte Fouque's 'Thiodolph,' without a yearning to be more like those characters. As for 'Thiodolph,' that has been so little known when compared with 'Undine' and 'Sintram,' that I must crave pardon for having named it with the others, and yet no book is more worthy so to be named.

It is one of a man's frequent day dreams to imagine himself in positions of honor or power, and to fancy how he would conduct himself therein. His acts are all satisfactory to him, and everything goes smoothly, till perhaps the dream is broken by some catastrophe as befell the glass merchant in the Arabian story, and his fancied riches turn into the sober reality of broken wares. But in spite of all, we keep to the old custom still, and wake ever and anon to the truth, merely to doze away again into some other vision of what may

be. Like the Lotus Eaters, we strive to banish thought in this mental intoxication. Alas for us, that the reaction is sometimes greater than we can bear. Such dreams are but the messengers of that indolent philosophy which would persuade us to forget everything but enjoyment, and believe that the

‘Dread of something after death,’

is but a mere fiction of some excited brain, fit only to trouble the minds of those who foolishly think that there is an existence beyond the grave.

But there are dreams of another nature—truer and more elevating. They are the visions which come to us, when we are at our times of quiet, when we lay back as I do to-night and conjure up strange fancies from among the elm-leaves, and out of the rustle of the breeze. What a pity that we are so free from superstitions in this New World of ours. It would be worth a great deal if some enterprising Yankee should bring over a ship-load of Brownies and Kobolds, elves and dwarfs, to haunt our nooks and out of the way corners; in order to make some poetry for the masses therefrom. But as we are now, there is no prospect of such a desirable result, and the only sprites of the green wood are a few half-starved Indian demons, who never allow themselves to be distinctly noted and described. And while I think of these, my mind goes back to many an old legend, in which the fairy-folk played prominent parts. The Rhine is rich with them, from the story of the planning of Cologne Cathedral to the dismal tales of the nixie and the nymph of the Lurleyberg. And do not Norseland and Angleland, Germany and France, cherish yet the stories of these strange beings?

And there be dreams beside all these, courteous reader, which need to be specially dealt with. Did not the stern old Reformer cast ink-horn and ink full in the face of the foul fiend which tempted him? And shall we, even weak as we are, allow these cheating phantoms to steal away our hearts? Dreams are but the fabric of thin air, and yet the thoughts which produce them are not to be left free of guard. Think rightly, act rightly, and none but right visions shall ever come. These shapes of evil may have as little real existence as the Mountains of the Moon, or the North-West Passage, but they are just as sternly tugging at our heart strings as if they were in bodily presence. We must remember when our fancies come thickest upon us, to work out from their confusion some ordered whole, else we may justly receive

censure for time misspent and thoughts thrown away. As grand Will Shakspeare has it,—

"Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But like a thrifty goddess she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use."

It is well written of the hours, on the old sun-dial at Oxford,  
"Pereunt et Imputantur."

S. W. D.



## THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

### The Tendency to Decay incident to High Civilization.

BY DANIEL HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, WORCESTER, MASS.

#### ANALYSIS.

- I. Definition and proper conception of Civilization.
  - (a.) Progress through conflict.
- II. Such a conflict involves a liability to decline and relapse at *all* times.
- III. This tendency peculiarly strong and marked in high civilization.
- IV. Historical confirmations of this theory.
- V. Specific signs and evidences of this decay.
  - (a.) Want of physical energy.
  - (b.) Loss of Public Spirit.
  - (c.) Loss of faith in Ideas and Moral Truths.
- VI. Influence of Christianity.

#### ORATION.

HISTORY, of which civilization is to be regarded as one phase or department, is a motive process, dependent for its life and permanence upon the expansive and forceful nature of underlying ideas and principles. From that sublime hour when the Divine creative fiat ordained the course of nature and opened the initial chapter of human existence, the history of man has formed one continuous line of natural and necessary connections. It has separated itself into epochs; it has been

lifted into the beauty and glory of intellectual and moral eras ; or been sunk into the deformity and degradation of benighted and barbarous periods ; but epochs, eras and periods are but the articulating points in an unbroken process of expansion. Development, wherein law is supreme and each step has its natural antecedent, is the characteristic of historic life.

But development is not necessarily improvement, and expansion is not to be confounded with progress. In the sphere of nature development is ideal and perfect ; in the sphere of human history it is always to some extent imperfect and abnormal. The primary basis of history was displaced or corrupted by the free act of man. In the germinal source of his destiny, conflicting tendencies and opposing forces now take their places, and the stream of human history is thenceforth broken and fretted by antagonisms, convulsions and revolutions. Development is still its law and progress its destiny, but it is a development of decay as well as of growth, and its progress is often checked and turned back in the struggle of its elemental forces.

Civilization is, therefore, at once a conflict and a progress. It is not conflict alone ; it is not progress alone. It is such a conflict as involves progress ; it is such a progress as has the strife and adjustment of contending forces for its perpetual condition. Progress through conflict, antagonisms working out a higher unity, is the law of the individual and the community. As the harmonies of nature are but the equilibrium of its conflicting agencies, and its outward serenity is purchased by its elemental strife, so are the harmonies of civilization and the stability of society wrought out by their antagonizing elements. The liability to decay and relapse is, therefore, an universal and constant fact in the conflict and advance of civilization.

There are periods, however, in which this general and pervading tendency asserts itself with peculiar distinctness and power. In the infancy of civilization or before the slow and central process of development has become confirmed in an assured and steady progress, we find the downward tendencies and adverse forces strongly and clearly at work. In this early and formative era, civilization meets its first perils and wins its first triumphs. It gradually marshals and unites its scattered powers, combines into one movement its separate elements, and with victorious hand presses on in its benign and upward career.

The influence of this early conjunction of the helpful powers of civilization generally outlasts the exigency in which it takes place and renders the social advance more uniform and rapid through many suc-

ceeding generations. Life, growth, activity, power, characterize the age which succeeds the early conflicts of civilization, and in the incessant stir and expansion, we may mark the intensest development of character and mind. It is the era of a grand and massive strength of will and purpose, the age of strong faith, of profound earnestness, of boundless energy, and unselfish patriotism.

If now we pass to a later period in this progressive movement, we are met by a change in the relative power and prominence of the social forces. The passionate conflict and struggle of the first era, the earnest severity and ennobling simplicity of the second, are succeeded by an age of accumulated wealth and material abundance, of high social and intellectual refinement, of voluptuous elegance and cloying luxuriance. Upon this fair and placid scene the latent elements of decay reappear, betraying the insecurity and blighting the beauty of the social growth. The impulse imparted by the rude energy and strong ambition of the earlier periods, is no longer sufficient to continue the upward movement against the presence and resistance of the unambitious and selfish character of the age. The unaided natural powers of society have accomplished their highest work, and the nerves of social ambition and energy are now unstrung. In such a crisis of civilization, the causes and signs of decay appear with unwonted clearness and power.

Put now this theory of the action of the natural forces of civilization, to the test of historical fact. Does it form a picture of humanity to which the entire history of man, so far as he is unaffected by supernatural influences, has contributed? The ancient civilizations stand to testify at once the dignity and the corruption, the power and the weakness of human effort and natural forces. Those mighty Asiatic empires with colossal power, trod the same grand and sad round of rude and savage strength, of succeeding order and civil power, of final decay and dissolution. The germs of national life blossomed into outward beauty and glory but contained no enduring vitality, no immortal principle which could arrest the inherent and fatal decline. Egypt was once the lair of barbarism, then the home of learning and philosophy, and now the silent pyramids keep their mournful and eternal watch over the scenes of her long-departed glory. The civilization of the Greeks had its sources in the sturdy strength of the *savage* Pelasgic race. On this rude and strong foundation grew that wondrous harmony of Strength and Beauty which will be an indestructible and influential factor in all the progress of the race; yet poetry and art, eloquence and philosophy, could not resist the slow and relentless march of that law which gave to decay and ruin all the

splendor and perfection of Grecian civilization. The sources of the power and grandeur which Rome embodied, are found in the mingling of a few rude and warlike tribes of central Italy. In that remorseless and splendid career of conquest and empire which followed, these fierce and barbaric elements of national character were sobered into the stern endurance and severe virtue, the intellectual and moral civilization, of the Monarchy and Republic. To this succeeded the physical corruption and luxurious refinement of the Empire and the long and fierce agony of intestine and external conflict. The subtle elements of decay wrought their silent way to the citadel of power, and Rome was conquered before the Vandal and the Goth appeared at her gates.

We find, then, in a general view of History, the confirmation of that theory which regards civilization when under the influence solely of natural forces, as an incessant conflict which must terminate in defeat and ruin. The law of decay in its widest scope embraces every human product which does not embody the sacredness of a Divine idea or the imperishable power of a Divine purpose.

Among the signs and causes of decay which are disclosed by an analysis of the process of civilization, we mention the loss of that physical hardihood and activity which the earlier stages of civilization manifested and developed. The strength and permanence of civilization no less than of national power, is largely conditioned upon the vigor and soundness of those physical elements which form the material support of society. The heroic age of every people presents us with a picture of physical energy and endurance. In the first struggles of civilization, in the rough jostling and contention of the early civil process, physical force acts the most prominent part. In the succeeding period of the social advance, the mind asserts and regains its appropriate supremacy. This is the age of a strong and severe culture, an age wherein the æsthetic is sternly subordinated to the intellectual and moral, wherein Truth is preferred before Beauty. But the forces which have wrought out the present state, are pressing society still forward in the paths on which it has entered. The possibility of a lofty and intellectual development is now opened, but along with this freedom from the necessity of physical exertion, comes the fatal love of ease, the spirit of indolence, which paralyzes the nerve and vigor of society and spreads the pall of physical enervation over a hitherto energetic and ambitious people. Thus the emancipation from the severer manual exertion of early civilization, becomes the signal of a new bondage to physical indolence and effeminacy.

Another sign of the tendency to decay which attends high civiliza-



tion, is the loss of that generous and earnest Public Spirit which has been so closely connected with all that is memorable and permanent in the history of civilization. In the progress of society through all the advancing stages of the civil process, the power of public spirit, the devotion of each to the common welfare and success, is certainly one of the essential and controlling forces. The existence and progress of society are alike dependent upon the actual though perhaps unconscious contribution of personal effort and influence to the general interest and the general elevation. Such a relation seems to be the normal attitude of the individual as well as first and necessary requisite of civilization.

Trace now the influence of this principle through the changing phases of an advancing civilization. In the first and lowest state, we find society just emerging from a condition of individual independence and lawlessness. The influences which impel mankind towards social order and unity, are now struggling to overcome the strong tendency to decline, and to combine in one harmonious onward movement, the scattered elements of social coherence and advancement. The idea of the State, that social and civil personality to whose strength and support all must contribute, is dawning on the enlightened vision of an awakening people. A sense of mutual dependence and obligation, the strong cords of common interests and hopes, bind together the members of society with a generous enthusiasm and devoted patriotism.

But such an era of outward activity and of vigorous individual and social development, is followed naturally and perhaps inevitably by an age of outward repose and of intellectual and speculative progress. In this tranquil season of reflection we may observe in general a weakening of social sympathy and a loss of public spirit and patriotism. The very firmness and security of the social and civil arrangements and the long absence of active exertion for their preservation, tend to withdraw from them the common attention and interest. The subjective spirit of reflection and speculation, diverts the thoughts and activities of men from common and public subjects, to the fields of private culture and study. The ignorance and folly of the uneducated and unthinking are left, not only to work out their own corruption and degradation, but even to assume, through designing and depraved leaders, the guiding hand in the destinies of the State. The influence of foreign travel and residence also contributes to weaken the bonds which attach the wealthy and refined to that narrower community or nation to which they owe their first and highest obligations. Thus, through the indifference of the educated and the folly of the ignorant, society sinks into stagnation and debil-

ty, or plunges into anarchy and misrule. The strong cement of unselfish Public Spirit, the constant sense of common purposes and interests, of mutual obligations and duties, is weakened, and the strength and security of the social structure is destroyed.

We specify as a further evidence of decay in high civilization, the loss of faith in the power of Ideas and Moral Truths.

It requires but a slight knowledge of man's nature and soul, or but a brief glance at his history and achievements, to be persuaded that devotion to intellectual ideas and moral truths is the one greatest impelling power to which he can be subjected. Observe the power of an awakened faith in ideas, in every era of revolution and reform, or in those periods of national strength and vigor which make all the glory of history. Faith in intellectual and moral truth is, beyond comparison, the mightiest of all the natural forces which act in history and human progress.

Let us watch the action of this force in the process of civilization. The age of barbarism is distinguished by an absence of intellectual and moral ideas, and a want of appreciation of the beauty and power of those sentiments which appeal to man's spiritual capacities and nature. The awakening from this spiritual stupor and blindness, and the subsequent career of progressive development and elevation, are caused and maintained by the presence and power of absorbing ideas and purposes. The violence and insincerity of the former social life, and the rudeness and ignorance of the former individual life, disappear at the approach and diffusion of thoughts and purposes which are in harmony with the nature and destiny of man. In the later civilization, and in the midst of the multiplied and abounding enjoyments of the strong and orderly development of society, the popular reliance seems to be transferred to agencies and instruments which are but secondary and temporary in power and vitality. A sensuous and materializing spirit, which trusts in artificial associations and material agencies, usurps the place of the earlier and higher faith in spiritual forces.

This fact has received wide and impressive illustration in all the history of civilization. We may observe its influence on Government, in the spirit which leads men to overlook its proper and spiritual end, and to center the attention solely on outward forms and specific measures. Hence it is, that all valuable political revolutions have resulted in the reassertion or annunciation of those political principles and ideas, which are higher and more lasting than all forms or institutions. We may trace the same truth in the progress of every important form of Religion. The Christian Church was the natural result

of that earnest and absorbing faith which possessed the whole being and energies of its early Apostles. While it maintained the reality of its faith, and the simple power of its unshaken reliance on the deep and august truths of the Gospel, its progress was resistless and beneficent. But the spirit of materialism robbed it of its truest power and highest blessing. The Church became, to the minds of its disciples, a vast outward organization to control the material interests and direct the political destinies of the world. Then came Luther, in the might of a single Christian principle, before which the strength and grandeur of the Romish hierarchy has become weakness and vanity. The same general fact is also illustrated in the history of Literature and Art. See how every luxurious or sensuous tendency was checked and subdued in the mind and soul of Milton. Beauty had no place in that austere and spiritual culture, save as it followed in the train of great and sublime thoughts of truth and goodness. But with the progress of the material interests of society, the strength of such a moral and intellectual culture gives place to the weakness of a predominantly æsthetic spirit. Literature and Art, once moulded mainly by the spiritual wants and aspirations of man, now lend their seductive influence to carnalize and stifle all that is distinctively spiritual in the development of society.

In the imperfect survey, which has now been taken, of the nature and process of civilization, we have found an inherent and radical weakness in what we denominate its natural forces and elements. We have seen that no form of society contains, of itself, any principle of permanent self-support and self-conservation. The impressive lesson is again enforced,—that a Divine overruling influence must descend into the circle of human efforts and natural forces, to secure a permanent success and to preserve a lasting elevation. The Christian Religion, as tested in reason or in history, is the single power which is adequate to strengthen the weakness and overcome the evils which attend the progress and conflict of civilization. This alone discloses to the mind and impresses upon the heart those “truths deep as the centre” which are connected with man’s origin and destiny. Other influences are mighty; this alone is invincible. Other forces may build up society; this alone can preserve and perpetuate it. The lofty truths of Philosophy can ennoble and dignify; but the solemn truths of Religion can alone re-create and sanctify. It gives to the State its highest authority and most august sanctions, as an organism with God for its author, the good of all for its end, and for which, in the light of reason and conscience, a man may lay down his life. In disclosing the true

ideal of the State, and enforcing the sacredness of human rights, Christianity furnishes the permanent and highest incentives to an earnest and vigilant Public Spirit, while, in the accord of its spiritual faith with human freedom, the Church and the State become, at last, harmonious parts in the beautiful unity of a Divine plan.

Civilization, gathering to itself the strength of such motives and the benignity of such influences, shall become pure and strong, refined and permanent. It shall outlast the conflicts of earth, and fade away only into the brighter glory and higher life of an eternal kingdom.

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### A Ballad of the Crusades.

ONE night we halted by a lonely palm  
Near to the desert's edge, and laid us down  
In full-armed company upon the sand,  
In patience till the moon should rise. And one  
Took from his page a lute, and with a voice  
Which sounded mellow through the Syrian calm  
Sang us this song of love and father-land.

It was a little maiden,  
And fair she was to see,  
And with white hands in bright lands,  
She gave three gifts to me.

"O knight," (thus said the maiden,)  
"This scarf will thee bedeck,"  
And with white hands in fair lands  
She cast it round my neck.

"O knight, this sword of temper  
With thee shall ever ride,"  
And with white hands in fair lands  
She bound it at my side.

"O knight, upon thy helmet  
These snowy plumes shall wave,"  
And with white hands in fair lands  
The snowy plumes she gave.

"Upon thy chance a blessing,  
And see thy vow be paid;"  
And those white hands in fair lands  
Upon my brow were laid.

Full grievous was our parting  
At leaving with my men,  
With my bright brand and strong hand  
To meet the Saracen.

We met them in the grapple  
And crashing of the fight;  
And my bright brand and strong hand  
Struck bravely for the right.

And never saw I heathen  
Upon my scarf cast scorn,  
But by bright brand and strong hand  
He died ere morrow morn.

For on my brow the token  
Of love was warm and true,  
And the bright brand and strong hand  
By it gained force anew.

And when at last returning  
To dear old Normandie,  
All my bright brand and strong hand  
Were weary as might be.

Unharm'd as when she gave them,  
Through battle's stormy rack,  
To those white hands in fair lands  
I brought their guerdons back.

But that fair little maiden  
Came forth right merrilie,  
And her white hand in that land  
Was gain enough for me.

And when he ceased we waited for a space  
In silence, thinking of far distant lands,  
Till came at last the red, full orbéd moon,  
And with the music sounding in our ears,  
We went across the desert on our way.

### The Age of Ease in Literature.

THE age of formality and dignity is fast going by. Few things can command the reverence of our upstart generation. It is complained that the fate of Little Red Riding-Hood is losing its good moral effect on the juvenile mind. The great works of science, art, and literature, and even those of nature herself, have lost half their power to impress us with wonder. We see little of sublime mystery in earth and sea and sky. The *intonsi montes* that filled old Virgil with awe, are merely minute irregularities on the surface of a planet of very humble size. A gentleman of my acquaintance once stood amid the roar of Niagara, calculating the number of ordinary mill-wheels which the water-power was capable of turning. We need not wonder then, that in these days of plain common-sense, pomp and dignity in literature, as elsewhere, should lose much of their power, and often meet with neglect instead of deference. We care little for measured sentences or classic polish and precision. We are flooded with a vast amount of literature; if the old masters were still copied as generally as they once were, the monotony would be intolerable. The rage is for something new and striking in thought and style. The result is, that literature has broken away from the harness in which it has long been jogging on in a staid and dignified way, and makes many a capricious deviation from the beaten track. The productions of our day have a much wider range, are more varied in matter, and more free in manner, appear far more frequently in new phases of originality, are in every way less *ruleable* than those of the past. The spirit of unconstraint, which is the spirit of the age, is fast becoming infused into our letters. The gentle, graceful flow of Irving; Ik Marvell's peculiar delicacy of feeling and imagination; the curious contrasts of the grotesque with the pathetic, just as they are contrasted in actual life, which characterize the works of Dickens,—these are eminent examples of the many styles which belong, exclusively, to the present. Conservatives may doubt whether there is a better and healthier life in modern writings than in those of the past; but that there is a *new* life is beyond question.

As literature has increased in quantity, and freed itself from former restraints, it has reached a new class of sympathies, which have more to do with the feelings and pursuits of every day. The English classics can discourse to us in a stately way about philanthropy or patri-

otism or virtue; they can inspire us with an abstract admiration for such things; and they can entertain us with refined satires on men and manners. But, after all, there is in them a studied dignity and propriety of diction, a conformity to a few fixed models, that involves a kind and a degree of coldness. They seem like respected teachers, or like some polished and scholarly acquaintances of ours, whom we value, mainly, because we admire them; not like bosom friends, whom we admire because we love. While Sir Charles Grandison was the model of manners, they could not possibly be genial; when Cicero and Dr. Johnson were the models of style, it was of necessity somewhat frigid. The popular writer of to-day might say of the popular writer of those times—

My dream was love, and his magnificence.

We may congratulate ourselves that in our day, even the English nobleman has become a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and that the man of letters has at the same time thrown away his classical quotations and elaborate sentences, and often talks with us in a free-and-easy way, yet with grace, vivacity and feeling.

The writers of the past could not condescend to speak of anything but generalities. They had none of the minuteness of style that belongs to much of our present literature. Hogarth's paintings are admired for the skill with which he introduces a great many apparently trifling things, which nevertheless give a peculiar naturalness and completeness to the scene. We have writers who may be compared to Hogarth in this respect; they carry us through many small particulars, every one of which has yet its unperceived bearing on the whole effect to be produced. We are not wearied with them, for no one of them is irrelevant. The old authors give us fine outlines; but the farther back we go, the less of filling up,—of delicate light and shade—we find in their pictures. The superiority of modern writers in this respect, makes their delineations more complete, and their sentiment warmer. They have taught us, as those of no other age have, how much there is to instruct us, to amuse us, and to touch our tenderest sympathies, in the scenes and incidents of our ordinary life.

If, however, we compare only the poetry of the past with that of the present, we shall trace no change analogous to that which has taken place in prose. Much of the oldest poetry that we have, and much of that of almost every age, charms us by simplicity of feeling and expression. There is even less than the average degree of this simplicity in the verse of to-day; there is a tendency to obscurity and

transcendentalism. In fact, our prose literature has borrowed a part of the freedom and animation which once belonged only to poetry.

Let us make a brief digression. Is not our College literature, on the whole, a little too grave, too logical, too ambitious in its style? It is true that solid, venerable respectability is characteristic of our Institution and everything connected with it; that is, if we except pow-wows, jubilees, and a few other exuberances of youthful extravagance. We cannot afford to exchange *all* our vigorous thought and earnest spirit for any quantity of flowers. But would not this Magazine, for example, be read with more interest, if it had more articles written in a *light* style? If any of us have complained of a want of life in the Lit., we have done so unreasonably; for it is no reflection on the abilities of the Editors to say, that the task of sustaining it is too much for them alone; and we have neglected to take from *their* shoulders the full share of interest and labor that belongs to *us*. There are those among us who can give us spirited sketches of life and character, short pieces of fiction, entertaining passages from their own observation and travel. A sprinkling of such things would enliven, perhaps improve, the character of our College Magazine.

The literature of the day has many unfavorable aspects, as well as the opposite. There is a greater variety of styles and subjects than formerly; but *affectations* have grown more varied and plentiful at the same time. There is the affectation of a great deal of manly heartiness: the affectation of saying bold and striking things, with odd and forcible illustration, à la Beecher; of hyper-sentimentalism; of unbounded license in coining words; of dry, homely smartness, especially in attacking the foibles of old fogysm. Then, too, we are in danger of losing our taste for a thoughtful style and logical arrangement. We are getting into indolent habits in reading. There is, indeed, an innovation rather in favor of the sentimental, to the damage of the solid and the intellectual. But we may still hope that the final effect will be good. That which has genius, truth, nature in it, will live; affected imitations may be popular for a time, but that time must be short. The noble literature of the past will always remain to us, while that of the future will doubtless retain something of the freedom, range and originality that have been developed in our time.

J. B. M. *in coll.*



## The Self-Made Man.

IN most countries, the artificial division of society opposes almost insuperable obstacles to the rise of the talented poor ; yet even here, genius is often seen to rear its colossal form in triumph over the narrow prejudices of caste. In our own country, however, men are linked by no iron bonds to the condition in which they happen to be born. The principle of political equality, on which this Government rests, has struck from society the shackles that trammel and annihilate genius, and has thus emancipated the mind. With us no order of nobility is more respected than that of the intellect, and every position of honor and of profit is accessible to personal worth. The natural consequence of this exposure of politics and society to unfettered competition, has been to raise up a class of self-made men, who now give the tone to our national character and control our national destiny. The unwarrantable criticism that appeared in the December number of the "LIT," on this class, which in every age and nation, and especially in this, has produced sturdy leaders in government and trade, in philosophy and religion, has led me to select "the self made man" for the subject of this essay.

The term "self-made" is always to be taken in a relative sense. Indeed, the whole universe, with its infinitude of objects, contains not one to which this term in an absolute sense may properly be applied. By the phrase "the self-made man" then, must be understood, not one "who has done everything pertaining to himself, for himself, and by himself," as none such do or can exist, but one whose attainments and position are due, comparatively, to his unaided exertion.

For the original germ of his character, man is indebted to nature ; for its development and direction, to society and education. It is the united influence, then, of nature, society and education, that principally shapes the minds of men and determines their social position. Now the influence of nature and society extends alike to all, and so far as relates to their action, we are passive recipients of our character. Education on the contrary demands of each, personal effort ; yet the means of obtaining it are to many an accident of birth. It is in comparison with this class, that the self-educated are denominated self-made. This, the accepted, is the proper application of the term. The human mind has not the faculty of independent creation. Its

powers extend only to induction and analogy. Its ideas and images are derived from the testimony of men and books, or from the more contracted field of personal observation. In either case, the mind is but the reflection of external circumstances, and man can contribute to its formation only as he can direct their action. Now of these agencies, that principally effect character and success in life, we have seen that education alone is subject to our control, and so potent is it and lasting in its influence, that he who by his own exertion acquires an education, whether it be by self-instruction or by earning the means of obtaining instruction from others, is self-made in as broad a sense as the epithet is applicable to man.

Such men as Franklin, then, are properly included in this class. Human possibilities do not admit, nor can the imagination, which always finds its prototype in nature, conceive a person more completely self-made than he. Without friends, without money, unaided, alone, he placed himself in the foremost rank of statesmen and philosophers of every age.

This is no isolated example of self-made greatness. No class probably, in society, has contributed a greater number proportionally to fame. Theirs have been the representative men of every department of life. Ambition is their common characteristic. Dependence on their own resources creates self-reliance, while the many obstacles that oppose their progress, develop habits of patient industry and stubborn perseverance; and thus from the very circumstances of their situation, they possess the qualities essential to greatness.

Self-reliant and independent action naturally leads to independence of thought. Consequently we often find that the self-made man is the disciple of no particular school, sect or party, but claims for himself the right common to all men, in the light of reason to judge of philosophy, religion and laws. Observation and books furnish his data—his own reflection and judgment, his conclusions. The opinions of others command his respect, only as they accord with the plain principles of justice and truth. With him, the bare fact that these opinions were advanced perhaps centuries before, has no weight, and rightly; for truth and falsehood are handed down together in the works of distinguished writers. To study thoroughly the productions of other times, is wisdom in any one; but attachment to old doctrines and old customs, from no other cause than that they are old, is the extreme of weakness and folly. We are not prepared to admit, that “dependence on authority and example is one of the surest safeguards for a ready and upright character.” Every advance in science, every

reformation in society, every improvement in government, every approach thus far made towards a pure and simple religion, has been in direct antagonism to established authority. Reason and judgment, the resistless innovators on cherished error, are the faculties with which we are endowed for our guidance; not blind faith and unquestioning submission, which would destroy our personality and degrade the dignity of our manhood. Independence of thought may be carried too far. It sometimes is. In such an event only does the conservative appear as an essential element of society. Its advantages are negative, not positive. It is a kind of contingent necessity—a balance wheel to preserve the equipoise of society.

The self-made then, we grant, are often paradoxical, but they are never intolerant. Their opinions being the result of broad and independent examination, the grounds that justify different conclusions are not to them unknown. This knowledge produces not only toleration, but also respect. And even when these views seem to admit of written justification or excuse, having traversed for themselves the bewildering maze of conflicting opinions, the feeling they experience is one of pity rather than of indignation. Not so with the conservative. "Whatever is, is right," is his ruling maxim. He has received his tenets on trust, and ignorant of all grounds for controversy, naturally attributes opposition to caprice,—to a vain pride of intellect or to some other weakness of the mind. Consequently he has not respect nor charity nor even toleration for opposing sentiments. He has ever been the primary cause and chief support of all persecutions, religious and political.

Intolerance, too, implies a narrow and bigoted mind. No class has more liberal views and broader sympathies than the one which we are describing. It is they who have appeared in all the dignity of the reformer, in all the grandeur of the philanthropist. In thought, they recognize no limit but reason; in action, none but the interests of humanity.

The self-taught, we concede, when devoted to scholarly pursuits, are often attached with a kind of favoritism to a particular branch of learning. This characteristic, far from being a defect, we claim is a positive virtue. The acquisition of a general and of necessity an imperfect and superficial knowledge is one of the most false and pernicious ideas of the age. Each science is, in itself, a field broad enough and sufficiently unexplored to afford ample scope for the most vigorous and gigantic intellect. So broad, indeed, that preeminence, any signal success, can be attained only by the concentrated energies of the mind.

Universal geniuses, it is true, have appeared at long intervals, who have seemed to include every subject in the wide range of their understanding: yet it is to men of "one idea" that we are mainly indebted for proficiency in the arts and progress in the sciences. General culture naturally produces an inglorious mediocrity. The division, whether of mutual or physical force, annihilates power, and is fatal to grand results.

That criticism, then, which stigmatizes "the self-made" as "the slave of appearances," and as "one from whom nothing can be expected save low vituperation and bitter impeachment of motive," all must acknowledge to be uncalled for and unjust, when they consider that his name is synonymous with progress and reform, with philanthropy, with wise and comprehensive statesmanship, with sound philosophy, and with scientific success.

C. N. H. . . . .

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### Mneme.

How oft in hours of sadness,  
 When all seems dark and dread,  
 And Earth can offer no repose  
 To soothe the weary head;  
 When Hope has left her altar,  
 And through the mournful shade  
 Hosts of black-pinioned Sorrows  
 The heart's lone shrine invade;  
 The gentle voice of Memory  
 Comes to the weary ear,  
 To cheer the grieving spirit,  
 And dry the burning tear;  
 She tells of past, bright blessings,  
 Of hours of gladness rare,  
 When Childhood's unstained spirit  
 Rejoiced in trusting prayer;  
 When heaven was so near us,  
 We seemed to hear the song,  
 In gushing, holy sweetness,  
 Swell from the angel-throng;

Before the heartless torrent  
 Of passion and of sin,  
 Had quenched the sacred embers  
 Of vestal fire within ;  
 When all the world seemed radiant,  
 And thoughts of care and woe  
 Ne'er chilled the glowing fervor,  
 Nor made the pulses slow.  
 And though the Soul is saddened  
 By musings on those days,  
 The tear is chased by pleasure,  
 The heart is filled with praise ;  
 The soul girds on its armour,  
 To keep the vigil lorn,  
 Till Earth and Darkness perish,—  
 Till Heaven and Light are born.

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### The Class of 1862.

It has become, of late years, the custom to preserve, in a printed form, the varied statistical matter pertaining to the graduating Class. With a view to continue this custom, and with the hope that this compilation may be agreeable and instructive to others, as it most certainly has been to ourselves, the following article has been prepared.

Astonishing as this announcement may appear, yet, 'once upon a time' the Class of Sixty-two were Freshmen.

On this point tradition is silent, and memory forgetful, but, fortunately, we have sufficient documentary evidence to establish this fact, for the Catalogue for the Academical year 1858-9, contains that well-known list, from "A. E." to Woodhull, under the heading, "Freshman Class."

By domicils, the arrangement of the Class is the following; prepared for the years of entrance and graduation.

	Freshmen.	Seniors.		Freshmen.	Seniors.
Maine, .....	3	3	Louisiana, .....	2	
New Hampshire, ....	1	1	Ohio, .....	4	5
Vermont, .....	1	1	Michigan, .....	2	1
Massachusetts, .....	17	14	Indiana, .....	1	1
Rhode Island, .....	1		Illinois, .....	4	2
Connecticut, .....	35	23	Missouri, .....	2	
New York, .....	39	26	Oregon, .....	2	2
New Jersey, .....	2	3	Canada East, .....	1	1
Pennsylvania, .....	10	8	Hawaiian Islands, ....	1	2
Maryland, .....	3	3	Turkey in Asia, .....	1	1
Georgia, .....	2				

Total number of Freshmen, 134.—Seniors, 96.

Of the number who commenced Freshman year with the Class, *fifty-two* have withdrawn, leaving eighty-two of the original number to finish Senior year. The entire number ever connected with the Class is 162.

The average age of Sixty-two, on Presentation Day, was twenty-two years and five months. The Class birthday falls, consequently, on the 25th of January, 1840.

12 men were born in the months of August, 11 in June, 10 in April and September, 9 in January and May, 7 in October, November and December, 5 in July, 4 in February and March.

The oldest man is twenty-nine years, eight months and twenty-two days; the youngest eighteen years, six months and twenty-one days.

The ages, to half years, are as follows :

29½	2	24	5	21	19
28½	1	23	11	20½	5
26	4	22½	6	20	6
25	8	22	18	19½	2
24½	3	21½	5	18½	1

The tallest man in the Class is six feet, two inches; the shortest, five feet, four and one-half inches. The heaviest and lightest are one hundred and seventy-five, and one hundred and four pounds, respectively.

Of William, there are twelve repetitions in the Class; there are eleven Henry's—embracing the entire corps of Deacons; Charles is repeated nine times; James, seven; John, five; Thomas, four; Albert, Francis, Frederic, George, Harrison, Richard and Robert, each three; Edward, Franklin, Samuel, Wesley and Woolsey, each two; moreover, there are four H. H.'s and four W. W.'s.

Of nicknames, there is an abundance; of which the following are the more common; Boosey, Captain, Cockey, Cosy, *Γεῖρον*, Chunky, Daisey, (= Lethargic = Pop) Great-mind, Infant, Job, Judge, Major,

P. J., Porker, Proggy, (i. e., Prock,) Scalliwag, for short, Scally, Se-cesh, South-College Pet, Skipper, Trunky, the Unprecedented and the Vigorous.

Of the inner man and his morals, it may not be becoming here to speak, save that Sixty-Two entered with a high reputation for morality, and graduate with that reputation untarnished. Of the external man, the following are some facts. Seven men sport eye-glasses, but only four use spectacles habitually. The number boasting a moustache is twelve; a beard and moustache, seven; goatee and moustache, three; beard plain, four; side-whiskers, six; side-whiskers and moustache, two; not classified, five.

The Class has always been a Brothers' Class. The Banner gave for the Brothers, in Freshman year, three majority; in Sophomore year, one; in Junior year, eight; in Senior year, thirteen.

The Base Ball Clubs of '62 were flourishing in Sophomore and Junior years; one club is remarkable for being beaten in every contest save one glorious exception; the other, for having elicited a very formidable rival in the "Vis Viva."

The Banner of Junior year gave five members of '62 to the "Yale Temperance Society." Of these, one has left College, two have abandoned the principles of the society, while the remaining two are steadfast in their principles. The Class, as a whole, are temperate.

The periodical fevers for card-playing, coloring meerschaums, indulging in loud suits, "plunging into the vortex of polite society," &c., have not suffered '62 to pass through College unvisited. But amid all these trying seasons, she has acquitted herself most nobly.

The Class of '62 have taken *two* Yale Lit. Medals.

The "University Quarterly" arose in this Class, found its warmest adherents in this Class, and, we are sorry to add, has died with the Class.

The Boat Clubs of this Class deserve a passing notice. The Nautilus Club, not being very successful in the opening races of the course, has devoted itself to a life of "otium cum dig." It has continued to indulge in pleasure trips, to the very last.

The Thulia Club, we would hold up as worthy of emulation by our successors. It has pulled in nine races, and has never been beaten in this harbor. It won the prize of a silver cup, given by this city, and carried the champion flag for almost two years. Moreover, it has made the best time ever previously known on a race in this harbor, and, altogether, its career has been unparalleled.

The first Class-meeting ever held was with reference to the Statement of Facts. In a body, the Class voted to "rush '61. And "rush '61" they did, accomplishing the feat in a shorter time than the same act had ever taken, within the memory of the oldest Collegian.

Soon after, having undergone, perhaps more severely than usual, the trials and tortures of the Court of Areopagus, the Class, sympathizing with a certain "disinterested internuntius," condoled with their tyrants over their sudden abscision from College, and in a Class meeting besought the Faculty for a mitigation of the sentence. This, the Faculty saw fit to allow, whether influenced by the Class, or by a prominent New York Divine, tradition sayeth not.

Vast and earnest were the attempts to procure a class-motto; scathing was the Greek Professor's ridicule at the classic efforts of '62; but the result amply rewarded the pains.

Pow-wow created an immense commotion. Why was not Pow-wow capable of reform? Why not go down to the Light-House, or to the end of Long Wharf, and have a Jubilee, or take a swim, instead of enduring exhaustion, both of vocal powers and of patience, on the State House steps? The Reformers were strenuous in their opposition, but, alas for their cause! succeeded not. The Class would be blind, would blow tin-horns, would convert themselves into horrid and fantastic shapes, would serenade Grove Hall, would not listen to reform;—which, as far as Pow-wow is concerned, seems then to have gasped its last.

The Class, to its honor, voted down the "Burial of Euclid." From this blow, that Institution never recovered; it lingered through a pitiable existence with the following Class, while their successors have given it the finishing stroke.

The "Biennial Jubilee" was a day long to be remembered by the Class. Upson smiled more beneficently upon the occasion than he was ever known to smile before; the day was enchanting; the music capital; the songs have taken a position among the best of our College songs, while the 'Tutors' speeches, on the return home, were peculiarly witty and urbane, (witness that of the Latin Tutor.)

Sophomore year was, upon the whole, quiet. There was less of the traditional Sophomoric character pertaining to it than had been manifested by our predecessors in '61. There were, indeed, occasional outbursts. The windows of two of the South Middle Rooms, at different times, underwent striking metamorphoses. Moreover, Thanksgiving-Day found New Haven, like Gaza, gateless and forlorn.

The glorious fraternities of K. K. M., and M. K. K., were origina-



ted in the Class; they lived with the Class, and, like the "Undergraduate," died with it;—Died, said we? In external existence, perhaps; in the hearts of the members, never!

In musical matters the Class has always borne its share. The close of Sophomore year demonstrated the extraordinary capabilities of "Biennials are a bore." Old Hundred had heretofore sufficed, but, under the auspices of '62, *La Traviata* and *Pop goes the Weasle*, *Antioch* and *Yankee Doodle*, with all the intermediate grades, were summoned to assist in the famous "Doxology." Towards the close of Junior year, "How you was, Pete," had an immense run;—only dividing the honors with patriotic symphonies.

Of late, the pathetic tale of that unfortunate fellow-citizen whose sufferings in loss of sight, and whose remarkable saltatory efforts through the bramble bush in its recovery, so thrill the soul, has been made the subject of many a midnight wail. And still, more recently, the slumbers of the College have been pleasantly (?) broken by a strain running in this wise;—

Haul the bowline  
'62's a rolling,  
Haul the bowline,  
The bowline, *Haul!*

There have been connected with the Army and Navy, at various times, since April 1861, nine members of '62; of whom, six were commissioned officers.

The scholarship of '62 will compare favorably with that of any previous Class.

The average mark of the Valedictorian is 3.59, being .01 higher than that of '61, and .02 higher than that of '57. He is, therefore, the Champion of High Stand. The number of appointments for Commencement is sixty-two, three more than '61 had.

The occupations in which the Class expect to engage are as follows:

Law,	-	-	-	35	Teaching,	-	-	-	3
Theology,	-	-	-	23	Army,	-	-	-	3
Medicine,	-	-	-	11	Civil engineering,	-	-	-	2
General business,	-	-	-	11	Liberal study,	-	-	-	2
Undecided,					-	8.			

Probably the number of those who will enter the Army is much greater than above stated.

Sixty-Two has lost by death four of its members; John Abbott Ward died at Palmer, Mass., March 4th, 1862; Grosvenor Starr died

at Tybee Islands, March 5th, 1862, while Adjutant of the 7th Conn. William Henry Miller died in Camp before Yorktown, Va. April 30th, 1862, while Captain in the "Ellsworth Avengers;" Thomas Augustus Simpson died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 25th, 1862.

Thus much for the Class now setting out.—May they prove to be to the world, as they have been to each other during their College course,

Ἐκάστῳ σύμμαχοι πάντες.

R. S. & A. F. J. *[Signature]*

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### Last Days of Washington.

MAGNIFICENT as are the proportions which the character of Washington has not only assumed but maintained through two generations, they have never stood forth with such distinct grandeur as at this time, when reflected on the background of the present historical epoch. No period in the life of this illustrious man is more important than that which elapsed from the close of the Revolution to his death. A great contest involving the issues of national existence had just been successfully terminated. America was free. The dreary encampments at Valley Forge, the severe and rigorous winter on the heights at Morristown, the sufferings of the Colonists during those dark years of British aggression were no longer *present* realities, but chapters in the history of the past. A great stride in the course of republican liberty had been made with success. Guided by the sagacious counsels of Washington, the American people had safely emerged from the conflict; had broken in sunder the last link of the chain which bound them to the English throne, and established a Government on the solid foundations of truth and justice. But as yet it was only an experiment. The result was doubtful. Some experienced hand must be at the helm of the Ship of State. Washington accepted the sacred trust. The eyes of the world were upon him at the commencement of his administration. His efforts in the field had been crowned with glorious success: would the same success attend him in the cabinet? A perilous state of exhaustion and a frightful spirit of discord pre-

vailed over the land. The Revolution had gained us liberty : how should it be preserved ? Washington alone was equal to the work. To the independence of his personal position, his superiority to intrigue, and even the suspicion of a selfish motive, to his sound practical judgment, and above all, to the universal reverence for his entire character, the United States are mainly indebted for their happy escape from the peculiar dangers incident to their position. The first administration closed, and again he was called to the Presidential chair. Four years more swiftly passed away, and a third time a confiding people was ready to bestow on him the highest office in their gift. But no. The great Leader, the successful General, the distinguished President had already decided otherwise. Having reached the acme of his wishes, having lived to see the new Government adopted, his beloved country raised from the brink of ruin to the height of prosperity and honor, he determined to retire from the wearisome duties of office to the quiet of private life. But feeling for his countrymen the solicitude of a father for his children, and fearing the baneful effects of that party spirit which destroyed the once glorious Republics of antiquity, he drew up for them a farewell address, the parting testimonial of his love. Would that its inestimable precepts had been better heeded ! How earnestly are we exhorted to guard with external vigilance the liberties which our Fathers won ! How affectionately are we entreated to observe that unity of Government which constitutes us one people ; " indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of the country from the rest or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts." Immortal words ! May they give strength and vigor to every effort put forth for the restoration of our imperilled Government. May they give encouragement to every loyal heart, and be not only to us but to our Brethren in the South the watchwords for the old union. The months passed swiftly by and the close of Washington's public life was at hand. Having seen his successor safely inaugurated, he gladly set off for Mt. Vernon, the home of his choice, there to close in peace the short evening of his illustrious life. Had the prayers and wishes of millions prevailed, Washington would have been immortal in this world. But not even he was exempt from the debt which we must all pay. Suddenly and unexpectedly the Angel of Death appeared. His hour had come. It is said that a man's death is generally the copy of his life. The firmness, the courage, and the patience which had marked the career of Washington were not wanting in his closing hour. His life commanded the admiration of the world. His death was grand

and majestic. Without a murmur, without a sigh, he gave his last command, and calmly closing his own eyes, left the world for the kingdom of light and life. What now is the substantial basis in Washington's character that is so broad as to sustain and carry along and *justify* the accumulated and accumulating eulogiums of the good men of the world? There have been other men, perhaps there are now, as brave, as self-sacrificing as he, of as much apparent administrative talent, of greater, far greater mental force and brilliancy, and yet we cannot place them on the same pedestal of greatness. We turn from the mere hero, the man of battles and conquests, with disgust, from the common herd of Statesmen with mistrust and perhaps contempt. But in Washington we find the full stature of the perfect man. He commands not only our admiration but our confidence. What is the secret? Not simply that he was brave, persevering, self-sacrificing. The true secret of Washington's moral grandeur and political influence was, that he was a God fearing man; not in the fashionable sense, recognizing God coldly and formally once a year in the closing paragraph of a message, but his strength lay in taking practically and intelligently a religious view of affairs. Thus he obtained the highest honor to which mortal man could aspire. The darkness of the grave was unable to obscure the brightness of his glory. His memory is fresh to-day in our hearts. By God's help, our Union restored, our Government preserved, and our Country saved, shall be his monument, eternal as his own imperishable virtues.

H. W. S.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### Campaign Elections.

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	<i>President.</i>	
J. H. BUTLER.		J. F. KERNOCHAN,
	<i>Vice President.</i>	
H. W. FOWLER,		E. M. BOOTH.
	<i>Secretary.</i>	
F. A. JUDSON,		T. B. HEWITT.
	<i>Vice Secretary.</i>	
J. A. BENT,		A. McLEAN.
—	<i>Censor.</i>	
		O. F. BUMP.
	<i>Senior Orator.</i>	
C. J. ARMS.		C. W. FRANCIS.
	<i>Junior Orator.</i>	
H. P. BOYDEN.		M. C. D. BORDEN.

### SPOON CONCERT.

Wallace's Band gave a very pleasant Promenade Concert on Monday evening, the 23d of June, under the auspices of the Spoon Committee. It fully satisfied all who went.

### BOAT RACE.

On Tuesday, the 24th day of June, in spite of the weather, about everything in the Yale Navy which would float, managed to reach the Pavilion by ten o'clock. The rain was inexorable, and wouldn't hold up in spite of the fervent prayers of all boating men, and in consequence the several crews sat chilly and wet in anxious expectation of a speedy end to their misery. In the barge race, the Glyuna, (six oared,) and the Undine of the Scientific Department, (four oared,) were entered, and proceeded to contest between them the possession of the champion flag. Since this was the object, no handicap was given, and they pulled on perfectly even terms. But the wet oars and the wet oar-locks made awful work at the start, and several 'crabs' successfully caught in the Glyuna, bore ample testimony to the fact that unleathered oars *will* sometimes slip even in the best hands. The two boats got off well together, and at Long Wharf the Undine seemed to be giving considerable trouble, and even to be taking a little of the lead. At last, however, they appeared to the watchful eyes on shore on the home stretch, when it soon became evident that Glyuna had several lengths the lead, and though the Undine pulled in well, with a good even stroke, the gap still remained the same, and they passed the judges' barge in 23.30 and 23.53. On account of the unpleasant weather, the shell race, scrub races and drill practice, were postponed, and the shivering crews departed on their separate ways, some to recitation, if haply the benignant tutor or professor might accord to them but a single mark, and others more reckless, to manufacture undeniable 'aegers' on the strength of a most unpleasant reality of damp clothing.

### Presentation Day.

It has been the custom in previous years to provide a pleasant day for each class to take its farewell of Yale and its fellow classes. But owing to some neglect on the part of the Committee of Arrangements, or perhaps, to a little unwarrantable wilfulness of dame Nature herself, portions of the day were unfavorable to the Presentation exercises of this year. The editors of this Magazine in previous years have hurled at the weather of this city—(the weather here is really governed by principles unlike those in use elsewhere\*)—sarcasm and anathemas without cessation; but their exertions have been fruitless, and the present Board will not make the immodest assumption of powers superior to those of their predecessors. We shall therefore proceed with our narration, upon the supposition that the day was pleasant, that nature as usual was clothed in her holiday suit. We shall neither mention showers in general, nor the particular one in which we had the indiscribable pleasure of lending our umbrella to a lady and *having it returned*. We shall say nothing about several disconsolate persons whom we saw wending their way towards the N. H. Hotel, looking as if it was the third occasion within three days on which they had been "stuck for a hack." At the usual hour the members of old Sixty-Two assembled for the last time in their chapel seats. The galleries and side aisles were soon crowded. The usual preliminary exercises performed, the poem was announced. The poet was Henry Holt of Baltimore, Md. His popularity among his acquaintances gained their attention while, by an easy and unaffected address, he aroused the sympathy of the whole audience. The style of the poem was simple, yet beautiful, and in its arrangement and conception displayed a judicious and a refined taste. The Valedictory or Class Oration was pronounced by D. Henry Chamberlain, of Worcester, Mass. This gentleman possesses an extensive reputation as a writer and speaker, and the large audience which had gathered to hear him had high expectations. The result far surpassed every anticipation. The Oration in itself was a masterly effort, while the delivery was grand and impressive. The subject was appropriate; "The Scholar in the Republic." The speaker did not skim lightly over the politics of the country, but he boldly met the difficult problems of national existence, and rendered his verdict as clearly and logically as an experienced statesman. The closing passages, which referred to the death of several classmates, brought tears to the eyes of many who were even unacquainted with the character or the circumstances of their decease. Sixty-Two may well feel proud of its Poet and its Orator. The class then sang their Parting Ode, which was written by M. C. Page, and afterwards bade adieu to the chapel. The afternoon performance was the repetition of the old customs, of hearing the history of their four years stay at Yale, and then taking a common farewell of the college buildings and of each other. Wallace's band added a grateful accompaniment to the occasion. South Middle and Lyceum were adorned with the usual number of fair faces, while every table and chair which the gallantry of North Middle could produce, was crowded with attentive observers. Sixty-two has cultivated something besides the intellectual during their sojourn in New Haven. The Historians were M. C. Day, T. B. Kirby and T. G. Thurston. The wit all expended, the songs sung, the pipes smoked, the class prepared for the sad duty of saying "Good-Bye." Afterwards the class ivy was planted, the old buildings cheered, and the Professors

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\* Scientific exchanges please notice.

visited. The night soon spread a veil over the scene. Another band had gone out to meet the world. May they find as true success in their individual efforts as they have obtained in their college union. We shall miss their familiar faces and, in the name of Sixty-Three, whose members they have treated ever with marked courtesy and regard, we wish them God speed.

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#### **Yale Missionary Society Election.**

At a meeting of this Society, held on Tuesday evening, June 10th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

C. W. FRANCIS, President.  
M. H. WILLIAMS, Vice President.  
D. G. LAPHAM, Recording Secretary.  
C. M. WHITTELSEY, Corresponding Secretary.  
S. O. ALLEN, Treasurer.  
J. B. DOOLITTLE, Librarian.

Previous to the election of officers, an important change in the Constitution was adopted, whereby the regular monthly meeting of the Society will be hereafter held on the first Sabbath evening of each month, instead of on the first Tuesday evening, as heretofore.

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#### **Beethoven Society Election.**

We take pleasure in announcing that the Beethoven Society, after a considerable period of repose, has resumed its former position as an active society. At the annual meeting held Wednesday noon, June 18th, the following officers were elected:

HOWARD KINGSBURY, '63, President and Musical Director.  
WILLIAM C. REED, '63, Vice President.  
CHARLES S. SHELDON, '63, Treasurer.  
CHARLES M. WHITTELSEY, '64, Secretary.  
ARTHUR A. BARROWS, '65, Librarian.  
FREDERICK E. GOODRICH, '64, Organist.

We understand that it is the intention of the officers and members to bring Beethoven up to its former standard. There certainly exists no good reason why a flourishing and vigorous Musical Society should not exist in our midst. Music is so prominent a feature of Yale student life, that it is only a disgrace, if those who have talent in that direction, are not willing, by cheerful practice and systematic labor, to maintain a permanent Musical Organization. Class Glee Clubs, however successful, cannot fill the place of such a society. Rarely is there a class capable of sustaining a good one; and when such a class graduates, music is adrift again. The only possible way of keeping a high musical standard among us, is by means of just such a society as Beethoven. It is with sincere pleasure, therefore, we repeat, that we notice this revivifying of our old College Musical Association. We bid it, officers and members, God-speed. Let it labor faithfully on till it has regained and added to its former glory.

### Pow-Wow.

On the evening of Presentation Day, the Freshmen had their annual Pow-Wow. It was a decided success, notwithstanding the rain, and did them great credit. The disguises were well got up, and the procession was a fine one. No one is ever expected to hear the speeches, but they were, doubtless, on this occasion, as good as usual.

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### Boat Race.

On Wednesday, the 2d of July, the race between the shells, which had been postponed on account of the bad weather, was announced to take place. In spite of the rain, which was almost as bad as on the former occasion, there was a large attendance on shore and in the boats of the navy. The Nixie being unable to enter, the Glyuna and Varuna were consequently the only contestants. The water was perfectly smooth, and if the weather had only been decent, none of the most particular could have asked for a better time to row. The Varunas, after turning the buoy ahead, came in lengthening the distance between themselves and the Glyuna at every stroke, and reached the judge's barge in 18.41, making the fastest time, we believe, ever recorded in this harbor. The Glyunas' time was 20.2, and in their behalf, it is claimed, that they rowed from Long Wharf round the buoy and in, under the disadvantage of a rudder which had become disarranged, so as to compel one side to do nearly all the pulling. And in regard to Varuna, it is no more than fair to say, that one of her men was sick, and unable to work as hard as usual. After the regular race, all the heavy boats around, belonging to the navy, were gathered together, by the exercise of an amount of yelling which must have left the commanding officer's throat pretty sore, to engage in a general scrub race. As nearly as we can recollect, they were the Nereid, the Glyuna and the Atalanta, pulled by Glyuna crews; the Cymothoe, by Varuna men, and the Undine, by the second crew of the 'Labs.' On the outside of all came into position a solitary Nixie man, in a wee wherry, determined, as he expressed himself, "to shake her up," and see the fun. The Atalanta, being a lighter boat than the others, was compelled, much against her will, to give half a minute handicap.

The boats got off pretty well together at the word, and when off Long Wharf, lay in a general jumble, with Atalanta about a length ahead. Just here the Cymothoe and Undine fouled, the Glyuna came up a little more, and when the boats reached the buoy, Atalanta was first, Cymothoe trying to turn on the wrong side, and Glyuna coming in ahead of her by the time she got straightened up. The Atalanta having, by an act of courtesy, allowed the Glyuna to turn before her, now took the second place, and passed her near Long Wharf, reaching the judges' barge twenty-seven seconds ahead, and thus being beaten, by three seconds, by the Glyuna, which pulled well, turned well, and did well throughout. Where the Nereid and the wherry were, at the time of the fouling of the Undine, no one knew, but as they raced in from Long Wharf with the others, it is to be presumed that they made that a haven of safety, and didn't go any further out. Altogether, it was a very jolly little time, and we hope that scrub races may become an institution. Of course, no time was kept, and nothing but the distances between the boats was taken.



After the race, the drill prize was contested for and given to the Glyuna, which showed excellent practice, and performed everything on the programme in first-rate style.

### Prizes.

The following prizes were announced by the President, in Chapel, June 25th, after the Presentation exercises:

English Composition, Class of '64.—

	FIRST DIVISION.	SECOND DIVISION.
1st Prize,	S. C. Darling.	C. N. Howard.
2d Prize,	H. P. Boyden.	T. Hooker.
3d Prize,	W. P. Bellamy.	{ D. G. Lapham L. Gregory.
	THIRD DIVISION.	FOURTH DIVISION.
1st Prize,	G. S. Merriam.	C. M. Whittelsey.
2d Prize,	{ A. D. Miller. H. Paine.	M. H. Williams.
3d Prize,	C. G. Rockwood.	J. W. Teal.

*Woolsey Scholarship, (Class of '65,)*

John L. Ewell.

*Hurlbut Scholarship, (Class of '65,)*

J. T. Graves.

*Freshman Mathematical Prizes. ('65,)*

1st Prize,	{ J. H. Kerr.	2d Prize,	{ J. A. Hoag.
	{ S. C. Peck.		{ C. H. Smith.

### Appointments for Commencement.—1862.

John Phelps Taylor, Valedictory, Andover, Mass.

John Wesley Alling, Salutatory, Orange.

Cornelius L. Kitchel, Philosophical Oration, Detroit, Mich.

D. Henry Chamberlain, Philosophical Oration, Worcester, Mass.

#### HIGH ORATIONS.

{ Edward B. Coe, N. Y. City,

{ Buchanan Winthrop, N. Y. City.

Henry Samuel Barnum, Stratford.

{ John W. Johnson, Corvallis, Oregon.

{ Roger S. Tracy, Windsor Vt.

{ Robert Galbraith Woods, Salem, O.

Joseph Fitz Randolph, Trenton, N. J.

Charles Frederic Bradley, Roxbury.

Thomas Burgis Kirby, New Haven.

William W. Johnson, Owego, N. Y.  
 { James H. Crosby, Bangor, Me.  
 { Matthew H. Thoms, Cincinnati, O.  
 Ira Rush Alexander, Lewistown, Penn.  
 Charles E. Hubbard, Boston, Mass.  
 { Heman P. DeForest, N. Bridgewater, Mass.  
 { George M. Beard, Andover, Mass.  
 Richard Morse, N. Y. City.  
 James B. Chase, South Pekin, N. Y.  
 Albert Francis Judd, Honolulu, Sand. Islands.  
 { Frederic Adams, Orange, N. J.  
 { Albert B. Shearer, Doylestown, Penn.  
 { Thomas G. Thurston, Kailua, Sand. Islands.  
 { Frederic A. Ward, Farmington.  
 Henry H. Stebbins, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Franklin McVeagh, Westchester, Penn.

## DISSERTATIONS.

{ James A. Dunbar, Carlisle, Penn.  
 { Arthur Goodenough, Jefferson, N. Y.  
 James Franklin Brown, Stonington.  
 John S. Robert, Mastic, N. Y.  
 Elliot C. Hall, Jamestown, N. Y.  
 Charles B. Sumner, Southbridge, Mass.  
 { Samuel L. Blatchley, New Haven,  
 { William Lampson, Leroy, N. Y.

## FIRST DISPUTES.

{ Charles W. Ely, Madison.  
 { William P. Ketcham, New York City.  
 Charles W. Coit, Norwich.  
 Harrison Maltzberger, Reading, Penn.  
 Walter S. McClintock, Pittsburgh, Penn.  
 { Horace Dutton, Auburndale, Mass.  
 { William L. Matson, Hartford.  
 { Heber H. Beadle, Hartford.  
 { Charles H. Rowe, Farmington.  
 Pierce N. Welch, New Haven.

## SECOND DISPUTES.

Israel Minor, New York City.  
 Richard Skinner, Chicago, Ill.  
 Melville C. Day, Biddeford, Me.  
 William R. Kimberly, West Troy, N. Y.  
 Hiram H. Kimpton, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

## COLLOQUIES.

{ James P. Brown, Pittsburgh Penn.  
 { Edward C. Stone, Columbus, Ohio.  
 { George Lee Woodhull, Sayville, N. Y.  
 { Jacob S. Bockee, Norwich, N. Y.  
 { Buel C. Carter, Ossipee, N. H.  
 { Charles N. Ross, Auburn, N. Y. :  
 Charles N. Judson, Bridgeport.  
 George C. Ripley, Norwich.  
 A. Welles Catlin, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 William C. Sexton, Plymouth, N. Y.

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**Wooden Spoon Exhibition.**

In speaking of this prominent and popular feature of "Presentation week," we beg leave to assure our readers, that any opinions we may venture to express, are entirely *ex parte* and candid, though we confess a little modest pride will sometimes invade even the Editorial sanctum. The entire affair, from the dull matters of finance, to the eloquence and wit which graced the closing performance, was an *entire success*. Probably no one will think us extravagant, when we claim for it the merit of being the finest "Wooden Spoon Exhibition" ever given in our College. In the first place, the "Invitations" were both beautifully designed and executed, thus hinting, from the outset, at the way in which everything was to be conducted. Secondly, we take the most lively satisfaction in commending the plan of admitting ticket-holders without invidious discrimination between those having ladies in charge and the less fortunate "single gentlemen." Had the old plan been preserved, *our* seat might have been much less eligible than it really was. Music Hall was thus quietly filled at an early hour with the choicest of the chosen, and at 8 o'clock, the exercises commenced, with an overture from Wallace's Band, (substituted for "Seventh Regiment,") which discoursed acceptable music throughout the evening. The "Opening Load," upon which, apparently, all possible changes had been already rung, proved at once unique and appropriate. The "Shell" burst, and the "Spoon man" gracefully acknowledged the re-echoing applause. The "Salutatory" was a worthy and characteristic production of its "distinguished author." Displaying at once a mastery of the purest English and most idiomatic Latin, it deserved the praise it received. The Colloquy, entitled "The way we do things," although, apparently, well written and planned, suffered much from the unavoidable delay between the scenes, and some few mistakes in acting.

Of the singing by the '63 Glee Club," we will say, once for all, that it was magnificent. The "Original Music," composed by one of the Club, was in the highest degree appropriate and beautiful. His Satanic Majesty's "High Oration," was *spirited* and timely. The second Colloquy, under the title of "Forensic Disputations," justly caricatured some of our College exercises, and had many "good loads," which only the initiated were expected *fully* to comprehend. "The Subitaneous Concussion of Particles Calorigenous," furnished the theme for a truly *Philosophical* Oration. Though the theories and principles advanced are, no doubt, "amenable to dubitation," we confess we have concluded to take them all on trust

The Editorial mind, we regret to say, became slightly bewildered, under the new flood of scientific light. Probably we have, in the thesis above, the solution of this dreadful hot weather; at any rate, we trust the rebels at Richmond will soon know, by sad experience of our artillery and gun-boats, "how hot the subitaneous concussion of particles can make a place." The closing play—"College Bores," was most enthusiastically received. In its line, it was the finest of the evening. A Poem followed, on the theme of "Yale Memories,"—a fitting subject and, moreover, well treated; and then came, what always is, or should be, the great feature of the exhibition—the Presentation and Reception Addresses. The anticipations of the audience, which, for good reasons, were at high tide, were evidently fully met. We disclaim all intention of being unduly complimentary, but we must say, we think the "Presentation Address" was worthy "the man, the subject and the occasion." By its literary and rhetorical excellence, and still more, by its true and exalted interpretation of the spirit and meaning of this time-honored anniversary, it served to give a new value and dignity to the entire occasion. The "Reception" was no less tasteful and appropriate. Thus passed off our "Wooden Spoon Exhibition." The unanimous choice of the Class was the actual "Spoon Man," and every arrangement had been made to give satisfaction to Classmates and friends. Open now to make selections without regard to scholarship, and placed on a better, higher basis than ever before, the "Spoon" may, henceforth, secure such support as shall ever keep it one of the highest honors.

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#### Death of Captain W. H. Miller.

The Senior Class of Yale College having been informed of the death of their classmate, Captain W. H. Miller, while serving in the army of his country, desire to give this public expression of their sympathy with his bereaved relatives, and their appreciation of the deceased as a man of scholarly talents, gentlemanly bearing, and uniform kindness of heart. Mr. Miller enlisted as a private early in the war. For his conspicuous bravery at the battle of Bull Run, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the Ellsworth Avengers, and while serving in that capacity was taken away by disease, in camp before Yorktown. We, his classmates, do fervently trust that the lessons of this, the fourth visitation of Providence during our course, may not be lost upon any one of us at this, our parting hour. In behalf of the Class.

G. M. BEARD,  
D. H. CHAMBERLAIN,  
H. H. KIMPTON.

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#### Death of Francis K. Heller.

"The melancholy news of the death of our young friend and townsman, FRANCIS KERN HELLER, reached us yesterday. Of the numerous victims of this fell war, which it has lately been our duty to record, we know of none for whom we more deeply grieve than poor Frank. He was so young, so gifted, so hopeful. We were wont to anticipate for him a career as brilliant and useful as his boyhood and youth so strongly indicated. But, alas! all our fond hopes in his future success are blasted now, and we have only left us the consolation that the young hero died nobly in a sacred cause. Many a tributary tear will moisten the eyes of those who knew and loved him, when they read this notice of his untimely fate.

He was the son of Mr. George Heller, Jeweller, of this city, and was born on the 17th of July, 1844. He was admitted to our High School, August 13th, 1855, and graduated from that institution with high distinction, July 1st, 1859, standing, we believe, first in the Classical division in his class. He entered Yale College the following September, being at the time only fifteen years of age, and, if we remember aright, the youngest of his class. He possessed remarkable natural talents, and his industry and good conduct ever endeared him to his teachers.

When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in Capt. Arthur's company, Col. McCarter's Regiment, the 93d P. V., and served in the severe battles of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. All know how the 93d suffered in both these battles, and in the latter poor Frank was wounded. But this is not the most melancholy part of the story. He was returned in the official report of casualties among the slightly wounded—and his relatives and friends suffered but little uneasiness on his account. His father, however, went to Philadelphia to bring him home, but learned there that he had been sent to New York. Proceeding to that city, Mr. Heller, after much difficulty, succeeded in ascertaining that his son had been conveyed to David's Island Hospital, and that he had died there very shortly after his arrival, and had been buried with fourteen others. Poor fellows! they were laid side by side in a quiet and beautiful retreat—but no headstone marked their individual graves, and not even the sad satisfaction was left the father of bringing to his native place the remains of his darling son. Let his afflicted relatives be consoled. Few can hope to leave behind them so fair a fame as Frank. He sleeps in peace—in sure and certain hope of a blissful resurrection.

'Sleep, soldier, sleep! from sorrow free,  
And sin and strife. 'Tis well with thee.  
'Tis well; though not a single tear  
Lament the buried Volunteer!'

[*Reading Daily Times.*]

[We cheerfully give place to the above notice, as the most fitting testimonial of one who, when he was with us, was universally beloved. Sixty-three has given nobly of its members to the ranks of the union army, and Heller has been the first to fall in the sacred cause.]

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### Editor's Table.

Well, it's all over. Wooden Spoon and Presentation Day, Pow Wow and the DeForest, are among the things that were, and we are left to tell of their glories. But it is rather sad to think that when they come again we will be the ones whose names shall be placed on the list of Alumni, and whose faces shall be no more seen of College. And yet we mean to be merry over it,—to have as good a time as we know how,—to cram up our Astronomy like heroes, and to enter Senior year with as much of a rush as any other class. Examinations make us think of the Sophomores. Without a doubt they mean to do a big thing on Biennial, and in order to do it rightly, have begun by an enormous thing in the hat line. Whether that will help them, remains to be seen, but they seem to bear up bravely, *though silently*, under the pressure, and to be ready for either fate. We very distinctly recollect, however, that in our year, "Biennials are a bore," was gratuitously practiced

on the college fence every evening, about this time, for the benefit of all listeners, and to the utter discomfiture of all "digs" within hearing. But though we regret the loss of such lovely strains, we dare not recommend their resumption, for have not the Faculty put their foot down and said that the fence is ineligible as a "roost"? And have not that ancient body severely dealt with all refractory collegians since that vermilion edict? So we must even bow to our destiny, and let the Sophomores keep silence, for alas they have no place where they may sing and be seen at the same time by tearful maidens from over the way, who have, doubtless, the pleasing impression that Biennials are things of awful peril.

Even now we hear, ringing in our ears, the doleful bell, which summoned them to that dread abode of the Biennial tyrant, to be bored and badgered, tortured and tormented, till their day is over. The last report is, that the Faculty have, with their other restrictions, also come down on singing. We wait in terror the result of their next deliberation. What with the fence, the windows in 'North Middle,' music in "study hours," and the new system of fines, we are rapidly getting into a very bad way.

And the Freshmen.—They are resting after the effects of Pow Wow, and taking things in a general way very much as a set of men do in the third term of Freshman Year, i. e., as easily as possible. Good luck to them,—may their work in campaign times be as good as their reputation so far in College.

All the while we have been writing, that Devil has been hovering about us, and at last has just gained courage to rush up, dash a roll of paper on the table and leave, closely followed by a spare boot-jack. The appearance of the sanctum at this interesting juncture, is rather remarkable. The Muscular Man has just been interrupted in an insane attempt to give us a Bacchanalian solo about going home drunk as fiddlers, and has been safely stowed away in a corner by the Deacon, who keeps guard over him with the poker. It may be as well to mention that in quieting his troublesome patient, the Deacon has employed the choicest terms in the slang dictionary, and at last, in utter despair, has annihilated him for a few seconds, by a double barreled Spanish oath, just imported for the use of the class, express from the West Indies, by two patriotic individuals. Meanwhile the two Presidents have left their dignity behind them, and are tossing pennies to see whether Linonia or the Brothers will win. They are just far enough gone to imagine that there are two champagne bottles between them, whereas there is only one, and are unsuccessfully endeavoring to drink to each others' health out of it at the same minute. The only man sober in the room is the unfortunate wretch who pens this sad story. He has been chosen as secretary at this meeting, and in order to secure a good report, he has been studiously deprived of all bibulous consolation till his task is ended. His only happiness is in thinking that the resolution holds good over the next assembling, and that then some one else will be in his unenviable position.

In order to fill out his Table, he has had recourse to the Devil's MSS., and out of a lot of trash, has taken something or other, he hardly knows what. He has found a conundrum which was evidently contrived in order to curry favor with the Board. It runs on this wise: "Why is the Board like the Old Testament?" and then, in the full display of his supposed superiority, that imp has written in large letters, "Give it up?" manifestly hoping that some one will be dull enough to allow him to announce the answer, which he triumphantly declares to be "Because in them is contained all the *lore* and the *profits*." Requests have been handed in from time to

time, by irate subscribers, that that Devil be seriously expostulated with, and yet behold him in the midst of their woe, becoming sentimental:

"I sit at my open window  
And look up into the night,  
To the quiet depth of the heaven  
Bestrewed with its flecks of light.

"And I think of an absent maiden,  
As I sit and look at the sky,  
How we studied the constellations,  
One pleasant eve in July.

"It were fitting if such as she is,  
Should master the sages' lore,  
And should hear the chimes of the planets,  
Which mortal ne'er heard before.

"Mayhap, as I sit at my window,  
My love may be gazing too,  
Her thoughts and mine may go upward,  
Deep into the midnight blue.

"And fitting 'twould be, if they met there,  
And hand in hand should come down  
From the limitless regions above us,  
To the crowded and busy town.

"And so I sit and imagine,  
As the planets come on my sight,  
That the two bright eyes of my loved one  
Are looking up into the night."

That is bad enough, goodness knows; but here are two valentines, which are far worse. He knows as well we do, that Valentine time is over, and that such contributions are not acceptable any more. But enclosed in the first one is a note, promising to take us down to "Ben's," if we indulge him in a few attempts this number, and really, the poor wretch is a pretty good fellow, now we think of it. So here's the first:

"My feelings are beyond control  
For your bright eyes,  
Oh strange surprise!  
Have burned into my very soul.

"I care no more for food and drink;  
Peck's ale I love  
All drinks above,  
But yet of thee I ever think.

"From thee my fancies never part  
Coat, pants and vest  
Of Bliss's best,  
No more can ever charm my heart,

"The love I bear thee who can tell?  
Those bran-new boots  
Just made by Lutz,  
Have never soothed my soul so well.

"Oh say that you will yet be mine!  
My Collins' hat  
I'd give for that,  
And be a happy Valentine."

And the other is like unto it, only a little less liker.

"Lightly the winter sunshine falls  
On leafless trees, on ivied walls,  
But though its rays all brightness bring,  
They lack the warmth, the life of spring.  
O'er me, alas,  
Your glances pass,  
Your glances are not those of spring.

"Softly the winter snow-flakes rest  
Upon the meadow's quiet breast,  
And cover it from air and sky,  
With ermine robes of charity.  
You look on me  
And I can see  
You show no sign of charity.

"Smoothly along the silent stream  
The clear ice-fields in sunlight gleam:  
But like to thee, pure, fickle, cold,  
They fail the trust of one too bold.  
I fear me much  
That I am such,  
That I have proved my love too bold.

"And still the Spring will come again;  
The needless snow desert the plain:  
The stream no more untraced shine,  
The sunrays warm the waiting vine.  
Then let me be  
O love to thee,  
A true and faithful Valentine."



It's a fact, that we will have to discharge him, if he continues on this course very much longer. However, they say, you talk of the—ahem!—and he's sure to be on hand, and as a living example of the truth of the proverb, lo! here he is. And behold he shouts, "More copy!" and dodges behind the door. The way that every body becomes active in the sanctum, at that terrible cry, isn't slow! The four toppers make for the Table and the Secretary in fearful haste, seize pens and paper and indite, variously, articles on Politics, Religion, Literature and Art. As for the Secretary, he sits solemn and silent, his quill pen steadily scratching over the paper, with a constantly accelerated movement, finishing up his record. And so the work goes on; the learned tomes in the sanctum library being ever and anon disturbed by all hands, and the drinkables being unanimously thrown out of the window, thus leaving the Rec. Sec. more inconsolable than before, though with that stoical fortitude for which he is so remarkable, he says never a word at the act. At last the dormant energies of the composers of the mystical pentagon is aroused, and they lay to their work with a will. The Secretary finally rests from his labors, and reclined in the Great Chair, sleeps the sleep of innocence.

When he awakes, he finds all the work done; the ponderous rolls of manuscript being rapidly secured on the shoulders of the attendant imps, and the Psalm-tune, "Van Amburg," rising over the din. He catches the sound of the music and, leaping from his Chair, he joins as one inspired in a merry old walk-around, singing the while:

"Next comes the animaconda boa-constrictor, called animaconda for brevity,  
Who can swallow an elephant as well as a toad, and is noted for his great longevity.

He'll swallow himself, crawl through himself, come out with great facility,  
Tie himself up in a bow-knot, snap his tail and wink with great agility."

He is done with his task, and the Lit. is ready for the printer. Therefore he joins in the "chorious," and willingly proclaims that,

—"The elephant now goes round and the band begins to play,  
And the boys about the monkey's cage had better keep away."

To you, kind reader, he wishes the best of luck, the best of health, and the best of everything, as he bids you, in the name of the Board, "Good-by till next time."

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### To Contributors.

"East Rock," is respectfully declined. You can do better "B." Try again.

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### To Subscribers.

We ask your pardon for the unavoidable delay in issuing this number.

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### Exchanges.

We have received, this month, the Harvard Magazine for June, the Continental, the Atlantic, the Williams' Quarterly, and the Publishers' Circular for that month and the one before, and have been weekly supplied with Harper's Weekly, since the date mentioned in our last. Where are the Knickerbocker and Harper's Magazine?

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1862.

No. IX.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '63.

E. B. BINGHAM,

S. W. DUFFIELD,

J. H. BUTLER,

C. W. FRANCIS,

J. F. KERNOCHAN.

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*Party Spirit.*

IF a Republican form of government has peculiar elements of strength, it has also those of weakness. And these are, to a great extent, both dependent upon the same circumstance,—the intimate connection between the government and the people.

As an element of strength, this makes every citizen, directly and deeply interested in the maintenance and defense of the government; as an element of weakness, it makes the government dependent for its policy and support upon a vacillating public opinion, and hence furnishes the occasion for the strife of factions, and the schemes of partizans.

Both these ideas in relation to our own country are receiving a forcible illustration in the events of to-day. On the one hand, the government has shown a strength and vitality, unmatched in history, in the tremendous resources it has called forth, through the voluntary devotion of its citizens; on the other hand, it has shown an equally signal weakness and timidity in the application of those resources. It has gone on more than a twelve-month, with no definite, settled policy upon the very question, of all others, needing an early and clear decision; and it has done this, from no fear of its enemies, or dread of retaliation, but confessedly on account of a regard for a few of its professed friends. Granting that this course was rendered prudent by the exigencies of the case, and was therefore the wisest possible, and

it only shows that the Government is weak, even in its demonstrations of power; the mail-clad giant, with an arm of steel, has the heart of a child. The reason of all this is very plain. The intense party excitement which preceded and attended the election of the present Administration, and which was kept at a fever pitch, by the controversies and discussions of the succeeding winter, made it hesitate to incur the risk of crippling its resources, by offending the political prejudices and interfering with the political schemes of a considerable part of the loyal people. And so it has been hampered in all its action, by the conditions, remonstrances or opposition of some of its professed supporters; sophistries and cobwebs which the executive of an absolute power would have swept away in an instant, at the first blast of war.

Our Government may have acted wisely, in thus yielding to the prejudices of factions and sections, but the logic of events, and the discipline of suffering is now teaching it the wisdom of a far different course for the future. It may have erred in yielding so much, probably has in yielding so long, and yet, until the secret history of these great events is made public, and we have the personal narratives of the great actors, we shall not realize how great the peril of any different course would have been, or how near we had approached to the precipice of complete ruin, in that eventful Spring of '61.

Precisely this danger was had in mind by the founders of our Government when they introduced into our system those variations from a pure Democracy. Most of the changes they brought in, were such as were calculated to discourage party feeling and restrain its power for evil. It is now debated whether they made these barriers strong enough.

It is questioned, whether they made the central power sufficiently independent, and whether it would not be an improvement to extend the terms of office. But the great question is now, as it always has been, whether public intelligence and public virtue can be maintained at so high a standard as to make it safe to entrust the people with supreme power.

We have always acknowledged that our form of government was an experiment; and yet, in the face of this acknowledgment, and the history of all attempts at self-government in the past, we have gone steadily, confidently forward. We are not disposed to surrender all upon the occurrence of this temporary check in our onward career. We yet expect to vindicate the righteousness of the principle, by the success of the experiment.

It must be a most interesting pursuit, to trace the history of the

rise and fall of parties in our country, and mark how much of the nation's history is bound up in theirs. It would furnish us some impressive lessons in regard to the control exerted over men by ideas, and names associated with ideas, as well as names which have lost their ideas. We should see how great systems of evil seized control of one after another of the party organizations, and through them prolonged their own existence, and directed the nation's policy. We should also see how necessarily such circumstances caused political parties to verge around on to moral ground, and how this result was caused, both by the direct opposition to the prevalence of iniquity, and by the reaction consequent upon the success of wrong.

In all the revolutions of parties, for the past sixty years, the great underlying principles have not essentially changed. They have only become more clearly defined and tangible. The elements of power and influence have been crystalizing around these central ideas; the latent forces have been concentrating energy, and in the fullness of time, the great conflict is transferred from the field of mind, to the field of muscle.

With these facts in view, it is idle to assert that party spirit, or the existence of certain parties, have caused this great conflict. These were only symptoms and occasions, not causes. As well say that the downfall of Grecian Liberty was caused by the existence of certain parties or factions, when they only indicated the antecedent decay of virtue, and the loss of the capacity for liberty.

And yet, while we cannot assign to parties and party spirit the dignity of prime causes, we can see how their influence has been potent, and can read their effects in every incident and stage of the wondrous history.

We were led into this thought by some reflections upon the position of our own Commonwealth at the present time. The statement is sometimes made, that Connecticut contains a relatively larger number of sympathizers with treason, than any other free State. Such statements, together with the somewhat notorious disloyal action of some of its prominent citizens, and the alleged difficulty in securing prompt enlistments in the army of the Union, have tended to affix a stigma of indifference, if not of disloyalty, to the people of the State. Knowing the essential truth of most of these allegations, from which this inference is sought to be drawn, and having a justifiable pride in the fair name of a State whose record has hitherto been a glorious one, we have desired to account for these facts, in some way which would be satisfactory, and at the same time remove all unwor-

thy imputations. In the first place, this state of things does not arise from any traditional disloyalty to the great ideas upon which our government is founded; as can be easily shown in regard to South Carolina. The slaves of Connecticut were never numerous and were early set free, and no aristocratic class has ever had precedence within her borders.

Her record for the Revolutionary period, equals, or excels in brightness, that of any other State. In the second war with Great Britain, she bore a great burden of suffering, more than atoning for any lack of positive service.

Thus, from the early Colonial days down to the present hour, she has ever been ready to respond promptly, and to the extent of her means, to every call which rightful authority or allegiance to the principles of Liberty have made upon her.

Neither can we attribute the fact to any lack of general intelligence, since, by the educational statistics, no other State in the world, with the exception of Prussia, ranks so high in this respect.

It is not largely a result of the peculiar trade of the State, though this has undoubtedly had its effect.

It can only be accounted for, by taking into view the history of parties and party movements for several years past. For a score of years or more, the State has been very evenly divided between two political parties, though they have not always existed under the same names. At almost any time within this period, the change of a thousand votes would change the government of the State. There have consequently been the most exciting party campaigns at almost every annual election, often extending themselves, with equal violence, to the semi-annual elections. Party spirit has raged to an extent hardly known in any other State. A whole generation has grown up under such political influences. The result is a harvest of bitter partizan prejudice and bigotry.

Moreover, the State is cursed with the presence of a race of as corrupt politicians as can be found outside of New York City. They are comparatively few in number, and small in ability, and yet they contrive, by shrewd management, to wield a prodigious influence.

When conspirators of thirty years standing, openly assault our noble government, these small demagogues see nothing in it but a justifiable opposition to an unwelcome political rule, and therefore say is "not unreasonable." Ex-Governors, belonging to that same class then occupying positions of trust and power, directly aided the conspirators, and still lend them support and comfort. Some of the

forth to fight at the call of patriotism, go forth under the paternal ban. Large classes, proposing to enlist, are dissuaded, because, forsooth, their absence will weaken the political power of a few of these demagogues.

All these things are only indications, that in some breasts at least, the pure flame of patriotism has been extinguished by the baser fire of party spirit, just as the hot, seething lava-stream quenches the fire upon the cottage hearth. Yet in spite of all this direct sympathy with the rebellion, the loyal people of the State are doing their whole duty, and under the guidance of their noble Governor, will preserve its fair fame untarnished. To do this they are called to, and will gladly make, unusual sacrifices.

Thus far in the struggle Connecticut soldiers have done her great credit. Forming the rear guard upon retreat, as at Bull Run and Winchester, and the front of the advance, as at Roanoke and Newbern, they have everywhere honored themselves and their cause. Of her officers she may be equally proud.

The country looks with a sad and reverent interest upon that small spot of Connecticut soil, where repose the ashes of the brave Lyon, the nation's "early loved and lost."

Her gallant Foote presses her bosom with the crutches won in brilliant service, and seeks invigoration and energy from her pure air for greater achievement.

If, now, inquiry is made why party spirit has raged so high, and why political parties have been so evenly matched, notwithstanding the great increase of intelligence, and the frequent change of party names and party platforms; we confess we cannot account for it, but in part.

The state is comparatively small, the terms of office short, the number of offices large, their value small, and owing to the absence of any large cities, the local press has a peculiar influence in controlling the political movements and moulding the character of the people of the State. The immigration of foreigners has mainly strengthened one party, the emigration of native-born has weakened the other to an extent hardly compensated by the accessions resulting from the increased intelligence, and improved moral tone of the people.

All these causes, and others of a kindred nature, have had their influence, and combined, have made the political history of the State deeply interesting in its relation to the present character of the people.

Let patriots in other States wait patiently for the somewhat slower

movements of their crippled sister, and Connecticut will be surpassed by none in her devotion, and effective service in the cause of liberty and the Union.

This subject, though somewhat different from those usually considered in the Lit., has for us, its practical side.

As a matter of fact, many of the most violent partizans and most unscrupulous political schemers, are found among the recent graduates of our Colleges. For this their College training must be in good part responsible. We have here our political contests, and carry them on with all the spirit and energy of those upon the broader field of the State.

We go further, and descend to the base deceits and wily arts of the practiced politician, and thus acquire a most dangerous familiarity with them, and skill in their use, which only lacks the temptation of larger opportunity, to hurry us swift and far along the slippery path.

And the worst feature about these contests is, that they are mostly mere struggles for place and honor, and in the nature of the case, can seldom rise to the dignity of contests for an idea or a principle.

We are, therefore, the more likely to gain from them, not moral tone and healthy enthusiasm, but rather, a partizan dexterity, and a feverish passion to engage in party strifes, for the sole end of success. We can guard against these results, only by keeping in view the insignificant nature of most of these contests, and the entire avoidance of everything which bears the taint of meanness and falsehood.

We are at this time passing through one of these contests; our great annual campaign, as we rather grandiloquently call it. We are all well acquainted with the excesses which have marked this struggle in years past, and the unsuccessful efforts which have been made to remove them; unsuccessful, not from any radical defect in the plan proposed and tried, but, confessedly, because the moral sentiment of the College did not sustain it. It is vain to say that these excesses are necessary incidents of the campaign; were it true, they would not be our disgrace. It is never necessary for scholars and gentlemen to descend to the arts of the demagogue or the muscle of the bully. The campaign between the Brothers and Linonia *need* not be for a mere numerical majority, since the incoming class is not so unknown, as some, in arguing upon this subject, have urged us to believe.

The campaign between the Freshman Societies, which commences as early and is carried on at the same time with the other, proves this, since there, the best men are sought, and usually obtained, and the question of numbers hardly enters into the account.

We would fain believe that there has been, within a few years, a decided tendency towards the reformation of some of these evils; we trust the present year will witness a more decided advance in the same direction. It needs only the emphatic utterance of the better part of College, to change public sentiment; to remove what is now our crying shame; to make the moral distinctions involved, clear as sunlight; to persuade us, in this important sphere of our College life, to honorable, MANLY action.

C. W. F.

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## TOWNSEND PRIZE ORATION.\*

### *War a Moral Blessing or Curse to a Nation.*

BY JAMES P. BLAKE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

#### ORATION.

God bids men dwell in peace, and wherever there is no peace *His Law* has been broken. A war right on both sides was *never*. One party or both fights against society, against God.

But He who commands Peace, with even more emphasis ordains *Justice*. And to secure it He has established society upon it as a corner-stone, and has graven the moral law on every man's heart; so that whoever assaults *Justice* rouses against him our whole nature in holy indignation.

It is not for me to vindicate the Creator. Enough that He has so framed society that it must maintain *Justice* or perish, and so formed us that outrageous crime enkindles a glow of Divine wrath,—not transient like passion, nor blind like rage, but lasting, wise, resistless.

And then comes War. On the one side Force, Violence; on the other *Justice* and Law.

Not often indeed do belligerents fully personify these principles. Both may be wrong. But War, when it means anything more than a combat of gladiators, means *Justice* against *Force*.

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\* This oration was withdrawn for competition for the DeForest prize, on account of the illness of the author.



It may then be right and a duty to fight, but the logic of war is not so clear, for it seems to trust the momentous interests of Justice to an accidental preponderance of physical forces.

But *Chance* rules nothing. Everywhere and forever Right makes Might.

Were this world a mass of incoherent phenomena without end or order, actions and results must indeed be determined by a mere balance of forces. We cannot conceive of such a world, yet how little do we appreciate the grand order that surrounds us! Our admiration is spent upon the magnitudes, the beauties, the visual apparitions of Nature; but men whom Science has taught, know of somewhat more grand than the mountains, more glorious than the stars,—a *System of Law*,—all-embracing, all-pervading, one and eternal.

And so in the moral world; if we could look beyond appearances we should see all elements of society organized and marshalled, like an army with banners, for the great war against sin, of which this world is the battle-field.

There is then in Nature the law of *Order*, and in the moral world the law of *Right*, but these two are one. Our narrow intelligence does not realize that the visible and the invisible are both ruled by the same Power, and according to one Law. But in God's omniscience all is unity, and Right, Order, Justice, are the single principle upon which Nature and Society are organized.

Therefore *Right* has on its side all organic forces; whatever is not in harmony with it, is transient, exceptional, perishing. Against it what an insignificant thing is human force! How weak against Nature's order alone! What then is the hope of Might when arrayed against all the powers and forces of the universe—that is, against Right?

But does war always result in favor of Justice? Sooner or later, yes. Battles are lost sometimes, provinces overrun, cities destroyed; there is *truce* between the unjust victor and the righteous crushed,—but it is the stillness between the throes of an earthquake. War is never *settled* till it is *settled right*.

II. But an age of mawkish sentiment,—whose God is a false Philanthropy, and whose Devil is Mammon,—abhors human bloodshed as if it were of necessity a sacrifice to Moloch. Dilettanti philosophers assume to strip God of His attributes of terror. Weak-backed Statesmen cry out for compromise with injustice. Feminine authors execrate the wickedness of war. But for all that, men's hearts thrill with a glow of something which is *not malignity* when they think of fighting for their country. And spite of all theorizing, the moment

of invasion men give up their Eutopian notions, forsake every earthly interest and affection, and go out to battle, with motives as far from selfishness as the heavens are above the earth !

Oh it is glorious the transforming power of this holy hatred of injustice ! I have seen men whose souls were so encrusted with selfish meanness that the heaviest blow of affliction could not penetrate, nor the holiest appeal of sorrow soften, whose hearts were suddenly made flesh by righteous indignation. We all remember—not long ago, when the uproar of factions and the din of self-seeking were resounding through the land,—how the first gun of war stilled the tumult. For a moment the nation stood transfixed, gazing and listening. And then there rose instead of bustle and contention, the consenting voice of the whole people avowing before Heaven “Until righteous peace be conquered let all else be forgotten ; let ploughshares be beaten into swords, and pruning-hooks into spears, let Industry sleep and Faction perish, but *the nation shall be saved !*”

But what is that whose transforming power can thus make in this weak, selfish world, a whole people magnanimous and self-sacrificing ?

It is Reverence for Justice. When this awakes in the soul against violence, its entralling power expels all meaner concerns, its divine energy elevates the whole man to a higher level of being. Pure motive leads irresistibly to pure faith. Then, if ever, men feel that there is a God, and that He *rules*. Then if ever, they put faith in *Right* as against *Might* ; and the spontaneous utterance of patriotism finds expression in the chorus—

“Then conquer we must,  
Our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto  
*In God is our trust !*”

So it is that the nation is led to invoke God’s arbitrament in the conflict, and His blessing on the righteous cause. Before high Heaven the appeal goes up : For the spirit of self-sacrifice and valor ; for firmness in trial ; for humility and clemency in success ; for victory in battle. Those prayers, sincere, devout, and on the side of justice, are never made in vain !

We have seen how the prosecution of a just war tends to develop in a nation the three elements of moral greatness ; Reverence for Justice, the spirit of Self-sacrifice, and the Fear of God. In these consist, as colors blend in the sun-beam, Fortitude, Humility, Generosity, Charity, Hope, Faith. Rainbow of Promise ! foretelling a nation

great and strong. Banner of Glory ! inspiring to truth and honor. Better in war than the shield of Pallas or the spear of Mars. Better in peace than wealth of soil, or of mines, or of the skies. Better in history than science and art, or all literature and learning. Better for the nation's life than bulwarks of defense or centuries of peace and prosperity. And purchased at whatever price of blood and treasure—purchased cheaply !

III. But it is only to the righteous party that war proves a blessing. It is a false analogy to liken war to a thunder-storm which purifies *the whole* air. And by such errors are nations encouraged to useless and unjust conflicts. “Are not wars mere organic convulsions decreed in the laws of human development? Are not assailant and assailed alike performing a useful function in society?” To ignore thus the essence of war as a strife of Force against Justice, its logic as of Might against Right, and its only excuse,—Necessity—is the first step to a lawless military ambition. And such was the blindness and perversity of the great conquerors who have scourged the earth. I know not from whose lips could have come more fitly that reported saying of Napoleon,—“Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions.” Hypocrite and atheist ! Pretending to believe in God, and denying his existence in the same breath !

But atheism and hypocrisy are the inevitable curse of those who engage in unjust war. It is in the face of heaven that they do injustice and offer the abominable incense of blasphemous prayers. They dare not acknowledge their cause to be evil, but they dare insult heaven by their profane invocations !

But God is not mocked. Their blasphemy recoils upon them ; their rapacity becomes more reckless,—their hypocrisy more shameless—their ferocity more mad. And in the same degree their counsels become distracted, their plans confounded, their guilty hopes amazed. Every one knows how his own strength is sometimes made as naught by evil desires pitted one against another within him. What then must a *state* be, whose citizens, restrained by no fear of God or regard for man, have conspired to assault justice ! Selfishness in one form pitted against selfishness in another,—jealousy and doubt thwarting strategy,—sordid meanness crippling policy,—timidity and audacity vacillating in council,—rapacity and cruelty causing cowardice in action,—ruinous vices, contagion and death in camp.

Then comes the trial,—the thunder and lightning of battle,—the furious bolt, the hail storms of death,—the cataracts of living steel plunging headlong. In this maelstrom of horrors, who are sustained by an un-

faltering trust? *Not* those who are fighting against God. Who impelled by righteous valor and resolve? *Not* those who have exorcised this fiendish scene from hell for their own guilty ends. Who helped and guided by an unseen Power? *Not* those who have called down retribution by this waste of blood—

“Whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint  
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  
That make such waste in brief mortality.”

And if there come momentary victory to such arms, it but *aggravates* all evil tendencies. A foe more terrible than they have vanquished confronts them. Demoralization lurks in the shadow of triumph, it walks in darkness like the pestilence,—no force can withstand, no skill avert. Before its breath armies vanish like a morning frost. Victory fades to defeat, defeat blackens into ruin.

The best hope for a nation which wages an unjust war, is that it be defeated. If its crimes are thus speedily checked and punished, their consequent evils may be arrested, and such chastisement even be a spring of penitence and moral life. But if God curses it with victory and allows it to persist in its violent career, its race must sooner or later end in death. Like all evil passions, the lust of conquest grows constantly more deadly, and more blind to its own fatal effects. I have not the heart to draw the picture farther. Go to the history of all the ancient military nations and read the last few pages, concluded with those melancholy words, “The End.” Saddest in all that sad story will be, not horrors of blood and battle, but that exhausted life which can fight no longer; not ashes of splendid cities, but the smouldering ruins of a *nation*, burned out in the fire itself had kindled for others!

IV. I cannot conclude without reference to events transpiring around us, whose momentous interest would almost cause the very stones to cry out.

The American Civil War is called but a few months old; it has existed for more than two centuries.

War is *force* against *justice*.

Wherever force in any way prevails over right, there is war *latent*, when justice begins to assert itself, war is *incipient*, and unless its voice be regarded, then must come war *actual*. When Slavery entered this continent it brought the seeds of war, when it sprung into political power they began to bear fruit, and now we are reaping the bloody harvest. Thank God that the issue between Justice and Force is

made so clearly and so early in the nation's history! Thank God that the war is now between armed men, and no longer of a whole nation against helpless Slaves!

The end who can doubt? If Justice can *never* yield to Force, how shall it not speedily triumph when the first is identified with Liberty and Law, the last with Slavery and Rebellion? No,—it is permitted us to look forward with joyful confidence to the time when this nation shall again be *one*, not through hollow compromises and political chicanery, but one in affection and interest, one in the fear of God and the love of man, one in all truth and liberty.

Then through the length and breadth of the land shall rise a hymn of gratitude for the blessing this war will have been to us.

In that while we were haughty and vain-glorious, greedy of gain and of pleasure, covetous of others' possessions, stolid of conscience, tolerant of injustice, forgetful of God; He has called us by His chastening to better things; teaching us faith by humiliation, magnanimity by adversity, and justice through the violence of war.

May we not hope that with that great anthem there shall mingle a sweeter chord,—the song of Miriam,—joy for a people led out of the house of bondage into the light and hope of Liberty!

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### Handel's Oratorios.

A man can gain fame by excellence in any old pursuit, to which he may devote himself;—he may claim immortality when he opens a new sphere of action, or materially exalts or develops some known branch of labor. It is originality, either in whole or in part, which receives the unhesitating admiration of the world. Addison purified English literature, both in matter and style, and so gained an enduring name. The great painters of the Old School breathed new life into the pictorial art, and their fame comes down to us interwoven with the imperishability of the subjects they represented. Handel would have been favorably known as a Composer by his Concertos and Operas; but his Psalms and Te Deums surpassed the former, and his Oratorios the latter, and challenged for him a grateful immortality. It was

his developing and exalting a worthy object of labor, that gained for him his renown.

Two general tests will enable us to judge with sufficient accuracy of the merits of these Oratorios;—intrinsic excellence, and the adaptation of the musical theme to the words. A piece of music is perfect, just so far as it embodies the ideas which it is meant to represent. A work, therefore, perfectly adapted, is intrinsically excellent. On the other hand, one divorced from the ideas and words to which it is wedded, may be a fine specimen of composition; but in union with them, a total failure. Hence I have only to show that the ideas represented by these Oratorios are of lofty nature, and that the Oratorios aptly convey these ideas, and I have proved their intrinsic excellence.

An Oratorio, by its nature, implies a lofty subject. The words are either taken directly from the Scriptures, or dramatized from some incident contained in them. To the Messiah, which has, deservedly, the highest reputation, the Bible has given of its most sublime passages, and Handel generously attributes its success to this fact.

I take, for particular consideration, the Israel in Egypt, and the Messiah. The first tells the tale of the captivity of the Israelites; the plagues visited upon their masters; their escape from the "house of bondage;" their pursuit, and their ultimate triumphant passage of the Red Sea. Here, then, all the incidents happening to six hundred thousand, and their foes, are to be depicted musically. Evidently, solos would afford only feeble representation; and in turning to the Oratorio, we find that a large majority, in fact seven-eighths of it, is choral. Furthermore, as giving additional strength, we find a large number of the choruses are written in eight parts.

We are struck by the opening chorus, a double one, whose slow minor, in two themes, with a closing passage in plain harmony, sends forth the mournful complaint, "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage." Again, as if by the rod of Moses himself, the wildness of the Hailstone Chorus transports us to the dwellings of the Israelites, whence, in safety, we view the unnatural storm. The rattling accompaniment, the vigorous responses of the choruses, and the boldness of the whole design, paint, with fearful truthfulness, the awful tempest. Man, beasts, the fruits of earth are cut down; the thunder rolls and crashes; the hail clatters; the fire roars as it runs along the ground; the waters hiss and seethe as in a red-hot cauldron. Another chorus, describing the gathering of the water in the Red Sea into walls, between which the Israelites passed, though of much quieter description, is noticeable for one particular. Its harmony, as

is usual in Handel's music, is generally plain; but on the word "congealed," in the passage, "And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," he introduces a chord, which, by contrast, is really thrilling. The waters are driven back, the dry land appears, and awe, at this manifestation of Omnipotence, takes hold upon us.

Two more remain to be mentioned; the first, to the words—"The people shall hear and be afraid; sorrow shall take hold on them; all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away; by the greatness of Thine arm, they shall be as still as a stone, till Thy people pass over, O Lord, which Thou hast purchased. The melting away, indicated by parts answering in soft, falling cadences; the passage of the people, two by two, across the bed of the Jordan, represented by duetts following one after another; the slow, emphatic movement; the pleasing minor theme; all combine to render this one of the very finest of these magnificent choruses. But I know not how to give any accurate idea of the immensity of the plan of the closing movement of the Oratorio. It is Miriam's song of praise, joined in by all the rescued Israelites. With them we stand on the shore of that memorable Sea. The waters, suffered to resume their accustomed course, rush together; the maddened billows heave and roll, engulfing in a common destruction the pride of Egypt's warriors, her arms, horses, and chariots. But louder and sweeter than the roar of the sea, or the clash of martial implements, ascends the sublime Psalm, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

From the nature of the subject, the Messiah does not contain so much imitative composition as the Oratorio just considered. The sad, minor Overture, representing, perhaps, the sorrows of a lost world, and its need of a Savior, closes; and a sweet, slow recitative, in the relative major,—"Comfort ye my people,"—comes like a balmy breeze over a fevered brow, and hushes all mourning into peace. I can only hint at a few of the most prominent solos and choruses, though it is hard to omit any.

"Why do the nations rage," and "The trumpet shall sound," are the two best Bass solos; the first possessing in a marked degree that boldness which is a characteristic of Handel's writing alone. "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," is a charming Alto solo. "He was despised," is perfect. No one can hear it well performed, unmoved. It brings before us the meek and suffering Saviour, in the depth of his humiliation.

There are three prominent Soprano solos;—"Rejoice greatly, O

daughter of Zion;" "He shall feed his flock;" and the imperishable "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Many object to Handel's melodies, calling them stiff and unnatural. There is, undeniably, a quaintness and formality about them, not calculated to please the modern ear; but they, nevertheless, possess a certain indescribable charm, which takes hold of, and grows upon one's inner feelings, where the easy and flowing melodies of Haydn make no impression.

The chorus, "For unto us a child is born," is most magnificent; the opening theme working up finely into the sublime outburst upon the words, "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." "Behold the Lamb of God," and "Worthy is the Lamb," are superb choruses; and crowning all is the immortal "Hallelujah." But it is useless to attempt description. Words, at best weak, are here utterly impotent. If the spirit of celestial melody and harmony ever inspired a man, it certainly breathed in Handel when he composed for the world this sublime Oratorio. It stands the monument of the genius which created it, better than bronze pillars or marble statues.

It is to be regretted that we cannot quote in a musical criticism. The thoughts and style of an author can, in ordinary reviewing, be brought directly under the observation of the reader. But music has a language so much its own, and so untransferable, that we must be content with general hints, and apparently needless paraphrases, trusting to the knowledge of those interested in such a subject as this.

These Oratorios,—the Israel in Egypt, and the Messiah,—examined by the test proposed, have stood. Yet they are only representatives. Judas Maccabeus, and Samson, which its author considered almost, if not quite, equal to his best, are worthy of careful study. Handel had immense resources of melody, and managed a fugue with more ease and success than most manage plain harmony. The rapidity with which he wrote was wonderful. Twenty-three days sufficed for the Messiah, and only nineteen after its completion, he begun the Samson, which was finished in thirty-five.

I hardly know how to compare him. Beethoven acknowledged him to be the greatest composer that ever lived. His style is more solid and enduring than either Mozart's or Haydn's. "The Heavens are telling," in the Creation, is sometimes pointed to as the equal of any of Handel's choruses. Grant that it is; yes, suppose it even better; still, Handel is only surpassed in this one instance. But, in fact, this chorus bears the comparison only as some modern Gothic buildings compare with the simple and imperial temples of Greece and Rome. There



is more ornament, and, in some respects, greater finish, in the writings of these two authors, but for grandeur and imperishability, Handel's works are unrivalled. Mendelssohn, in his *St. Paul*, comes nearer than any other to the true dignity of an Oratorio.

In Duets, Trios, and Quartettes, there can be found those who surpass Handel. In accompaniments, too, he has been eclipsed; though in noticing this defect, we should remember what changes have taken place in the Orchestra since his time. What he is particularly noted for, is the loftiness of the subjects he chose, and the elevated manner in which he treated them. He never belittled anything he attempted, but always rose with his subject into corresponding dignity of conception. We turn page after page of the *Messiah*; study the Recitatives, Arias, and Choruses, and would hardly have a note changed.

And here let me say a word concerning the manner in which we should study these works. A modern novelist, of accurate judgment and undisputed taste, in a chapter on Art-Galleries, remarks:—"A picture, however admirable the painter's art, and wonderful his power, requires of the spectator a surrender of himself in due proportion to the miracle which has been wrought. Let the canvass glow as it may; you must look with the eye of faith, or its highest excellence escapes you. \* \* \* Like all revelations of the higher life, the adequate perception of a great work of Art demands a gifted simplicity of vision." These are undeniable truths, but no more applicable to Painting than to Music. There is a kind of rapture which ensues upon a proper hearing of the latter. It engrosses the whole being; every sense is flooded with delight; a delicious intoxication thrills the soul. It raises above the earth, above every sensuous, material thing, to the spiritual heights of existence. Some never experience this feeling; probably no one has experienced it more than a few times. But it is because we allow ourselves to be distracted; because we do not absorb ourselves in the theme; because we are too fond of fault-finding, and too afraid of any suspicion of enthusiasm. When we throw off this unbelief and coldness, and take the warmth of faith and love to our assistance, we can hope to reap the rich benefits which good music can impart.

A hundred years have come and gone since Handel composed these Oratorios, and they have been an exhaustless fountain of delight. A hundred more may roll away, but neither their strength nor their fullness will decay.

I saw, in a vision, an old man walking on the bank of a cold, dark

river. His frame was bent, his locks white, and in his hands he held a harp. On the other side of the stream, just shining out of the darkness, appeared angelic forms, holding and playing on golden lyres. Their indistinct harmony was wafted across the waves, and the old man caught and played on his mortal harp the strains to which heaven gave birth.

Thus I dreamt that Handel echoed to earth celestial music, and that we, though far away from the river-bank, through him, may hear the seraphs' harpings.

H. K.

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### The True Student.

COLLEGE life has its own distinct characteristics. The relation which the bona-fide student—I mean the man fairly identified with College ways and habits, and thoroughly imbued with the genuine student spirit—sustains, of necessity, to the world outside of College walls, is at once unique and peculiar.

A great College or University is, in truth, a miniature world of itself, engrossing the attention and supplying the wants of its inhabitants. The student need not to pass out from "Academic shades," or go beyond the limits of "classic" ground, to find his models of life and action, his material for thought, or food for his imagination and his fancy. He is in great measure isolated, and is independent of extraneous influences. This isolation, aside from other considerations, gives to him, in general estimation, at least, a somewhat anomalous character. He is looked upon as a being in some way different from common mortals, and one who can hardly be held amenable to the established forms and usages of society. Thus, in Germany, it is the custom to speak of three classes in the community; men, women, and students. It is often comforting to be *distinguished* for something; but such distinctions as this, cannot be esteemed exceedingly flattering. Mere notoriety can be achieved at all times, and by any class of persons, with the aid of but a small amount of genius or pains-taking.

If, however, the student is confessedly an anomaly, he must be so not in appearance, but in reality. His character, even though it is

not to be judged of by the usual criterions, is far from being unreal or factitious. He abhors, above all things, artificiality and pretense. The signs of his profession may be conspicuous, but they are never counterfeit. Let it not be supposed that I am referring now to those mere ebullitions of animal spirits and temperament, which belong to the student in still greater degree than to Young America generally, and which make him appear, in the eyes of the casual observer, but little less than a braggart, and but little more than a trifler. I refer to his real life, to his habits of thought and study, to his sociality, to his usually earnest spirit, to his admiration of true worth, and to his unvarying hatred of whatever is mean and hateful. Some of these elements, which give to the student's character its general tone, and what of excellence it may possess, it is my purpose very briefly to notice.

Although the student's theatre of action might appear, from a cursory examination, to be a narrow one, a little reflection will convince us that he is in no manner precluded from adopting a true and wholesome philosophy of life. His education teaches him to make the most of life's opportunities, its comforts and enjoyments. The student, if he be faithful, learns to believe, perhaps not in living fast, but at all events, in living a *great deal* within a given time. Now, even the luxury of *being*, not every person can appreciate. This delightful power belongs only to the sensitive and the cultivated. That was a beautiful sentiment expressed by Horne Tooke, when he said to Erskine, "if you had but obtained for me ten years of life in a dungeon, with my books, and a pen and ink, I should have thanked you." If life, under such circumstances, can be worth the living, what a glorious possession ought existence to become to most of us! The student has his books; he is holding unceasing communion with the thoughts of the great and good of past ages; he is free to study and admire the wondrous harmonies and beauties of nature; he has leisure for meditation; he is constantly surrounded by living examples of virtue; his facilities for social enjoyment are unequalled; why, then, should his theory of life be false? And why should he not make life and theory harmonize? Such noble advantages call for the development of a noble manhood, and this the appreciative student at once acknowledges. True, some of us may fail to catch the essential spirit of the life we have chosen. But that is a personal fault. I would not, at this point, attempt a homily, but here is this one thought. We, as students, are *professional* seekers after truth;—now, there are Nature and Art, Poetry, Philosophy and History—the grandest problems

of History are now in the process of a new solution in our very midst—ready to pour forth their treasures upon us, and thereby enhance a thousand-fold the value of existence, which of itself seems an inestimable prize:—to what extent, therefore, I may ask, can we afford to be idlers or dreamers?

Most men, we may readily admit, are open to the charge of idleness and imbecility. When crises come, we find those whom we thought brave and strong, unprepared. This faculty of keeping eyes and ears open, in order to detect the tokens of approaching danger, is as rare as it is valuable. The *true* student, in preparing for life's work and conflict, has opened to him the armories wherein are placed the most effective weapons. He knows that he must become, like the well-drilled soldier, undismayed at the severest tests of skill and courage.

There is a vast deal in the heroism of habit. To be brave, patient, and alert to-day, even though nothing wonderful may happen, is only laying by a stock of strength for the morrow. Your student of the right mold is terribly in earnest now and always. The passing moments, to him, are freighted with the precious interests of all the future. He cannot waver or falter under light burdens, for then, how shall he be able to bear heavier ones? In a College such as ours, we find the highest style of intellectual and social activity. The sleep of weariness we may consider pardonable; that of stupidity, never. That is a good saying of Napoleon, "that we should keep reason for our waking hours."

Here I may stop to consider one or two indictments which are frequently preferred against students. They are accused of being dreamy, romantic, unpractical. There certainly ought to be no more than a grain of truth in this accusation. The student may have his day-dreams, his castle-building, his bright visions of prospective fame and happiness, but these should be only as so many sources of present encouragement and inspiration. We are told,

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,"

and, in like manner, it may not be unwise to hold occasional converse with the future. Hope appears even less perishable than Memory, and foresight is oftentimes more useful than experience. Unpracticality is an attribute of the visionary schemer—of the man who has neither invention enough to discover new truths, nor judgment enough to make a proper use of old ones.

Another charge which the student is called to answer, is that of frivolity and lightness, of disinclination to serious effort. Well, we

can remember that a sage, sedate, unruffled countenance, is not always an index of wisdom. Besides, a cheerful heart and smiling face disarm vexations of half their power of annoyance. Nobody will hesitate to honor the laughing, before the crying philosopher. Whether we are devotees of business or of books, we cannot breathe continually the atmosphere of the work-shop or the sanctum. The whole-souled jollity, the pure love and keen appreciation of wit and humor, the lively sense of the ridiculous, and the never-failing good-nature which characterize the representative student, are admirable and indispensable qualities. The grotesque and the sad, the humorous and the serious, pleasure and pain, mirth and care, are strangely blended in this world of ours. But the disharmony, if any there be, is really less than it seems. Thomas Hood, although the great humorist and caricaturist of the age, exhibits, in his writings, the most touching pathos, and the purest sentiment, together with the most delicate expressions of sympathy for the lowly and the unfortunate. Hood lived in the midst of a thick cloud of sorrow, but his fancy and humor illumined it as with the brilliant rays of the clearest sunlight.

We may be sure that we can be gleeful without being thoughtless, and can taste of life's joys without overlooking its realities. Fortunate is he who can gladden care and toil by the sparklings of wit and the genial flow of a happy disposition.

The student, in common with all classes of men, has his objects of special respect and reverence. As the artist bows before the highest standards of taste and workmanship, so the student, having selected his model of excellence, pays to it at once an unquestioning deference. All men worship power in some form or other. In College, we believe in the power of Intellect. We ask, too, for a strong will and sterling character. In Emerson's words, we may call College students "a troop of thinkers, among whom the best heads take the first place." The "smartest" man in "Our Class,"—to use the regular phrase—best embodies our idea of a Hero. We demand, however, that he be *always* the Hero. He must be victorious, not in one contest, simply, but every time he enters the lists. Of course a champion must be ready to contest the palm with all comers, and if he lose the prize, he no longer stands as the foremost man. Why should not the sturdy intellect, that yields to no obstacles, receive the warmest respect and praise? There are so many of us who are weak and vacillating, that the man born to command need never lack followers. The Napoleons of history, by the energy of their own unaided brains, sway millions of men. Force always *will* assert itself. These best

men, among students, as elsewhere, must have room, and we often step aside for them, without being aware of what we are doing. We act, in this, instinctively and naturally. The Aristocrat of the Carolinas may despise the Yankee laborer, but he respects the inventive power of the Yankee intellect. Your fellow-student can do what you cannot, even in your best moments; he becomes, therefore, your oracle. So our College world reflects the world outside. Here, as there, the finest actors take the leading parts. Nobody can complain of this. We have a right to our Hero. And if we can only show him to be a real Achilles, we may claim for him, at the hands of others, all the honor which we are willing to pay him ourselves.

We are apt, at times, to imagine that the position a man occupies in College, affords no reliable indication concerning his success or failure in life. This idea is to some, perchance, quite consolatory, but, in the majority of instances, it eventually proves to be a false idea. A successful course in College, furnishes vantage-ground for the achievement of after triumphs. You can hardly expect that the man to whom you award to-day the meed of actual superiority, will change places with you ten years hence. Our College theories have frequently a deeper meaning than we had fondly supposed. We not only have now, but we shall continue to have, firm faith in men of sound and brilliant intellect.

But with this regard for good intellectual calibre, the student couples an unfeigned love for sociality. Nay, his creed even goes so far as to teach him, that to be sociable may be better, in a general way, than to be wholly intellectual. So-and-So is a jovial, generous fellow. Well, that is to you and me his sufficient recommendation. It is a pleasant fact, that no one is supposed to have been long in College, without having obtained a little of the wonderful elixir which renders men sweet-tempered and companionable. There is, in each Class, a richly flowing current of sympathy and good-fellowship, that reaches and improves the sourest temperament. Did you ever meet a student who failed to greet you in a hearty, off-hand style? If you have found such an one, set him down as incorrigible. He can never be softened. Four years, amid the social privileges the student enjoys, must make a man accessible, if he is ever to become so. And I must believe that none of us can entirely escape this influence. In every breast we may look for a spark of good, social feeling, which is capable of being enlivened. These cold, undemonstrative young men, most of all, ought to go to College. Not their books, but their class-mates will give them the most important part of their education.

I am aware that we find now and then a cautious, calculating individual, who cannot see the benefit of an active social training. He claims it leads to the adoption of wrong views of life and of human nature. It is unnecessary to undertake the refutation of an argument so plainly based on selfishness. Human nature, in our highest estimates, is low enough. A convenient way, usually, to avoid being cheated, is to give your neighbor credit for a reasonable share of honesty. We need have few fears, in these days, that our higher qualities of mind and heart will be too generously developed. For the man of liberal feelings and kindly sympathies, society can always afford a place.

I have, so far, been discussing general, rather than individual traits of student character. Of course College has on exhibition its specimens of eccentricity. There's the man who never says anything, and still another who never does anything. Here are drones and imbeciles. We can boast our universal geniuses, and our particular geniuses. This man is famous for abstraction: that one for waywardness. Then we have the book-worm, the Cynic, the recluse. All these follow each his own chosen course. But there is besides, a very small class of nondescript characters, who appear to have formed only a nominal connection with College. Like boys that go on errands because they are sent, this class of students do just what they are obliged to do, and no more. We might term them minus quantities. They are neither scholarly nor social. Such persons will at some time be aware of the great loss they are now sustaining. Recollections of past good things which might have been had for the asking, will be to them far from pleasant.

But how is it with the memories of College days? Will the true student, hereafter, pray for a nepenthe to enable him to forget? No, something tells us, and truly, that these scenes, as we shall look back upon them, will be ever bright, and fresh, and beautiful. We cannot doubt that our mode of life here, during these four swift-passing years, is full of value and significance, since the remembrance of it shall be able to quicken the pulse and brighten the eye of Old Age itself.

E. B. B. *in hand*

### Fighting.

At this time no apology is needed for taking this subject, even in a "Lit" article. While this hour passes, we should so thoroughly impress ourselves with the necessity and rightfulness of fighting, that hereafter no peace apostles shall be able to wheedle us into the belief that war material is useless. When then the millennium comes, all hands will know it, suddenly change their natures, become universally amicable, and live in peace; but while the world rolls on as now, and human nature is the same, we believe that brave hearts and strong arms will be needed to fight. Believing this, we cannot help entering a protest when we hear men still talking about this "terrible war," and repeating the maudlin common-places of effeminate poets and defunct peace-congressmen.

Men love to fight. Good people sigh over it and make nursery rhymes. Ministers preach upon the evils of war and the fighting spirit; but when war comes near them, when their friends are fighting for liberty, when victory must crown them or the world go backward. ah! then they forget their lamentations over armies and battles, and can only say to their hearers, "go and fight." And they even take the sword themselves and go forth to fight with the living and pray over the dead. They do well; for in this age God means that men should protect their rights by arms or lose them. No longer does He stay the sun in heaven to assist, or send His angel to smite the Philistines by night.

Yet men still shake their heads and wonder why the right must be upheld by such fierce means; but is it any more strange than the fact of our own existence? Who can explain the mystery of life, its sorrow, its pain, its sin?

Let us turn to history a moment. It has been said, and rightly, that the history of the world is but a record of its wars. Modern peace-philosophers bewail the fact, and complain because the triumphs of peace were not recorded instead. But the case is, that the triumphs of quiet and ease are scarce, and hardly worth recording. What is more natural than to forget times of tranquillity, and remember times of war? The monotonous days of existence, when the same round of duties and pleasures came and went, have passed from our minds like shadows; but we never can forget those hours of fiery life when we



met and conquered some foe. It is our fighting that we remember, our victories over the elements, our struggle with sin ; and so with nations. Their hours of life stamp themselves upon their history, and a nation is thoroughly alive only in time of war. Since we became a people, has any year of piping peace been so completely filled with thought, feeling, and action, as the year of revolution just passed ?

But notwithstanding this same fact, good natured gentlemen may say that it is all wrong, though it may be necessary, considering the bad condition the world has got into. Let us open our Bible and see what we find. The Old Testament is little more than a record of wars. And how comes it, if wars are so utterly wrong and horrible, that the Lord speaks to the children of Israel, by the mouth of Moses his prophet, such words as these : " But of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth, but thou shalt utterly destroy them ; *namely*, the Hittites, and the Amorites, the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee."

This sounds rather unlike the paternal language Uncle Abraham uses towards " our deluded southern brethren."

But if men who revere the Bible and its teachings tell us that with the new dispensation old things were done away, we answer, that Christ himself said, " I came not to bring peace upon earth but a sword." He saw plainly enough that right and wrong were mortal foes, and that passive submission was not the part of the champion of the right. Thus we see that history is, as it should be, a record of the conquests of right. It may seem blind if we look at this campaign or that conqueror,—but we know well, that from the beginning there has been progress. Once, at best only a few were free. Now, in many of our Northern states, all citizens of age, not disabled by crime or sex, have a voice in affairs. Once tools were few, work was mostly done by hand. Now, water, wind, and steam drive for us thousand-fingered machines. These are not, as we are apt to regard them, mere labor-saving contrivances, which serve no higher use than to let us take our ease. They demand of us intelligence, and give us in return leisure for books, and culture, and the daily society of friends. If, because we still see such evil, we fall to thinking that, with our intellectual advance, morals have fallen behind, let us call to mind the time when Christians slaughtered each other by millions, using many faggots to burn live bodies. Now they are content to postpone the fire and torture till after death. In looking over these things, we feel that the

world moves, but we see, too, that progress is slow; that it costs much toil, much blood, many tears. Why the order of things is thus arranged we cannot tell. We only know that so it is; that pain is as much a part of our lot as pleasure; that opposing forces meet us at every turn; that even nature scorches us, freezes us, drowns us, at every opportunity.

It is a favorite idea with the poets, that the world is a field of battle, and each life a dubious strife. So many have said it over, who did not half feel its truth, that it seems old and trite; but each time the true poet says it, we feel it is new, and men always will, till the world ends. If any sicken at a terrible battle, and long for peace, let them think what battles peace witnesses. What would they say of a garrison which held out twenty years, and at last died, every man at his post? Many a garrison of one holds the citadel of virtue, and never gives up. Many a poor woman supports a family, with a drunken, lazy husband, not twenty years, but all her life. Don't you suppose that she could thank God, with an unselfish heart, if a little of her husband's lost manhood revives, and sends him to die in the army? The battles that the poor fight are not the sparse contests of a three years volunteer service, but daily battles with want, from dawn till dark. There is no shirking to the rear, no wild excitement to fire the heart, no martial music to cause fatigue to be forgotten. How many hard battles with temptation have we, in our journey to death; and if we, favored with friends and education, get along so hardly, how is it with him who has no friends, no knowledge, no money? If a poor man keeps his honor, he is a greater hero than any general who wins victories.

Men have long enough got up a surface horror over the details of a battle. To hear some of our peace-men talk, one would think there was no such thing as violent death in the world anywhere else; that broken limbs and mangled bodies were never heard of before. It is all terrible enough, I allow, but there are wounds worse than a Miniè ball can make, and stabs deeper than bayonet thrusts. When I hear a man talking very loud about "the bursting shell, the dying groan," and the rest, I begin to think he is making a fool of himself, or trying to make a fool of me. For if we have immortal souls, what does it matter if our bodies suffer a few hours of intense pain, then die? It looks sad to see men shot down in the prime of life, and buried by strange hands in a distant land, but we rarely think that thousands of brave men are sacrificed every year to the god of commerce. Five hundred and thirty-six perished on the coast of Great Britain in the

year 1860. This was two hundred and sixty-four under the average of the last nine years. Now, if you will take the map of the world, and see what a small space the British Isles occupy, we can guess what an army perish every year by shipwreck. If to those wrecked on the coast, we add those who sail away, and are never heard from more, who go down in the deep sea, we feel that battles are not the only things that make broken hearts.

Our lives are all ended by death. The men who perish in battle must have died sometime, and the difference between peace and war is, that in war they die a little earlier, and all together. In war, the metropolitan dailies parade the round numbers in total, at the head of their columns. In peace, a few individuals get noticed in a country paper. They who are buried in uniform, the nation weeps over. Those who go down in a fishing smack, are thought of only by a few friends at home.

Our peace friends tell us of the young men of promise that perish in fight. May it not be better so? Who knows what a hard heart years may bring him? Care, and business, and dissipation, make sorry old men of many noble-hearted young men. It is harder to live than to die. Brave men rejoice to die in battle. Winkelried gathers in his breast a sheaf of Austrian spears, wins victory and fame. By the way, literature is under great obligations to war. Where would be our *Iliad*, our *Æneid*, but for the Trojan war? Where that grand-epic, but for the war in heaven?

A friend suggests, that the tenor of my remarks would lead one to consider fighting a very respectable occupation, and induce everybody to engage in it. I would not have everybody enlist just now, though I think a few thousand more would be acceptable to the army of the Potomac. It would no more be possible for all men to turn soldiers, than to be all doctors, or merchants. A division of labor is necessary. As for respectability, fighting is just as honorable as any other business. Hoeing is very necessary, and right, if we hoe up weeds, but if we go into our neighbor's cornfield and hoe up his corn, the nature of our act would be changed materially. I would no more say that all fighting is right, than that all hoeing is praiseworthy. If a man in self-defence kill a black bear, or a red Indian, or a white Seesh, we can think no less of him; but if John Bull should take sides with the Confederates, his fighting against us to support a Slave Aristocracy would be quite reprehensible.

But I would not confine my definitions of a just war, to a war of self-defense. I would say, further, that whenever right is strong

enough to whip out wrong, right should pitch in, and thrash wrong soundly,—annihilate it if possible. This should be done, whether wrong gives any provocation or not. The very existence of evil is provocation enough for all good men to attempt its destruction.

What we want is, to consider the fight in us just what it is—a proper part of our nature. We need the spirit of resistance at all times. Evil is constantly striving to gain dominion. Ten thousand obstacles, perverse inclinations, inherited wrong habits must be fought against and overcome. So, for us who stay at home and lead lives of peace, there is enough to contend with. God grant we may come out victors at last. To those who can meet the armed foe, the duty is plain, the reward sure. Freemen shall honor them here, and the great dead will meet them with thanks on the shores of immortality. J. M. R.

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### The Atlantic Monthly and its Contributors.

THE first Number of the "Atlantic Monthly," was published in November, 1857. For many years there had been an evident want of some new periodical to satisfy the demand and remove some evils from the popular mind. Literary circles were having access to the foreign Reviews, but these reached only a small portion of even the leading men. Our own Reviews, only one or two of which deserved the dignity of the name, were devoted to politics; and they were reliable authorities neither as literary or scientific journals. The National Review treated a limited class of subjects, and these were only interesting to scholars or statesmen. There were also the usual number of Magazines, which had extensive circulation, but no substantial value. The condition of the people, who were becoming more intelligent each year, required that trashy, milk-and-water publications, should be superseded by a new order of Magazines. A revolution was called for in the reading world. The public rebelled against the cheap literature, which was disgracing the country. The national pride was aroused. It was considered derogatory to our own resources to depend upon England for valuable literary matter. America was rich in men of genius; it only remained to introduce these men to the

reading communities. A medium was required, through which the earnest thinkers of the age might communicate with the great mass of Americans. Such were the agencies which laid the foundation of the "Atlantic." It was not a financial speculation which created it, though it undoubtedly is amply remunerative.

The time of its origin was, seemingly, unpropitious. The whole country was under the cloud of a financial crisis. The volcano which burst forth in '37, had broken out again in '57. The establishment of a literary serial is always attended with difficulties and embarrassments. Could a literary effort rise and prosper, while firmly founded institutions were falling in the general wreck? Those who were attracted by the first number, prophesied its speedy termination. Those who took the responsibility of disregarding the times and making the experiment, were declared insane. The result, however, has vindicated the virtue of such insanity.

The style of the initiatory issue was exceedingly attractive and prepossessing. There was a dignity, so to speak, in the appearance and arrangement. There was no attempt at show. It was a plain and solid looking pamphlet. No extravagant advertising was attempted, by which great expectations could be aroused. It was allowed to come before the world quietly and modestly, and to gain favor from its own merits. This policy, which introduced it, and has since attended its publication, has been most advantageous to its interests. The first number was not a great effort. Each Article was well chosen, and well adapted to impress favorably those who examined it. Thus, those who read the earlier numbers were not disappointed in those which followed. The interest was permitted to increase, and not diminish. Before the first volume had been completed, the Atlantic was acknowledged the leading American Monthly. It was eagerly received by the public. Fashion gave it her powerful arm. It became the subject of polite conversation, and he who did not read the Atlantic, was classed with those who were unfamiliar with the latest Novel.

During the last six months of its publication, by the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., its value very much decreased. The Articles were not selected with the usual care. It probably suffered from the unsettled condition of the firm, which had recently lost a chief member and was on the eve of dissolution. These circumstances were injurious to the Magazine. But it was soon transferred to publishers celebrated for energy and ability. It immediately revived, and to the

gratification of its friends, continued to improve, until it surpassed its former self.

It was well understood by the public, at the commencement of its publication, that the talent of the country was engaged in its support. That circle of thinking men who live in Boston and its suburbs, comprises the soundest reasoners and most refined writers of the nation. Critics may sneer at their admiration of each other, but ridicule cannot remove the fact of their superior ability. If they admire each other, they also criticise each other before they send their productions to the press. The Tri-Montane City may well boast of her array of talent. Although a Yalensian in spirit, yet I admire the free-thinkers and independent writers, who have received culture and gained scholarship from the quiet teachings of our sister, Harvard. These were the men who filled the pages of the Atlantic in the days of its infancy. They formed the plan, and gave the creation their earnest aid. Now that the circulation has been extended over the whole Union, the contributors are more numerous. They are no longer the citizens of one city, but are scattered over the entire country. Wherever keen minds give vigorous thought to ready pens, thence go its contributions. It has crossed the Ocean, and brought to its columns the brightest and most genial of Foreign Essayists.

Whatever it promised in its prospectus it has studiously fulfilled. It has been careful to offend no sect; and no sect, except that extremely bigoted body who are watching for faults in others and blind to their own errors, has taken offence. In their violent opposition, these persons have raised against it the cry of Infidelity. Theologians, imprisoned by the high walls of frigid creeds, denounced it as pernicious in its influence, and anti-Christian in its tendency. They overlooked the fact that its columns were accessible to any, who could attain to the required standard of literary excellence. They failed to notice, that, in their servile attachment to exploded dogmas, they were falling behind the age in ability to write and think.

But after the first outcry, they began to respect the firm and impartial course which the Atlantic pursued. When they examined the object of their dread, they found it no evil demon, but a messenger of truth and intelligence. The Autocrat was no mocker of those religious customs which New England men revere, because their fathers loved them, but enthusiastic for the renovation of Society. Beneath his irony, sarcasm was the pure intent. His genial humor, which was full of purpose, could not fail to strike some spark of sympathy, even from those who were cold to his ideas. Denominational hatred led men to

the ridiculous conclusion, that those by whom the "Atlantic" was supported, would disgrace their reputation as liberal-minded men, by converting their organ to a mere Sectarian Periodical. Before a gun had been discharged, or a hostile measure taken, they began to hurl against it their invectives. The foe, however, was a phantom of their own imagination. Their prolonged attacks served only to open their own eyes to the humbling conviction that they had been hasty in judgment and in action. Their shafts never reached the Atlantic. Its present popularity proves, that it has abided faithfully by its prospective announcement, in which it declared itself the advocate of no sect or denomination.

The political career of the Atlantic has been true to the nationality which it represents. Yet it has been accused of a tendency towards Radicalism—that undefined term which will ever frighten silly people. Fogies—not Conservatives, for they are respectable people—committed the mistake of supposing, because certain contributors were Radicals, that the Publication must necessarily favor new political measures. They judged the political course of a Magazine from their knowledge of a few men who appeared in the list of contributors. They commenced their crusade against it before a political Article had been seen in its columns. But it has stood firmly by its declaration, that the maintenance of the Union is the only political object which it upholds. It has given place to the rarest thinkers of every party, only demanding the certificate of sterling patriotism and a true love for the Constitution. Let those who cried out before they were touched, Fogies—whose God is Inactivity, and whose peculiar detestation is Energy, read the articles of Everett, and some of their own party, and they will perhaps learn to respect what they hastily condemned.

Thus the Atlantic, having successfully contended with sectarian and political opponents, has become almost a national institution. The statesman reads it to reap instruction for his peculiar duties. The merchant and mechanic derive from it lessons in commerce and machinery. The scholar finds in its pages thoughts in harmony with his own. It is welcomed in the Drawing Room, the Study, the Workshop and the Counting-Room.

It comes within the sphere of all intelligent and sensible persons, and is establishing a new era in the history of Magazine Literature.

J. H. B. *Wier*  
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### “College Friendship.”

“A shaking of the hand at meeting and a shaking of the hand to part,” experience too often holds out as the beginning, the history, and the end of a College Friendship. It is true that a feeling so quickly formed may in as short a time be broken, that the separation of after-life may bring to the memory, a blank, to the heart, callousness. It is true that the speculations of theory should always bow down to the stern dictum of experience, and yet it does not seem too presumptuous for a student to say a few words to do away with this insult to our College Friendship, which we now regard as almost sacred. This plea also seems more natural when, on reflection, not one argument appears for this strange charge of disregard of ties dearest to every one of us. Understand, in the beginning, that no attempt is made to show that the remembrance of our College friends will in every case be life-long, but merely that it is more likely to be lasting than that of friendships formed at the same time of life in any other sphere. This treating of the case will only bring to light a point which every one of us will now grant, but which in life many are too apt to sneer at as a mere boyish fancy.

College is a world, distinct and separate from the larger world, in which we live for four years in a great measure by ourselves. It is for the time our only sphere of action, it contains for the time almost the entire circle of our friends, so that the student's life is all centered in College. After a few introductory words, then, concerning College itself, we will consider its peculiar aptness for forming friendships, and then theorize on the probability of their remaining in after-life. A band of young men enter College, collected from all parts of our country, coming from far different spheres of life, and in almost every case utter strangers to each other, yet almost immediately they are bound together by the ties of society, class, and College. All are here with the one common end in view, namely: to improve the mind, to educate for life. It is only necessary to consider how much the students are thrown together, how entirely life and interest are bound up in College, to make it most clear that for the time being College is the student's world. In an essay to *students*, this point neither demands nor admits of stronger proof than each one feels in his own heart.

College has however a peculiar aptness for forming friendships which we never meet with in the world itself. Five hundred young men are here collected together, equals in social position, and striving for



the one common end, education. At the very commencement, therefore, there is none of that shrinking which marks the meeting of strangers in the world, but rather a spontaneous opening of the heart towards every one as a *friend*. It is true that circumstances may and often do occur, which cause the most bitter enmities to spring up in place of the expected friendship, but these cases are extremely rare, and among students a direct hatred is almost never found. A generous opening of the heart towards every one, is with us the general feeling, rather than the more cautious shrinking from a close communion until direct arguments can be found for the forming of a friendship.

Although this peculiar openness would be fraught with the greatest danger among men of the world, yet our position here is such that it is at the same time the most natural and safest mode of proceeding. Thus a general feeling of friendship is engendered, which remains at least during the course of four years.

These are not, however, the friends that are to be remembered in life, for although each and every one may be worthy of such remembrance, yet on this point the memory must surely prove traitor even if the heart remains true. But even this general feeling, granting that it is only temporary, most effectually paves the way for the forming of closer friendships; and these, I contend, should be and are carried out into life. From the larger number, each one singles out a few who are to be to him not merely companions, but *friends*. And this is more easy of accomplishment because, although we are, indeed, all striving for one common end, yet it is hardly a contest, but rather a journeying on together, where each one can assist another, but no one can gain much by his neighbor's fall. Prizes alone stir up a feeling of rivalry, and they even tend to produce a friendly contest rather than bitter jealousy, as they, in no respect, clash with the one great end, improvement of the mind. Interest, therefore, is never thrown into the scale for the decision of our friendships, but the heart rather than the mind makes the choice. A mere glance at student-life is a sufficient argument for the truth of this assertion, for friends are here dissimilar in taste and feeling, birth and position, politics and religion. Thus friendship is formed on the purest and hence the most stable grounds—interest is not the power which works it out, but rather the secret magnetism of the heart. The complete isolation, also, of College life, is a most powerful agent in strengthening the social system. Banded together, apart from home, friends and associations, similarity of position breeds a mutual confidence which invariably places friendship on its very broadest basis.

And does any reason appear for the disregard of such friendships in life? I grant that they may be broken by the lapse of many years, that land and sea may separate friends, but I contend that all these will never bring forgetfulness. All go forth in life together, all educated men, all taking the places of educated men, and hence still joined in a communion, although not as close, yet far more permanent than at College. In this it is easy to discern a strong argument for the perpetuity of the feelings so lately and so prosperously formed. It is more like the members of one common family entering together a community. As *they* are more likely to cling to their old friendship, so it would seem unnatural for students to lay aside their old feelings and put on new.

It cannot be that College life is so shallow, that all our feelings are so artificial as to give to this disgraceful charge even the semblance of reality. It is more pleasant, and, I believe, even more natural, that the mind should forget all the learning which it derives from College, than that the heart should prove traitor to friends, now regarded as beyond all price. I cannot think that the circumstance in "John Brent," which has direct bearing on this point, is by any means an unusual one, for it must be remembered that the writer was once a student himself. The current of College Friendship is there represented as having been broken, by the press of circumstances, for the lapse of many years, but the shake of the hand, joined again the circuit and the current flowed on with intensity redoubled. This, I take it, is the true type of College Friendship.

The parting of the Class, which so lately bade farewell to Yale and to each other, suggested this train of reflection. Can it be that this feeling, apparently so deep, is all a farce; that it can so utterly overcome a strong man to part from a friend who will be forgotten to-morrow? The answer was loud for the perpetuity of College Friendship, the conviction firm that in after years the tear of joy at meeting, would rush to the eye as readily as does now the tear of sorrow at parting from our College Friends.

J. F. KENNEDY

## Memorabilia Valensia.

The record of events transpiring in the College community since our last issue, is necessarily brief. The month of July is a period of comparatively quiet and hard study, between the varied and interesting exercises of Presentation week, and the more staid and dignified performances of Commencement week.

### Townsend Premiums.

There was omitted from our last No., the notice of the award of the Townsend Premiums, to the Class of '62.

They were awarded to George M. Beard, Daniel H. Chamberlain, Franklin McVeagh, Richard Morse, Geo. C. Ripley, and Robert K. Weeks.

One of the six premiums was at first awarded to James P. Blake; but as a long and severe illness prevented him from speaking for the DeForest Gold Medal, he generously surrendered his prize, and the final award was made as above.

Our readers will be pleased to find the fine, manly oration of Mr. Blake, in the present No. of the Lit.

### The DeForest Gold Medal.

The speaking for the DeForest Gold Medal occurred on Friday, June 27th, in the Chapel, in the following order.:

1 MILTON'S COMUS.

Robert K. Weeks, *New York City.*

2. MILTON'S COMUS.

George C. Ripley, *Norwich, Conn.*

3. THE DECAY INCIDENT TO A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION.

Daniel H. Chamberlain, *Worcester, Mass.*

4. THE DECAY INCIDENT TO A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION.

Richard Morse, *New York City.*

5. MILTON'S COMUS.

George M. Beard, *Andover, Mass.*

6. THE DECAY INCIDENT TO A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION.

Franklin McVeagh, *West Chester, Penn.*

The Medal was awarded to Mr. D. H. Chamberlain.

His Oration appeared in the last No. of the Lit.

### Declamation Prizes.

On Saturday, July 12th, the following prizes, for excellence in Declamation, were awarded to the Class of '64.

	FIRST DIVISION.	SECOND DIVISION.
1st Prize,	Wm. E. Barnett,	H. C. Jessup.
2d " "	H. P. Boyden,	Lewis Gregory.
3d " "	{ M. C. D. Borden, O. H. Burnett,	F. A. Judson.
	THIRD DIVISION.	FOURTH DIVISION.
1st Prize,	H. S. Phetteplace,	{ J. W. Teal. M. H. Williams.
2d " "	A. D. Miller,	Job Williams.
3d " "	{ W. H. Palmer, W. H. B. Platt,	J. W. Sterling.

### The Length of our Race Course.

The following item will, we trust, prove of interest to the boating community.

Messrs. Bunce and Mead, of the Engineering School, and Mr. Champion, of the Law School, feeling a curiosity to know the exact length of the race course pulled over by the College boats, went recently to the East side of the harbor, and made an accurate survey.

By the kindness of Mr. Champion, we are favored with the result of their calculations, with permission to use it in the Lit, where we are happy to give it a permanent record.

The distance, from the stake where the Commodore's boat was fastened in the last race, to the Black Buoy, is 7,143 feet, making the whole course 1,554 feet short of three miles—or 206 feet more than 2 2-3d miles. Thus, the whole course lacks more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile of the proper length. The calculation may be relied upon, as the triangles were calculated by two entirely different methods, with a variation in the result of only three feet.

We learn that the course of the Harvard students, upon the Charles River, varies but a few feet in length from our own, as above calculated.

### Award of Scholarships.

The Berkeley Scholarship, for this year, has been awarded to Arthur Goode-nough, of Jefferson, N. Y. The Clark Scholarship, to John P. Taylor, of Andover, Mass.

### The Death of Mr. Herrick.

Some notice of this sad event should, properly, have appeared in our last issue. Mr. Herrick was the first publisher of this Magazine. He always manifested a warm interest in its welfare, and occasionally contributed items to these pages.

There must be feelings of peculiar sadness to the more recent Graduates of our College, as they this week visit their Alma Mater, and view the places left vacant by that circle of great and good men, who have so recently been removed from us.

We say the *recent* Graduates, because they enjoyed association with the whole circle, as none of us who are now here have done, and they, more than those who graduated earlier, had the privilege of that intercourse, when the departed ones were in the ripeness of years,—the golden period of their life.

Mr. Edward C. Herrick died in New Haven, his native place, June 11th, 1862.

At the time of his death he was Treasurer of the College, having held that position since 1852.

He was Librarian from 1843 to 1852.

His eminent knowledge of books, and precise memory of all that related to them, and his methodical and active business habits, gave him a remarkable fitness for each of these positions. His peculiar intercourse with the students, endeared him to nearly all who graduated here. His life is a bright example of patient industry, wisely directed effort, and sincere piety.

We are sure that our readers will be glad to have recorded here, the already published estimate of his character, prepared by one of our most esteemed Professors, which is as beautiful as a specimen of composition, as it is just and appreciative.

"Though Mr. Herrick led a life of active business, he had made remarkable acquisitions in many branches of science and literature. In entomology, practical astronomy, history, and bibliography, he was eminent for exact and comprehensive attainments, and for painstaking and persevering research.

"In that varied and miscellaneous knowledge which was congenial to a person of his comprehensive curiosity, his active habits and his iron diligence, he had scarcely his equal in the University, and the extensive correspondence which he maintained for years with persons of varied pursuits, residing in every part of the country, is both an evidence that his knowledge was extensive and highly prized, and a monument to his industry and his disinterestedness. As a man of business he was distinguished for quickness, sagacity, and the rarest integrity. The whole community knew him as one of the few in whom all might confide, and whom none could possibly suspect. His reputation in these respects was such as but few mortals attain or deserve.

"As a friend he was affectionate and true—spending his services and his care for all that needed them, and often doing this with a lavish hand. Few men have cherished so sacredly, and have exemplified so perfectly the saying of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' His habits of life, interesting and peculiar as they were—his genial severities and his good-natured asceticism—his charming simplicity—his delight in nature—his generous readiness to serve his friends—his kindness to the poor—his genuine yet never malignant hatred of oppression, injustice, and trickery—his pining love for his mother, with many nameless traits, peculiar and unique, were wrought together into a character of charming interest to the friends who delighted in his society, and never ceased to wonder at the singular and yet not inharmonious blending of traits appropriate to Socrates and the apostle John.

"His thoughts and hopes, his aspirations and desires, have for years been in the world of spirits. 'His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' His life has long been hid with Christ in God. Though he said but little concerning his religious feelings, and gathered about them the thickest mantle of reserve, yet he could not hide from his intimate friends the secret, that he walked with God in a humble, affectionate, and obedient spiritual life. He died as he would have chosen to die, with brief warning, yet with distinct premonition—with little alarm to his friends and with perfect peace to himself. His friends cannot but grieve at their loss, but he will long live in the elevating influences which his cherished memory shall inspire."

**Yale Soldiers.**

We take pleasure in inserting the following list of Yale Men who have entered the army. Our thanks are due those by whom it has been prepared.

**1862.**

A. Egerton Adams, 2d Lieut., 7th New York Mounted Rifles.  
 Harvey H. Bloom, 1st Lieut., 5th Excelsior. (Resigned.)  
 Francke H. Bosworth, Private, 18th Ohio. (3 months.)  
 Henry M. Deniston, Paymaster U. S. Gunboat, "Winona."  
 John J. Griffith, Private, 14th Brooklyn. (3 months.)  
 Walter L. McClintock, Private, 12th Penn. (3 months.)  
 William McClurg, Private, 9th Penn. Reserves.  
 William H. Miller, Captain, "Ellsworth Avengers," 44th N. Y. Died in Camp before Yorktown, Va., April 30th, 1862.  
 Thomas Skelding, Captain, "Duryea Zouaves." (Resigned.)  
 Grosvenor Starr, Adjutant, 7th Conn. Died at Tybee Island, March 5th, 1862.  
 Frank Stanwood, 2d Lieut., 5th U. S. Cavalry.  
 Edwin Stewart, Paymaster U. S. Gunboat "Pembina."  
 F. Irving Knight, Medical Cadet.  
 Jacob S. Bockee, Recruiting.  
 Henry P. Johnston, "  
 Thomas B. Kirby, "  
 Chas. H. Rowe, "  
 Andrew F. Shiverick, "  
 John Graham, Rebel Army.  
 Amos R. Taylor, "

**1863.**

Apgar, Captain, N. Y. Regiment.  
 Appleton, Gen Abercrombie's staff—Capt.  
 Atwater, 1st Lieut., 1st Conn. Cavalry.  
 Atherton, Capt. Comp. G., 10th Conn.  
 Bacon, Adj. 1st Conn. (3 months.)  
 Beckwith, Vermont Regiment.  
 Blakeslee, Capt. Comp. A., 1st Conn. Cavalry.  
 Bradford, Chaplain 12th Conn.  
 G. C. Brown, Capt. 38th N. Y. Killed at Williamsburg.  
 G. H. Bundy, Medical Cadet.  
 Dewey, Ass. Quartermaster N. C. Cavalry. (Rebel.)  
 Eakin, Capt. Tenn. Regiment. (Rebel.) Prisoner at Chicago.  
 Ewin, Gen. Zollicoffer's staff. (Rebel.)  
 Fletcher, Corp. Co. F, 77th N. Y.  
 Grant, Private 7th N. Y. Engineer corps.  
 Heller, Private 93d Penn. Wounded at Fair Oaks. (Died.)  
 Matteson, Lieut. Colonel, Ill. Yates' Sharp Shooters.  
 Morris, Capt. Wisconsin Regiment.  
 McMaster, Lieut. Ira Harris Cavalry.  
 Osgood, Mass. 25th.  
 U. N. Parmelee, Private Ira Harris Cavalry.

Partridge, N. Y. Regiment.  
 Payne, Capt. Ill. Yates' Sharp Shooters.  
 Sallade, Private 93d Penn.  
 W. F. Smith, Private 6th Conn.  
 Verplank, 1st Lieut., Regt. Artillery. Gen. Barry's staff.  
 Waterman, Ill. Regiment.  
 Stephen Whitney, Lieut. Regular Artillery.  
 M. Winslow, Sergeant N. Y. Regiment.

1864.

C. H. Conner, Commissary Department.  
 W. A. Brien, (Rebel.)  
 G. F. Fogg, "  
 R. T. Kilpatrick "  
 W. A. Kimball, Private 10th Conn.  
 O. M. Knapp.  
 M. M. Miller, Private 45th Ill.  
 C. C. Mills, A. A. G.  
 G. B. Sanford, U. S. Cavalry.  
 J. W. Yeatman, (Rebel.)

1865.

F. Miller, Lieut Wis. Regiment.  
 Ed. Barnard, 25th Mass.  
 G. W. Allen, Private Lyon Regiment, 15th Conn.  
 Robert Grant, N. Y. Regiment.  
 J. H. Thompson, " "

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### Editor's Table.

Time and space permit us but a brief chat this month with our readers. The late issue of our last Number has thrown almost the entire preparation of this into Examination week. If it bears marks of haste, we beg your kindly indulgence. Notwithstanding all suppositions to the contrary, Editors are human beings, as our own experience will testify. After driving the quill for the most of two or three nights in succession, relieving ourselves now and then by perusing the excellent Chemical Primer of our worthy Senior Tutor, (his first attempt at authorship we suspect, and a complete success too,) and the hardly less interesting treatises upon Logic and Astronomy, with occasionally a few pages of yellow "proof," we begin to have a feeling creeping over us, kindred to what we suppose other mortals would have under the same circumstances.

Well, vacation is coming and we propose to devote the most of it to what we conceive to be its legitimate purpose,—doing nothing, and resting from the exertion alternately. Vacations are great institutions, and we wish they came oftener, only as the man said in reference to Sunday, that we ought to be thankful it did not occur in the middle of the week and thus make a broken week of it; so we can conceive it would make the Faculty a deal of trouble, if vacation should by any “illicit process” happen to come in the middle of the term.

'64, according to all accounts, has passed its Biennial bravely. In regard to Biennial Jubilee, we cannot speak so confidently. It came off as usual at Savin Rock, and the customary arrangement with the clerk of the weather was made for a pleasant day. The dinner was of *course* fine, the arrangements of the efficient committee excellent, the performances of the Band splendid, the toasts and speeches unrivalled, and the whole occasion “everything that could be desired.” No, not quite so well as that. Every occasion of this kind has certain features, which a better and purer taste would omit, and the absence of which would increase the *real* enjoyment of the festival ten-fold. Now that the occasion for their use has passed, we trust we shall be spared the sight of those ridiculously horrible and horribly ridiculous *hats*. By the way, it was quite a cute joke,—the placing of one of those unsightly things over one of the towers of the Library building, as was done a few nights since. Singularly enough, it was first discovered on the next morning, by some men in '64. The band of incipient Astronomers in '63 were called to the rescue, who calculated the “right *ascension* in time” to be about one o'clock, A. M.; the *declination* a few minutes later, with a large “angular motion;” the moral obliquity very small, hardly an “appreciable quantity.” The *unknown* hero of the deed received great “kudos” until the next day, when a small boy, without “foreign help,” performed a similar feat upon the other tower.

The drawing of choices for College rooms is always quite an event. This year there was rather more excitement than usual, on account of a new construction, by the Locating Officer, of the College laws relating to the subject. Would it be amiss if our worthy Faculty should appoint a Committee, with “power to send for persons and papers,” and leave to sit during recess, for the purpose of making a revision of the College Laws, both those in relation to this matter, and those which in a neatly printed pamphlet will be *presented* to the members of the Freshmen Class next September. It is a prevalent opinion that the language and the regulations might safely be brought down so as to apply to circumstances within a half century, of the present—say the last part of the 18th, or the early part of the 19th. After the choices were drawn, there was the usual amount of “speculation in real estate” on the part of the high choice men, and the usual effort to get particular “crowds” for certain entries. The selection of rooms was soon made, and we are now all prospectively located for the coming year. We think it a most interesting and useful arrangement which requires us to take up our beds and walk, at the end of every twelve-month, for it gives the beds an airing, gets us accustomed to what may be our lot in the future, and give an opportunity to the humble Contrabands who frequent this region, to turn an honest penny “for services rendered.”

The campaign just now is waxing earnest, and all the available forces of each Society are brought into action. By the way, we think we have shown a generosity unparalleled, owing allegiance to the Brothers as we do, in that we consented to take this Number of the Lit. off the hands of the Linonia President, in order that



he might devote his precious time and his unrivalled abilities, solely, exclusively, undividedly, and entirely to the interests of Linonia.

If that Society should happen to succeed in the present contest, (a supposition made with an antecedent probability that it will never become a fact,) we do not say that we should repent of our courtesy, but we should consider it a mysterious dispensation. We trust that all whose Society patriotism prompts them to do mighty battle in the great campaign, will have a good time, using all care to keep cool, and to keep good natured; and will meet that degree of success which the causes they severally represent deserve.

We wish our Government would learn a little wisdom from our manner of conducting campaigns, and endeavor to infuse a little of our spirit into its army corps. We make our campaigns short, vigorous and effective; and though we have a great many "strategetical movements", they do not often consist in a change of the base of operations in the face of the enemy.

We had intended to say a few words in regard to the extensive fabrications of the Muscular Editor, and the Long Man of the Board, in their recent issues, affecting ourselves, but as they are both out of town, and we should not therefore gain the notoriety of a thrashing at their hands, we leave the matter to its deserved obscurity.

Wishing for all our readers and contributors, (not a very numerous host these last,) a pleasant vacation and a safe return at its termination, we bid them, one and all, our Editorial "good bye."

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

We have now lying upon our Table the "New Englander" for July, the "Atlantic" for August, the "Knickerbocker" for July and August, "Vanity Fair," five numbers, and "Harpers' Weekly," three numbers. A goodly pile truly, and one from which we promise ourselves a rich treat for our leisure hours.

#### OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We remind our friends of the necessity of sending in their pieces early next term, in order that they may appear in the October Number.

#### TO UNDERGRADUATES.

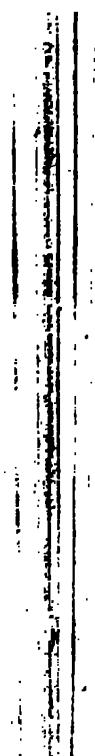
The prize annually offered by the Board of Editors, consisting of a gold medal valued at twenty-five dollars, will be again offered for competition next term. The following conditions are to be observed:—every competitor must be a member of the Academical department and a subscriber to this Magazine; his essay must be a prose article, not exceeding ten pages of the Lit., must be signed by an assumed name, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing his real name, and must be sent to the undersigned on, or before Saturday, Oct. 18th.

The committee of judges will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will studiously avoid anything calculated to throw the least light upon the name of a single contestant until the prize has been awarded.

J. F. KERNOCHAN, Chairman Board of Editors.

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